



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

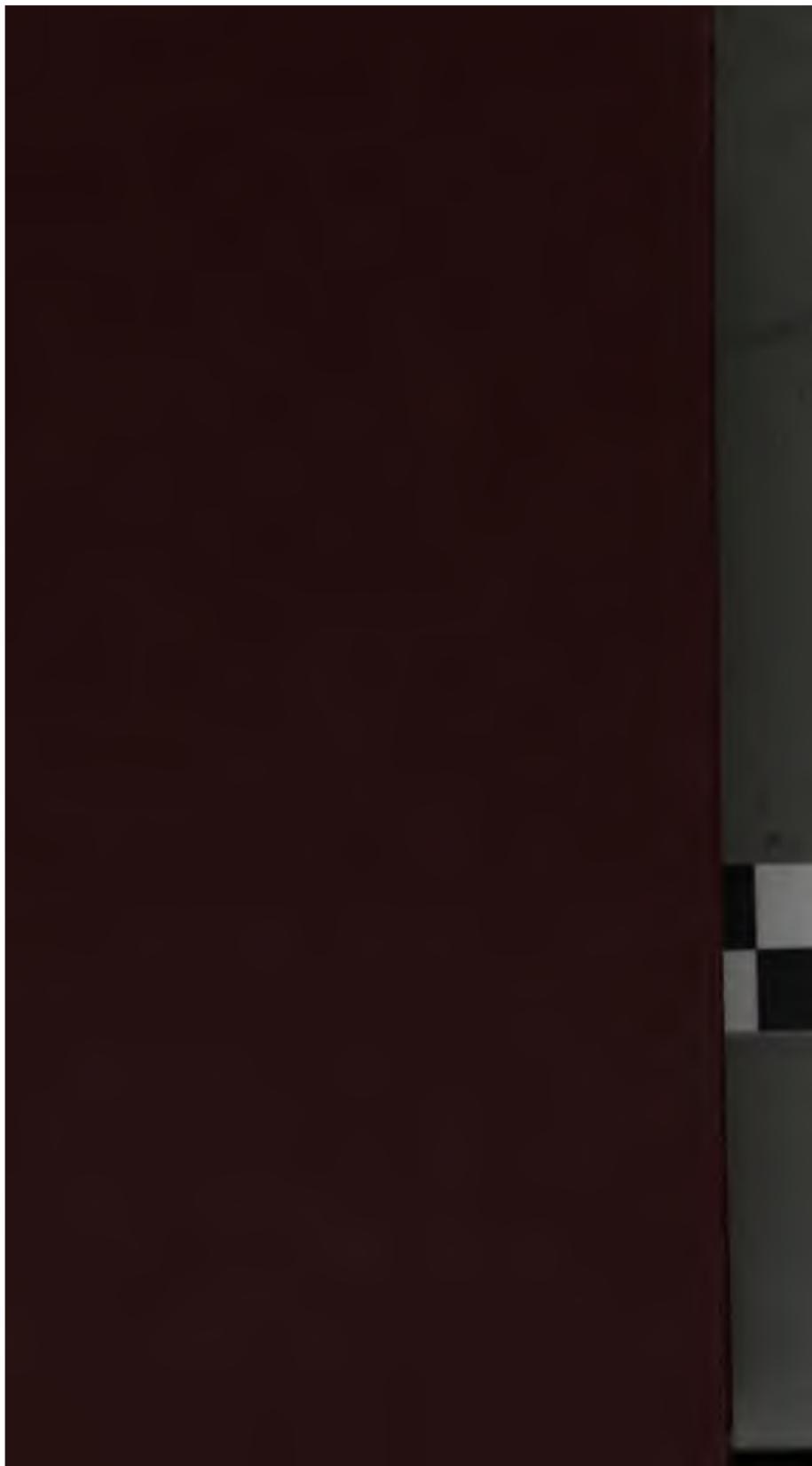
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



20487.18



HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY



20427.18
8

1858, Aug. 27.

Gift of

John J. May, Esq.

of Dorchester.

©
A

BOWL OF "PUNCH";

OR,

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LONDON CHARIVARI.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY LEECH AND OTHERS.

PHILADELPHIA:

G. B. ZIEBER & CO.

NEW YORK:—BURGESS, STRINGER & CO.

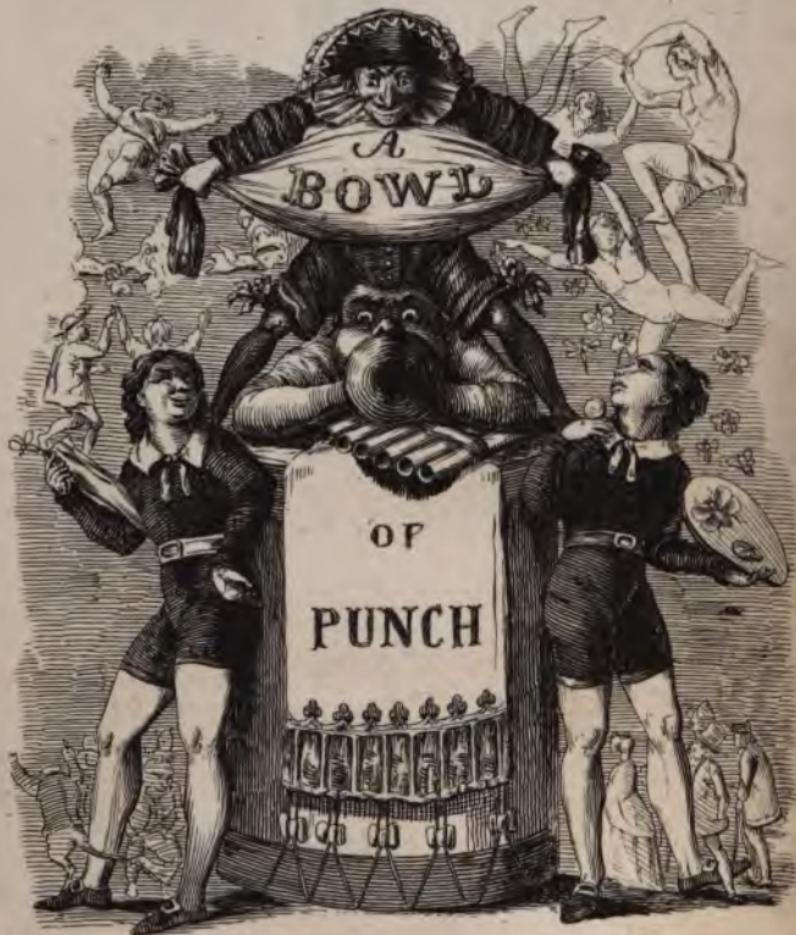
BOSTON:—REDDING & CO.

1844.

24th

1. See opposites.

2. The Theatrical Appren-
ticeship and Anecdotal
Recollections of Sol. Smith,
etc. Phil d. 1846.



PHILADELPHIA.

G. B. ZIEBER & C^o.

NEW YORK.

BURGESS STRINGER & C^o.

THE "ADVENTURE" OF A "GENTLEMAN".



A BOWL OF "PUNCH."

THE "SATISFACTION" OF A "GENTLEMAN."

CARTOON.

We think this cartoon worthy of the very highest patronage. Indeed, it has already received the most glowing eulogies of those noblemen and gentlemen peculiarly enabled to decide upon its merits. His Grace the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchelsea, came arm-in-arm to see it ere submitted to the graver, and both of them declared that the spirit of "gentlemanly satisfaction" was admirably embodied. They were particularly struck with the fitness of the head-gear of the principals—admired the characteristics of the sexton, death ; whilst, however, they objected to the hangman with the halter in the tree ; for, as they said, " though by the law it is murder to kill a man,—yet, such an accident never happens to a gentleman. Indeed, to shed blood with impunity was the distinguishing privilege of high life." They also said that the picture would have been perfect but for one omission : it wanted the agonized and bereaved widow in the background.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTERS,

IN REFERENCE TO THE LATE DUEL, RECEIVED BY MR. WAKLEY.

No. I.

“ T. WAKLEY, Esq.

“ SIR,—Allow me to remark that, in conducting your inquiries as you are into the result of the late duel, you are acting decidedly wrong. I must be permitted to observe that if it had been some low persons who had been concerned, instead of Officers of rank in the service of her Majesty, it might have been all very well; but really, to take the pains you do to bring Officers and Gentlemen into the inconvenient position of a Court of Justice, is highly derogatory to your station as a member of Parliament. I beg also to remind you, that the tailors and other tradespeople who compose your jury, are not at all fit and proper persons to decide upon such a question as the present, as it is impossible that such persons can in the slightest degree understand an Officer and a Gentleman’s feelings when insulted; for you will please to remember, that behind the counter is not the place to cultivate sentiments of honour. In conclusion, I would just suggest to you, as a friendly hint, to take care what you are about, or you may be rewarded for your officiousness in a way you won’t like.

“ A YOUNG OFFICER.”

No. II.

“ Cornet A—— presents his compliments to Mr. Thomas Wakley, M.P., *Coroner* and *Surgeon*, and begs to state that he considers the course which Mr. W. is pursuing in the present inquest exceedingly unjustifiable, if not impertinent. It may suit apothecaries and shoemakers, and individuals of that class, to try and put down duelling, a matter with which they have no concern, for what can they possibly understand of gentlemanlike feeling? But you may rest assured it will not answer: officers and gentlemen are not to be dictated to by such a set; and when a gentleman demands satisfaction, you may depend upon it he will have it, whether *doctors* and *shopkeepers* like it or not. Cornet A. also desires Mr.

Wakley to understand, that in his opinion Mr. W. had much better be writing the *Lancet* or even attending to his business by talking in favour of *Radicalism* in the House of Commons, than interfering between military men, upon such



A DELICATE POINT

as duelling, and would recommend him, by way of caution, to recollect there are such things as riding-whips, to say nothing of Malacca canes; also that he is very likely, if he does not mind, to get his nose slightly lengthened.

“T. WAKLEY, Esq.”

No. III.

“To MR. THOMAS WAKLEY.

“MR. WAKLEY,—I am astonished, Sir, at the line which you have thought proper to adopt in reference to the investigation you are presiding over. Are you aware, sir, that the late duel was not one between linendrapers’ and lawyers’ clerks, but between two distinguished officers? What sir, I ask you, if gentlemen when insulted, are not to receive satisfaction, is to become of society in general? If common people shoot one another, it is very proper that they should be hanged, they having no excuse for so doing; but the case with persons of education and refinement is very different, as you must see. Let me hope that this appeal to you will not be without its effect, and that you will forthwith desist from a course so prejudicial to the best interests of society; and, let me add, not unlikely to entail unpleasant consequences on yourself.

I have, &c.

“THE EARL OF * * * * *.”

1*

TRIED BRANDY.—At the last Gloucestershire adjourned Sessions, a girl was placed at the bar, charged with stealing a pint of brandy (it was produced in court) from her master. The girl was acquitted; but the jury, with exemplary partiality, not only tried the girl, but the brandy, too; for they conscientiously emptied the bottle. The liquor being drunk, the jury appended to their verdict—"below proof."

GRAND PROJECT.—It is in contemplation to build an aqueduct over the Irish Channel, for the purpose of supplying England with *hot water*.

THE ROYAL "Ass" GUARDS.—A few days ago thirteen



gallant officers, with a proper knowledge of their own deserts, mounted themselves upon donkeys, running a race in the park of Captain Bulkeley, at Spittal, near Windsor. The sweepstakes were for one sovereign each, which were won by the gallant Captain—his riding proving that he was even more intimate with the habits of an ass than any of his competitors. There is, however, one circumstance which we cannot pass in silence, as showing the innocence of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Spittal. It is well known, that, when Cortez first appeared in Mexico with his cavalry, the unsophisticated Mexicans, never having till then beheld a steed, imagined that horse and man were one animal! A like belief possessed the folks of Spittal: they thought every officer to be part of the ass,—to be one and the same flesh. *Punch* despatched his artist to Windsor, where one of the donkey-riders, in the handsomest manner, favoured him with a sitting. Here is Lieutenant —.

Now, we put it to the reader whether the mistake of the people of Spittal, in incorporating officer and donkey, was so very egregious? *Punch* having pondered on the matter, thinks it very difficult to determine where the officer begins or the ass ends. In a word, the thing is—the modern Centaur.

A SHOWER OF PUPPIES.—A Paris Paper—so quoted by the Post—states that—

“This morning, the 9th of September, a shower of puppies fell from the heavens in an orchard of the parish of Saint Giles de Livet.”

Punch has since ascertained that the said puppies, for bad behaviour, had been kicked out of the dog-star. Pots of bears’ grease may every day be expected from Ursa Major.

QUESTIONS^{*} NOT TO BE FOUND IN “MAGNALL.”

BY A TRINITY-COLLEGE BOY.

Is Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful equal to Deaf Burke on the *Eye*?

Is there any connexion between Ca-bul and John Bull?

What relationship is there between Cranbourne Alley and Hyder Ali!

Was Ben Jonson as successful a dramatist as Ben Lomond?

If the "Peace of the valley has fled," where has it concealed itself?

Is Day, the blacking-maker, first cousin to the Dey of Algiers?

Is Sir Francis Bond Head related, in the remotest degree, to the New-River Head?

Is the Winter of the musical profession literally descended from the "Winter of our discontent?"

Is there any similarity between the "Chaste Nine" and the Happy-nine (Mountains)?

Which is deserving of the greater share of patronage—the Rosencrantz of Shakspeare's time, or the Rose-and-Crown of the present day?

If "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" why isn't a fiddler employed to play a few tunes to Mr. Ferrand before he rises to make a speech?

Was Arthur's Seat ever placed in the same room as Arthur's Round Table?

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

LORD ASHBURTON AND MR. WEBSTER, ON THE
BOUNDARY QUESTION.

LETTER I.

Lord Ashburton to Mr. Webster.

SIR,—I am a very old man, and I have come out to the United States for the sake of peace and quietness between England and America. My private opinion about the Boundary Line is, that there is a considerable quantity of gammon on both sides, to say nothing of the enormous amount of *spinnage* that has been the result of the yarns which former negotiators have been spinning. Diplomacy is all my eye,

and perhaps, Sir, if I added Elizabeth Martin, I should not be going too far in my description of it.

I think, Sir, it would be almost as pertinent on my part to inquire of you whether your mother knows you are out, as to ask whether the mother country is to be done out of a large portion of territory, which is fit for nothing at all but to grow thistles ; and as such I willingly give it up to produce food for the American citizens.

In my conference with you, I believe I distinctly stated that I came out for the sake of peace ; and though I am instructed to stick up for the right of fishing for oysters in the St. John's river, I do not say I may not make a concession on this point, if the comfort of the natives is an object with your government. I must, however, distinctly declare, that I cannot resign the right of looking at the mile-stone on the boundary road ; and this point I am the more resolute upon, because I think you told me it was to you a matter of indifference. If I was mistaken, pray let me know, and I will reconsider the matter ; but, if I understand you rightly, and you do not object to the concession, then, Sir, let me tell you emphatically that the honour and dignity of the great nation I represent must be maintained ; and I shall adhere resolutely to the right of visiting the mile-stone alluded to.

Permit me to repeat, Sir, that I am a very old man, and am determined on peace ; for it would ill become me, at my time of life, to assist in promoting warfare.

With assurances of my distinguished consideration,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ASHBURTON.

LETTER II.

From Mr. Webster to Lord Ashburton.

THE undersigned, in the name of the American Government, accedes to all that Lord Ashburton expresses his readiness to give up, while the undersigned consents to nothing that Lord Ashburton requires.

(Signed)

DANIEL WEBSTER.

LETTER III.

Lord Ashburton to Mr. Webster.

“Sir,—Your note is so far satisfactory, that it agrees to my concessions on the part of England, and your obliging intimation that you consent to nothing, I am extremely grateful for. If, Sir, you will only let me know the heads of a treaty, it shall be drawn up; for I am an old man, and peace, as I said before, is my object. If I misunderstood that you would concede on the question of the mile-stone, be so good as to set me right. And believe me, with renewed assurances of rather more distinguished consideration than I expressed in my last letter, your obedient servant,

ASHBURTON.



SETTLING THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Webster to Lord Ashburton.

The undersigned will consider any treaty drawn up by Lord Ashburton on the basis already understood between the undersigned and Lord Ashburton. (Signed)

DANIEL WEBSTER.

LETTER V.

Lord Ashburton to Mr. Webster.

SIR,—The treaty is now ready for signature, and though I must insist upon the extreme justice of all I ask, yet as I now ask for nothing, there can be no further ground for difference. I shall return to my own country with the full conviction that I have done nothing inconsistent with what, at my time of life, could have been expected; and as I came out with a determination to maintain peace, I have fully accomplished the object of my mission.

I have several books of arguments, proving the justice of all that England demands, but as these demands are now relinquished, it would be useless to trouble you with any of them.

I remain, Sir, with accumulated assurances of my most distinguished consideration, your very humble and obliged servant,

ASHBURTON.

GOING TO THE GREATEST LENGTHS.—There was an account in the newspapers, a short time back, about “**THE LONGEST ROPE IN THE WORLD.**” We know of one worth two of that; for it has been exceeded over and over again by the “tremendous long *yarn*” on the State of Ireland which the House of Commons was a whole fortnight spinning.

THE SMALLEST HOMEOPATHIC DOSE EVER KNOWN.—On Thursday last we read that Sir Robert Peel took *the sense* of the house.

GLORIOUS TERMINATION OF THE WAR WITH CHINA!

GRAND GOVERNMENT SCHEME!!

SUPPLYING THE METROPOLIS WITH TEA!!!

THE War with China is over—Confucius be praised for it. Sir Henry Pottinger is to be created Lord Hyson—having for his armorial bearings, three Mandarins’ heads, tied together by their tails, surmounted by a *teapot volante*.

Tea will now be plenty, and Sir James Graham has hit upon a notable scheme. The great New River reservoir, from which the City is at present supplied with water, is to be immediately converted into a huge *metropolitan teapot*, the delicious contents of which will henceforth form the material of circulation through the many veins and arteries which now convey to every corner of the City that insipid trash called

water. As soon as this is effected, it is supposed that the neighbourhood of the reservoir will become the favourite evening promenade for the ladies. It was at first proposed that the infusion should be made regularly twice a day in the Thames, so that the Metropolis might be supplied on the grandest scale. But this was objected to, on the ground that it would hold out an irresistible temptation to suicide among the elderly females, particularly those among them, who, by their own obstinacy and self-will, are doomed to a cup of *single cursedness*, and who would be seen plunging daily in dozens from the parapet of Waterloo Bridge.

Furnaces, on an immense scale, are to be constructed below the reservoir. These Furnaces are to be attended by battalions of Sinecurists and State-Pensioners, who, in consideration of the arduous duties to be thus imposed upon them, are to be allowed their tea gratis, twice a-day, although they are to find their own bread and butter. As Lord Abinger is in search of official promotion, it has been decided to make him General Superintendant of the Fire Department. The Duke of Newcastle is to furnish the necessary amount of coal. Before being distributed the tea is to be prepared with milk and sugar in the reservoir, and tasted, to see that there is a proper harmony between all the ingredients, by a Committee of Taste to be appointed for that purpose, and to consist of the Duchesses of Sutherland and Buccleuch and the Hon. George Edward Anson, assisted by the Earls of Haddington and Aberdeen. As it is supposed that an enormous amount of sugar will be required, the English ports are to be thrown open to the Brazils; and to meet the deficiency in the revenue, which this is expected to occasion, Sir R. Peel intends to impose a tax upon teeth—which, it is thought, will drive false ones out of the market. To meet the demand for milk, the Duke of Buckingham has engaged to keep 10,000 head of “horned cattle” in the neighbourhood of the reservoir. The office of Lord High Dairyman is to be conferred upon Sir Edward Knatchbull; and Colonel Sibthorpe is to be immediately despatched to St. Petersburgh to negotiate a treaty with the Emperor Nicholas, for a regular supply of Polish turnips, as fodder for the cattle. The turnips are to be of the best and juiciest kind—the one the Colonel carries on his shoulders to be a sample to the Autocrat.

Pumps are to be erected in the various streets and squares of the City, by which troughs will be kept constantly supplied, from which the passer-by may suck himself full by means of one of the several tubes which is to be kept dangling from their respective troughs for public accommodation. The intended fountains in Trafalgar-square are henceforth to squirt out hot tea ; Nelson's column is to be diverted from its original purpose, and is now to be completed as a memorial of our glorious Chinese triumph—its elegant shaft is to be crowned with a splendid Corinthian capital, which latter is to sustain a *Mammoth Britannia-metal Teapot*, from which a constant stream is to descend upon the head and shoulders of King Charles. For this brilliant idea the Government is indebted to the Colonial Secretary. White Conduit House will be deserted, and Tea-gardens established in the neighbourhood of Apsley House.

Measures will also be adopted for the supply of the other large towns of the kingdom from the same source. All the railroads, proceeding from the Metropolis, are to have attached to their different trains a set of patent locomotive urns, by which the beverage can be transmitted *hot* to Birmingham, Manchester, &c. ; and Viscount Lowther is digesting a plan whereby the smaller towns can be supplied through the Post Office.

The two houses of Parliament are to be liberally supplied. In the Upper House, the Lord Chancellor will preside over the tea-table. In the House of Commons, each member is to be provided with a *tube*, from which, by means of a *stop-cock*, he can refresh himself in the midst of a long debate. The Radical members are only to have a tube between every two of them. Messrs. Hume and Roebuck going together, &c. Sir Robert thinks when this is effected, there will be less difficulty in “making a house ;” and is confident that fewer of the members will hereafter get drunk.

The small reservoir in the Green Park is to be converted into a great pap basin, for the special use of the juvenile generation ; to which the Dowager Lady Lyttleton is daily to convey the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal, for their morning meal. Over this, the Queen Dowager is to preside.

The refuse tea leaves are to be given to his Grace of Buckingham, to manure, with them, the vale of Aylesbury,

By this politic step, the Government expect to re-acquire his Grace's countenance and co-operation.



A FRIEND TO LOOK UP TO.

It is rumoured in the best informed circles that, when all is completed, it is the intention of her Majesty to invite the various crowned heads of Europe to a great tea-party ; on which occasion it is intended to take advantage of hospitality, and secure, if possible, Louis-Philippe's consent to the *right of search treaty*. The President of the United States will not be invited, because he is "too vulgar." The Cabinet have not yet decided to send a card to Espartero the Regent ; or whether it will be altogether safe to solicit the attendance of his Holiness the Pope, as it is probable that his coming in contact with the Archbishop of Canterbury might occasion a row.

A COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO THE STATE OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

The same four gentlemen who have lately been employed for *twenty* days in learning the exact condition of all the women and children employed in agriculture throughout England, we are glad to announce, have just concluded a much more useful inquiry into the moral condition and employment of the female portion of the higher classes in London.

Subjoined are the documents connected with this valuable statistical investigation :—

To THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. GRAHAM, &c. &c.

*Poor Law Commission Office, Midnight,
May 14, 1843.*

SIR,—After the House adjourned last night, we received your instructions to appoint, under the power contained in the Poor Law Act, four assistant commissioners to make a special inquiry into the moral condition and employment of women in what is called society. In obedience to these instructions, we appointed four barristers-at-law for the purpose named, and we assigned to them respectively the following districts,—viz.: to Mr. ——, Belgrave, Eaton, and the adjoining squares; to Mr. ——, Grosvenor and Berkeley; to Mr. ——, Portman and Manchester; and to Sir —— ——, St. James's Square and neighbourhood. The assistant commissioners were appointed at nine this morning. We have just received their reports. We will merely remark, that they appear to us to contain as complete a view of the material facts belonging to the subject as any inquiry, within so limited a period, can be expected to present.

Your over-worked and under-paid servants,

G. NICHOLLS,
G. LEWIS,
E. HEAD.

(CIRCULAR INSTRUCTIONS.)

Poor Law Office, Somerset House.

SIR,—The Poor Law Commissioners having appointed you on the proposed inquiry, request that you will proceed at once to the district assigned to you in the margin, and examine into the sorts of labour at which the ladies in such district are respectively employed, the hours of work, and any similar facts tending to throw light upon their moral and physical condition.

Your obedient servant,

E. CHADWICK, *Secretary.*

MR. —, ON THE BELGRAVE DISTRICT.

TO THE POOR LAW COMMISSIONERS.

GENTLEMEN,—As the direction of the Commission was limited to a single day, it appeared to me that a minute inquiry into the occupations of the first two or three ladies in this district whom I might find in town and at home, would be preferable to a more relaxed inquiry on a general scale. Entering Belgrave Square, and without the help of even a Court Guide, I demanded admittance at the first house, on the public service, without asking the name of the proprietor. I particularly enjoined the servants to abstain, until after my inquiries terminated, from mentioning the name of their mistress. Before requesting the honour of a personal interview, I subjected the servants to a rigid examination.

It appears that Lady —'s life is any thing but a sinecure. Her labours are manifold, and of a very arduous kind. She had once been a beauty, and it is of course necessary to preserve her own looks as long as possible. The baronet had, in by-gone days, been a man of fortune, and it behoves her to ward off the semblance of poverty. She has several ugly and unmarried daughters, and it was desirable to see them settled in life. Here were labours calculated to scare the stoutest heart. Her ladyship surmounts them nobly. To meet the third difficulty, she never allows the world to see more than one daughter at a time. With the reputation of an only child, she gets Miss off her hands, and then another and another still succeeds. The family estate, *quoad* the life interest, has long since passed into the hands of the Jews; and therefore the very house which the world fondly imagines an appropriate appendage to the baronet's fortune, is the sole source of their income. Let for the season at a very high rent, it enables the ingenious lady to retire from the excessive heat of London to what Jack Brag would have called her villa on the Thames. She entertains her company with strawberries and creams; and as she contrives, by the most industrious exertions, that the music shall cost her nothing, it is always, if not so palatable, infinitely more abundant than the fruit. Upon these days of entertainment her ladyship is always provided, for the private ear of the more select among

her guests, with various tales of the most amusing scandal. It is impossible to estimate too highly the untiring assiduity with which she collects these little histories ; and her disinterestedness is above all praise, in gladly sacrificing her own guests and cherished friends when they happen to be the objects of her slander.

The little time that can be spared from these industrious pursuits is humanely occupied in guarding her female acquaintances against the false friendship of each other, by repeating the unkind things she has just heard A say of B, and B of C.

At the next house, which by hazard I visited in this district, I found Lady —— at home, employed in diligently preparing, with her own practised hands (for she had been originally an Irish milliner) a most inscrutable *tocque* for a party she was about to give in the evening, and, as may be surmised, I was invited. This lady leads a life of peculiar industry. Born in the lowest sphere, she has worked her way into what is termed good London society, notwithstanding her extreme vulgarity, and the prejudices that beset her Irish origin. Her income, derived from various sources, public and private, is extremely limited.

DIET.

The food of these classes is of a light though most unwholesome kind. Economy forbids the consumption of plain solid meat, and their efforts are directed to the semblance (for they cannot afford the reality) of "La Cuisine Française." My time was too limited to allow my sitting down at more than one table, but I have reason to believe that Lady ——'s is a fair sample of the whole class. The soup, which was literally hot water, with pepper and salt, and the white ends of asparagus, her ladyship called "*potage printonnière*." A mackerel, in order to compensate for its want of freshness, was covered with a sauce *a-la-Hollandaise*. The soup was removed by a *fricassée* of the most uninviting kind, and the whole wound up with the *remanets* of asparagus, and an indigestible *fondu*. I certainly quitted the establishment with a feeling of commiseration for the inmates, who are obliged to pinch themselves in the very necessities of

order to maintain a false position in fashionable society. If I, for a single day, felt the hardship of such a repast, what must be the daily sufferings of this unhappy family?

CLOTHING.

Having taken the Belgrave Square dinner as a model, I thought I might visit the neighbouring street, where the *Parvenue* had a party, for a specimen of the general costume worn by women of this class. I regret to report the lamentable insufficiency of clothing. It does not appear that these women have better gowns for Sundays and holidays than for week days. Indeed, their religious education seems to be so defective that they act as if unaware of any distinction.

HEALTH.

Although most of these ladies are overworked by violent dancing in heated rooms, I have not been able to trace to this cause any bad effects upon their health.

Unhappily, the moral consequences are more discernible. The mixed employment of both sexes in these frivolous pursuits obviously tends to immorality.

We shall give the continuation of this report in time to allow Ministers to frame a measure founded upon its suggestions before the end of the Session.

“DESTITUTION AT THE WEST END.”

The Times relates some melancholy proofs of “ destitution at the west end,” and mentions the establishment of a “ refuge for the houseless.” We have been favoured, “ from my own correspondent,” with several other melancholy instances of distress among the higher classes.

The Duke of Post-obit, who has, within these few years, come into possession of a rent-roll of eighty thousand a year, has been under the painful necessity of “ raising the wind” at the rate of forty and sixty per cent. So hard has his Grace been run, that we are assured, upon competent authority, that he has actually been driven—to ask a bill-discounter to dine with him!

Another noble Duke has given a melancholy proof of the

march of mendicity. He was recently applied to by the tutor of his youth, with whom he had continued on terms of affectionate intimacy, for the loan of a hundred pounds to save him from a jail. His Grace was reduced to the sad extremity of confessing that he had been “hit rather hard at Newmarket,” and most reluctantly declined. The noble Duke has, indeed, *but* sixty thousand a year, out of which he has the junior members of his family to educate.

A noble Marquis, the produce of whose estate has been, through certain causes, deteriorated at least five per cent. per annum, and barely brings him in fifty thousand pounds clear, has been put to the most painful and humiliating shifts. At a magnificent ball, at which—we have the *Morning Post's* authority and French for the fact—the *élite* of rank and fashion was present, the “men in possession” were put into liveries, of which there are always a few spare suits in his lordship's establishments for these painful emergencies. What adds to the pain of the recital is, that the ball itself cost more money than would have discharged the whole of the persecuting creditors' demands.

A fashionable Colonel, who has experienced some severe vicissitudes at Crockford's, was recently driven to such an appalling state of destitution, that he actually, for the sake of raising a few hundreds, pledged his word of honour to a lie! To be sure, “he did the Jew,” and the incident afforded a hearty laugh at mess. But the Colonel's face of bronze has worn a humbler expression since this voluntary debasement.

The Income-tax, while it has been the cause of some undoubted “drawing in of the horns,” on the whole has been found a very convenient excuse for shabbiness and retrenchment. “My loves,” said the Dowager Lady Hookring to her three eldest unmarried daughters, “we really must not *think* of going to town this season. I positively can't afford it while that odious Property-tax is to be paid.” The indignant remonstrances of the young ladies effected a compromise, by which a furnished house in Eaton-square, at twenty-five guineas a week, was secured to the end of July, and the future services of the governess (who was paid at the fearfully extravagant rate of forty pounds a year!) were dispensed with.

A Viscount of large landed estates has, we are credibly informed, felt the pressure of the times so remarkably hard

upon him, that he has actually condescended to borrow the whole savings of his own housekeeper! The distress of his Lordship may be better imagined than described, when we state that he really would have borrowed "a cool hundred" of his butler, had not that respectful servitor felt the honour of being his master's creditor a picce of presumption he could not be guilty of!

It is pleasing to hear, among so many painful instances of privation and straitened means, that a few of the most distinguished leaders of *ton* have determined on some vigorous means of retrenchment. The Countess of —, who invariably has a blonde head-dress for every night of the Opera season, at the cost of five guineas, and which of course becomes afterwards the perquisite of her maid, has declared her intention of omitting Thursdays, for the sake of economy. As a necessary consequence, not only ladies' maids, but milliners and their assistants, must feel the effects of this contracted expenditure.

Among the junior members of the aristocracy—*younger brothers and gentlemen of acknowledged limited income*—the symptoms of distress have become most unequivocal. A middle-aged Baronet, who, when he dines at his own cost, either selects Clarendon or Grillion's, and picks his teeth at the moderate charge of two pounds twelve and sixpence, has actually been detected, at a late hour of the evening, when the coffee-room was nearly cleared, dining at his club, on a simple dinner of three courses, at the ridiculously low charge of eighteen and sixpence! The Hon. — —, who has hitherto engaged an opera-box for the exclusive use of himself, and such friends as he may invite, has subscribed for a share in "the Omnibus-box," and has been heard confidentially to declare that the stalls are not "so decidedly low" as he once voted them. In the same spirit of economy, Major —, of the — Guards, has limited his orders to Nugee for five waistcoats in the week (having usually bespoke one for each day); and, as we are credibly informed, has been seen for two successive mornings in the same *robe-de-chambre*. But this, we suspect, must be an exaggeration.

Many ladies of rank and title, anxious to compete with their husbands in this laudable rivalry, have consented to the most fearful sacrifices. Several of them have withdrawn their

subscriptions of from one to five guineas annually from most deserving charities, which they had previously declared they could not exist without supporting ; and their husbands, not to appear insensible to this affecting proof of self-denial, have actually not paid the subscriptions to which they had put their names down.

Amongst the landed proprietors, the pressure of the times has been equally insupportable ; not only have the coals and flannel usually distributed to the poor been omitted ; but the Christmas Festivities either altogether dispensed with, or sadly curtailed.

The demand for exotics is, we also hear, most lamentably on the decline ; *bouquets* which should have been given away at a guinea and five-and-twenty shillings, actually have withered for want of customers, even at those absurd prices !

We have many other sad illustrations of destitution at the West end ; and have positively heard it hinted, that in case the distress continues, St. James's Palace will be thrown open as a refuge for the unfortunate sufferers. Ude has signified his willingness to mitigate the privation of such a receptacle, by superintending the culinary arrangements ; and Gillow's and three other fashionable upholsterers have sent in estimates and designs for its internal furnishing decoration. We have arrived at fearful times indeed. O'Connell taking his trial at Dublin, and younger sons *living* on five thousand a year.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the “ Song of the Shirt !”

“ Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !

And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof?
 It's O! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where a woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work !

“ Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim ;
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream !

“ O ! Men, with Sisters dear !
 O ! Men ! with Mothers and Wives !
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives !
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

“ But why do I talk of death ?
 That Phantom of grisly bone,
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep,
 Oh ! God ! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap !

“ Work—work—work !
 My labour never flags ;
 And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags.
 That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there !

“ Work—work—work !
 From weary chime to chime,
 Work—work—work—
 As prisoners work for crime !
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd
 As well as the weary hand.

“ Work—work—work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work—work—work,
 When the weather is warm and bright—
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling
 As if to show me their sunny backs
 And twit me with the spring.

“ Oh ! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet,
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal !

“ Oh but for one short hour !
 A respite however brief !
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
 But only time for Grief !
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread !

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A Woman sate in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 Would that its tone could reach the Rich !
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL.

THE gross Revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, for the year ending December 31, 1832, were 32,935*l.* 13*s.* 4*½d.*; Salaries and Expenses, 12,833*l.* 13*s.* 4*½d.*, leaving 20,100*l* for the Prince of Wales. The grossness of these revenues cannot for one moment be questioned. On the accounts being presented to the Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness, who had a mug of milk-and-water in his hand, began to pour over them. We understand that the very gross result of the financial operations of the Duchy was communicated to the Prince of Wales by the Dowager Lady Littleton in the following very appropriate terms :—



PUT DOWN TWO AND CARRY ONE.

Sing a song of sixpence, pockets full of rye,
 One-and-twenty thousand pounds all put by.
 Prince Albert's in the counting-house,
 Counting out the money ;
 Sister's in the nursery
 Eating bread and honey.

John Bull is grumbling
 That things can't be worse,
 When up jumps a little Prince
 And pops off his purse !

Do you admire the beauties of Wales? Not exactly—but my little brother has just returned from school, and he's quite full of them.

ECONOMICAL HINT.

HOW TO KEEP A HORSE FOR NOTHING. Buy a valuable hunter at Tattersalls, turn him into a loose box, hire two grooms to wait on him, give him four feeds of corn a day—and never make the slightest use of him.

THERE is a house in the City whose accounts are so confused, that hearing the clown of Batty's Circus can balance any thing, they have sent for him to see if he can balance their books, which have defied all their efforts.

HORRID BORE.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I reside in May Fair, and I write to complain to you of a monstrous nuisance existing in my neighbourhood. I allude to the crying of mackerel and oranges so early as ten o'clock in the morning. These noises are an intolerable interference with the repose of the superior classes; and I should like to know what the lower orders would say if the hours, which they think proper to devote to sleep, were broken in upon in a similar manner.

In connexion with this subject there is another point which I am desirous of mentioning, although I am quite aware that it is of a delicate nature. Undoubtedly, it is very right and proper that people should go to Church, and some means of summoning them to service must, of course, be resort

I do not at all object to bells at reasonable hours, but I must say that to begin ringing them at eleven o'clock on a Sunday, in a district, to the majority of whose inhabitants attendance at the Opera on the previous evening is indispensable, is preposterously inconsiderate, not to say, inhuman.

I am, Sir, &c.

A FASHIONABLE FATHER OF A FAMILY.

"COME, get up, it's time to rise," as Baron Rothschild said to the Spanish Funds.

"TO THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE."

IN the Times of the 7th instant there was the subjoined Advertisement :—

To the BROTHERS CHEERYBLE, or any who have hearts *like theirs*.—A clergyman, who will gladly communicate his name and address, desires to introduce the CASE of a GENTLEMAN, equal at least to Nickleby in birth, worthy, like him, for refinement of character, even of the best descent, like him of spotless integrity, and powerfully beloved by friends who cannot help him, but no longer like Nickleby sustained by the warm buoyancy of youthful blood. The widowed father of young children, he has spent his all in the struggles of an unsuccessful but honourable business, and has now for 18 months been vainly seeking some stipendiary employment. To all who have ever known him he can refer for commendation. Being well versed in accounts, though possessed of education, talents, and experience, which would render him invaluable as a private secretary, he would accept with gratitude even a clerk's stool and daily bread. Any communication addressed to the Rev. B. C., post-office, Cambridge, will procure full particulars, ample references, and the introduction of the party, who is now in town, and ignorant of this attempt to serve him.

Thus it is, ink-drops beget flesh and blood. Men, women, and children, as vital as the offspring of Adam, trickle down the goosequill of genius, and become living, breathing presences in the world. Their goodness, like Heaven's air, is a thing for ever ; we hug them to our hearts, creatures of thew and muscle. In the dreariest as in the pleasantest seasons, by the sweet conjuration of our thoughts they are with us—they are our friends inalienable by disappointment or wrong ; our fast co-mates to the grave. Wondrous, enviable privilege of genius, that out of so many ink-drops can create immortal beings, ministrant of pleasure and goodness

—can people the roughest, darkest by-ways of the world with cheerful, hopeful things of life, and quicken and ennable the spent, desponding spirit of man with the true and beautiful !

Here is an invocation to charity made in the name of the Brothers Cheeryble—mere shadows ; spectres of the press ; things begotten of an ink-bottle. Such, indeed, may the foolish think them ; yet has the “ Rev. B. C., post-office, Cambridge,” truer, wiser knowledge of the brethren. He knows them to be vitally endowed by the power of genius—as such, he knows them to be still moving about the world, shaking ten thoueand hands that welcome them ; and so, conjuring by the benignity of their fine natures, he asks relief for his Nickleby. May his warm, ingenuous spirit find it !

A LIST OF WANTS.

TO THE HUMANE AND AFFLUENT.

Wanted—By Mr. Benjamin D’Israëli, an appointment as ambassador.—Distance no object ; but a “ friendly power ” preferred.

Wanted—By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, a new subject for a five-act play.

Wanted—A few active enterprising young men to smuggle Punch into France. Liberal terms to Ambassadors and Prefects of Police.

Wanted—By the Lord Chancellor, a new conscience, the proprietor not finding the one he has at present equal to the work it has to go through.

Wanted—By Mr. Wakly, a wealthy publisher for his poems.—No security or reference required.

Wanted—By Mr. Moon, as many subscriptions as possible to his “ Testimonial.” The smallest contributions most gratefully received.

Wanted—By Lord William Lennox, a young man to work at the British Museum.—No one with clean hands need apply.

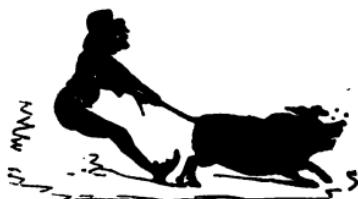
A FINANCIAL DISCUSSION.

ON moving the order of the day for going into a committee of supply,

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said he should ask a vote for miscellaneous estimates. These were necessarily large, but the House would see that if a given sum were inadequate, a further sum could not be refused ; and as honourable gentlemen on the other side of the House asked for reductions, he (the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER) would not say that they (the Opposition) acted improperly (*hear*) ; but this he would say, that looking at all things together, it might not—nay, he would go further and say it could not be considered expedient. (*Cheers.*) Last year something was said about corn. (*Cheers from the Ministerial benches, and ironical cheers from the Opposition.*) Corn was in every body's mouth, but now there was a change, and they (the Opposition) had nothing on the tip of their tongues but sugar. (*Laughter.*) Well, he (the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER) did not undertake to say—in fact, he was not in a position to justify his saying it—but he would like to ask gentlemen opposite, what they would have done with timber, even if they had got rid of the sugar embarrassment ? (*Hear, hear.*) It was true that his honourable friend on the other side of the House had been prepared to deal fiscally with the raw material ; but surely the House must feel—and he said it without any desire to detract from the well-earned reputation of another honourable friend, who sat in another part of that House—he (the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER) did think that the House must feel strongly on a point which he (the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER) from motives the House, he thought, would appreciate, (*Cheers*), restrained from any further dwelling on.

LORD PALMERSTON was glad to see that the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to look at timber in another light. (*No, no, from the Chancellor of the Exchequer.*) Oh then, the honourable gentleman did not mean to look at it in another light. Then he (Lord Palmerston) would ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer to define the light in which he

did mean to look at it. (*Hear.*) There were the Colonies, that wanted your iron, and your



PIG-LEAD,

and were thrusting their own sugar down your throats, and you would not take it, while your Canadian subjects were offering their timber, which you thrust back upon them till you crushed them with it. (*No, from Sir James Graham.*) Well ; but it was so. Look at the East, or even take the West. (*Hear, hear.*) The day might come, when the scaffold-poles of your new buildings should be made of the very timber that now you refused to have any thing to do with. All the great powers were watching you, and before you have got your exchequer into a flourishing state, you might find yourselves compelled to ask your enemies for your tea, and look in vain to your friends for your gruel. (*Loud cheers.*)

MR. HUME was very anxious to know what were the views of the Government as to fruit, and particularly what her Majesty's ministers meant to do with raspberries ? (*Hear.*)

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER complained of being taken by surprise.

COLONEL SIBTHORP would ask Mr. Roebuck whether the influence of the Tariff had been felt by British asses. (*Hear.*)

MR. ROEBUCK thought the gallant Colonel was the best judge of the subject. (*Laughter.*)

Both the honourable members explained, and the estimates were ultimately agreed to.

"**ARE** you looking for any one in particular ?" as the mite said to the microscope.

" You can't make a noise here," as the wooden pavement said to the omnibus.

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—This venerable body met last week for the purpose of hearing the report of a committee that had been appointed to sit upon a square piece of flag-stone, which had been removed from beneath some rubbish on clearing the ground for the new Royal Exchange. The stone was produced, and seemed to be an object of intense interest. The committee reported that it was crustaceous in its outer coats, and had been clearly used as a flag; but by whom, or when, or why, there were no means of ascertaining. From the venerable appearance of the relic, it was supposed to have been the flag that "braved a thousand years;" and, having passed a resolution to this effect, the meeting broke up perfectly satisfied.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO ALL SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADIES.

SCENE.—A Boudoir. Miss Alicia Hamilton reclining on a sofa, in a languishing attitude; her French waiting-woman in attendance. Time, Sunset.

La Fleurie ! go fetch me the gloves
 He bought at the last fancy fair,
 And the small turquoise brooch, where the doves
 Are link'd with a lock of his hair;
 The flacon of Eau de Cologne
 (Which Breidenbach calls Eau de Vie),
 Alas ! all its fragrance has flown,
 Since the giver is faithless to me;

The card-case, the ring, the *bouquet*
 I retain'd, of its beauty when shorn,
 Which he gave me the last gala day
 When we danced on the lawn at Cremorne;

The album, wherein he inscribed
 Sweet verses that charm'd like a spell,
 And in metaphor often contrived
 The depth of his passion to tell ;

The volume of "PUNCH" that he bought—
 The last witching ballad he sung—
 The words so enchanting I thought
 When breathed by his musical tongue ;
 The blue parasol which he chose,
 With its border like lace work to see—
 No longer its folds I unclose,
 For the world has no sunshine for me.

The bird in the gay gilded cage—
 The squirrel in bright treadmill pent—
 No more shall my fondness engage,
 Such pets with sad mem'ries are blent.
 To mama's sage advice I'll attend,—
 In a hamper these gewgaws I'll pack,
 And by Parcel Delivery send
 (Carriage paid) all Love's offerings back.

He shall find that "no nonsense" I'll stand,
 Such conduct is not to be borne,
 And the next time we meet in the Strand
 He shall see I can pass him with scorn.
 The garb of affection I'll doff,
 Since conduct so false he pursues,
 And to Norwood's fair gardens I'll off
 With sweet Cornet Cuff of the Blues.

PUNCH'S CENSUS.

PUNCH being desirous of bringing the Census to the public, the public can't be brought to its Census (Senses), intends giving the following information in an early number.

The origin of hundreds—showing how many tens are needed to make a hundred.

2. The area of Great Britain : showing the number of Area Sneaks in Great and Little Britain.

3. The number of Emigrants for the last forty years : distinguishing those who carried out their furniture from those who left it behind ; or, in other words, those who cut their sticks from those who carried their sticks with them.

4. The ages of the population : distinguishing not only male from female, but the Hounslow mail from all other males, and both sexes from Middlesex.

5. The excess of females over males, and the excesses of males over the dinner-table.

6. The density of the population of large cities ; particularly describing the density or thickness of the head, for which a city population is generally remarkable.

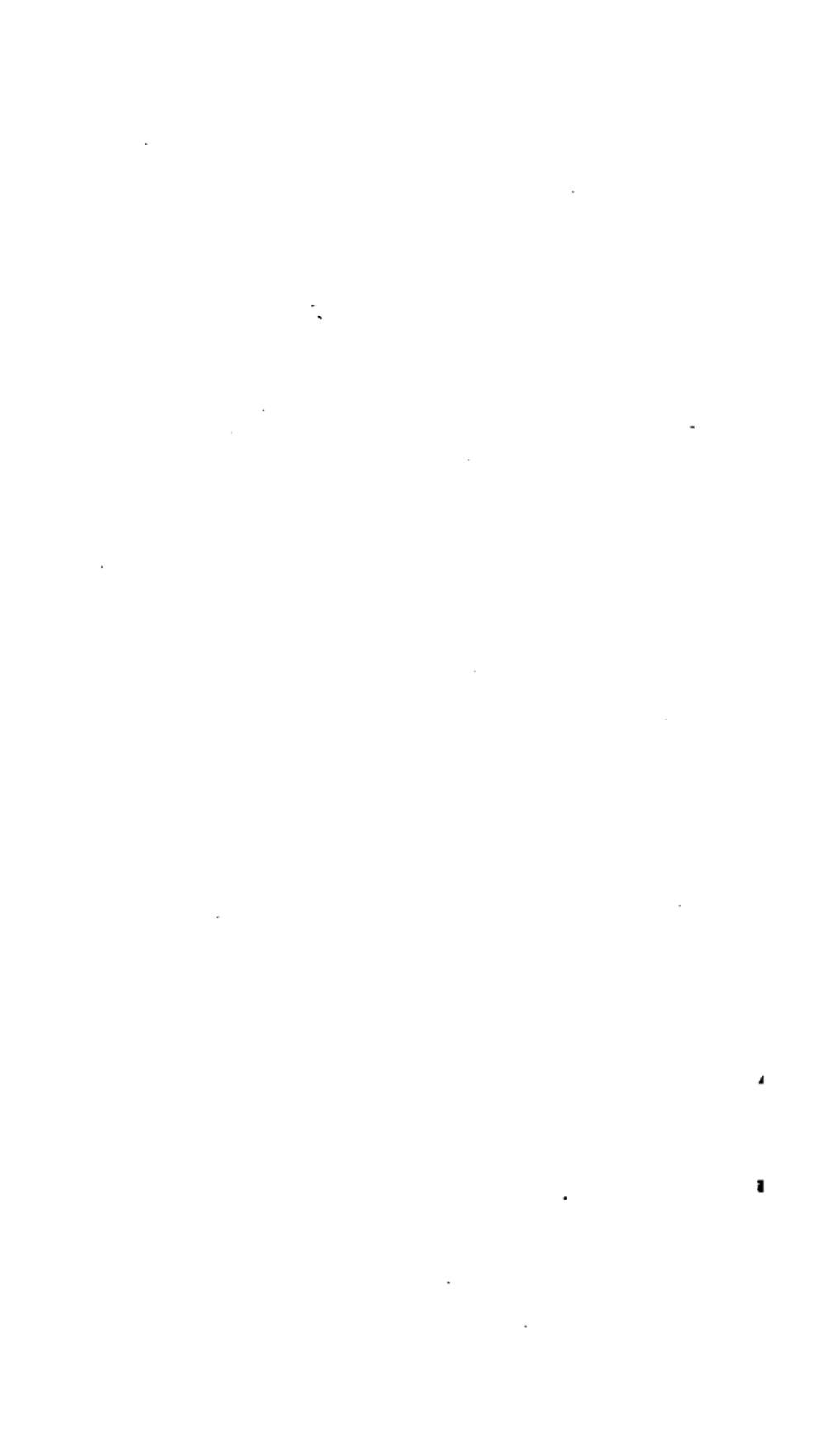
7. The number of offenders in each county—including dramatic authors who have been condemned for their bad works, and actors who have committed murder, but have escaped through public apathy, being unwilling to go after them.

8. The number of persons travelling along Oxford-street between the twenty-first and twenty-second minute of the eleventh hour of the twelfth of last month—distinguishing those who crossed over from those who did not ; and including a tabular view of the rates at which they were walking, classified by the timekeeper for the omnibuses, and revised by the general postman.

BANKRUPTCY EXTRAORDINARY.

THE bankrupt, Felix Cool, was opposed by a learned barrister on behalf of several creditors. The debts were very unimportant to every one but the creditors, amounting only to a few thousand pounds ; and the assets were of that nature that the time of the assignees would not be wasted in collecting them.

Sir C. F. Williams said, this was so far favourable to the bankrupt, for he had evidently set an example of punctuality in receiving all he earned, though, in paying all he owed, the same business-like exactitude, had, unfortunately, not been exhibited. There was one thing, however, that he, (*Sir C. F.*





A MORNING CALL—MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

"Mif you please, Sir, here's that dark gentleman called again.
I told him you wasn't at home, but he says he'll just stop up,
and's a comin' up-stairs!"

Williams,) would take the liberty of asking the bankrupt, namely, how he came to get so much into debt in so short a period ?

The bankrupt replied that he had gone on as fair a system as he could. For instance, he wanted goods, and asked for them, and got them. The tradesmen then wanted the money, and asked for it, and did not get it ; that was all the difference. (*Laughter, in which the Commissioner joined.*)

Sir C. F. Williams admitted that there was a good deal of truth in that, but he saw that the bankrupt had been to Margate with a very large sum of money. What had become of that ?

The Bankrupt. That's exactly what I want to know (*a laugh*). All I know is, that I went, and the money went. I came back again, and I should be very glad to see the money come back again also. (*Laughter*).

Sir C. F. Williams. That seems to me a very fair and straightforward wish on the part of the bankrupt. He would like to see the money back again—probably to divide it amongst his creditors. I really don't see what more he could do, if he had the money now in his pocket. My only wish is to see justice done.

A Creditor. Yes, that's all very fine ; but we are done as well as justice. (*Cries of Hear.*)

Sir C. F. Williams. Silence ! I sit here as a judge, and if those interruptions are to take place, I will have the Court cleared. (*To the Bankrupt :*) Here are some items I cannot understand. What became of all the money you earned in the last year.

The Bankrupt. That's what puzzles me. Some of it went this way, and some that way, and some the other.

A Creditor. None of it seems to have come this way. (*A laugh.*)

Sir C. F. Williams. That laughter is very indecent, and I will certainly protect the feelings of the Bankrupt as well as my own dignity. (*To the Bankrupt :*) I see an item for keeping a carriage. Pray can you favour us with an explanation of that ?

The Bankrupt. In the first place a carriage is cheaper. It takes you where you like, when you like, and ~~h~~ like. It puts you down, takes you up, drives you off, whisk you round, and brings you home in

Sir C. F. Williams. That's very true. But how is it cheaper than a cab or an omnibus?

The Bankrupt. Why, clearly, it must be cheaper. If you get into a cab or an omnibus, you must dip into your ready money. You exhaust your capital, you cripple your means, and empty your pockets ; so that the pockets of your creditors naturally suffer in the end. But if you have a private carriage, your account, as well as your carriage, will keep running on. (*A laugh.*)

Sir C. F. Williams, (*smiling.*) That is true to a certain extent. But what do you propose to do now ?

The Bankrupt. My income has hitherto been so much—say so much in round numbers. Suppose it to be as much again as half. I have no objection to pay over to my creditors that portion of it which I can do without—say the half, and I will keep the as much again, that is to say, it shall be proportioned into two. I will take the as much again as half, and the remainder my creditors are welcome to.

Sir C. F. Williams. This seems very fair. (*To the Bankrupt :*) I don't think you can do more.

The Bankrupt. We have been doing all we could for some time, I can assure you. We only want to be set upon our legs again. It is really bad enough to owe the money, and not to have it ; but to be lectured about it into the bargain, is rather too hard.

Sir C. F. Williams. But why did you go away from your creditors ?

The Bankrupt. What was the use of staying with them ? We are blamed for going to our creditors at all ; and now we are blamed for not going to them, when we really could do them no good—for we of course could not pay them. So we went to Margate, intending to settle with every body.

Sir. C. F. Williams. A very good intention. But pray how was it to be carried out ?

The Bankrupt. We had not time to think of that. I told one of my principal creditors, some months ago, that I would if I could, but I couldn't. If I could, it is possible now that I should ; and hereafter I will if I can—but that depends on circumstances. I mean, of course, my own circumstances.

Sir C. F. Williams hoped it would be so. He (*Sir C. F. Williams*) would be glad to see the bankrupt begin the world again.

A Creditor. Hadn't he better begin at the other end—for if he begins in the old way, there will be little good result from it. (*A laugh.*)

Sir C. F. Williams thought this a very unfair observation; and, after a few encouraging remarks to the Bankrupt, the inquiry terminated.

WHY is there every reason to suppose that Cain took his name from the town of Caen in Normandy? Because when he slew Abel he must have been on the road to *Rouen (Ruin)*.

THE DEBATE ON THE ESTIMATES.

MR. HUME objected to the expense incurred in sending out the Order of the Garter to the King of Prussia. He (Mr. Hume) did not wear garters himself (*hear, hear*), for he always patronised socks (*cheers and laughter*); but he knew a friend who did wear garters, and who had received a pair by post which only cost him fourpence, yet several thousands of pounds had been laid out in sending the garter to the King of Prussia (*hear, hear*). Why the King of Prussia had been over here himself, and might he not have taken his garters with him? (*Cheers and laughter.*)

Mr. Wallace had rather the garter had been conveyed by Pickford's van. The Messrs. Pickford were highly respectable men, (*Question*) and the garter would have been safe in their hands. Besides, when once booked it was at the risk of the King of Prussia. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. Hawes, upon the estimates being moved for keeping the Parks in order, complained of having been warned off the grass.

The Earl of Lincoln replied that respectable-looking people had free access to the parks, and even Mr. Hawes, by his own admission, had been let in, for he said he had been warned off the grass. (*Hear, hear.*) The boys had trod down the grass a good deal, and Mr. Hawes should have known it. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Roebuck wanted to know whether he might go through the enclosure of St. James's Park with a bundle. (*Hear, hear.*) He had been turned back once or twice, and as his washerwoman and himself lived on opposite sides of the park, he found it very inconvenient.

Sir James Graham said that he should be sorry to personally inconvenience any honourable member, but he thought if Mr. Roebuck's washerwoman had access to him twice in the week, the peculiar circumstances of the case would be met by that arrangement.

Mr. Roebuck admitted that this was satisfactory.

Mr. Hume was surprised at the large sum it had cost to get a Bishop over to Jerusalem. He (Mr. Hume) frequently travelled all the way from the Eyre Arms to the Elephant in an omnibus for sixpence. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. Wallace saw with surprise a large sum for stables at Windsor. He (Mr. Wallace), when he was a boy, had kept a donkey (*much laughter*), but now he (Mr. Wallace), was obliged to keep himself. (*Hear, hear.*) He thought it would be cheaper for her Majesty to job her horses, and he was surprised that her present Ministers, who understood those things, had not recommended to her the jobbing system. (*Laughter.*)

Sir R. Peel was sure that when the honourable member who last spoke, alluded to the expense of keeping a donkey, he (the honourable member), if he kept an eye to his own cost of living, must know what it was. He was sure the House would not grudge her Majesty convenient stabling, particularly as the number of horses kept had little else to do but to remain in their stalls, which ought, therefore, to be made as comfortable for them as possible. (*Hear.*)

The conversation then dropped.

MORE EXTRAVAGANCE.

DEAR PUNCH,—I read in the "Art-Union" that Mr. Fellowes is going out to Asia at the Government's expense, to collect marbles. Now is this not a shameful expenditure of the public money, and a gross neglect of native talent, when

there is Mr. Pitt's celebrated warehouse in Seven Dials, where marbles can be had at all prices, and a finer selection made than from all the bazaars of Asia. Expose this Tory job, Punch!

Yours, in strict confidence,



A MAN OF MANY WOES.

JOSEPH HUME.

Buxton Square.
Why is Joseph Hume like the Archimedes steamer?—
Because he moves upon the "screw" principle.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

INTRODUCTORY DEFINITIONS.

POLITICAL economy is the science by which nations and individuals acquire wealth, or, in other words, become rich; and this accounts for some of the principal political economists being the richest—humbugs of this or any other time.

Wealth is that which we can exchange for something else, and consequently an old pair of pantaloons must be considered as wealth when exchanged for a goldfinch, and the men who walk about with birds on their fingers, offering them for old trousers, are consequently practising political economy.

Air is not wealth, because we cannot get change for it, though there is such a thing as "change of air;" and it is this ambiguity of terms which has probably misled the government, who think that what is capable of being changed, must gain something in exchange, and is consequently wealth; so, looking at air in that light, they tax it accordingly.

A shirt is wealth if it is only changed once a month, but the fact of its being changed at all gives it, according to political economists, a certain or an uncertain value.

OF VALUE.

That quality of an object which renders it capable of gratifying our desires is value : therefore, if we desire to catch a flea, and the flea is caught, it becomes valuable—at least in the eyes of political economists.

Before political economy came into vogue, it was thought that the value of any thing was exactly what it would fetch ; but this doctrine is exploded, for if we send a servant to fetch a pound of mutton chops, we are not to consider the chops as the value of the servant. A valuable dog will fetch a penny ball if you throw it to him, but we cannot say that the dog is only worth what he will fetch, for this would make him worth only a penny, and (allowing for the wear and tear of the ball) perhaps nothing.

Intrinsic value is different from exchangeable value. The former exists in an article to which nothing is added by human labour. The play of *Hamlet* is of intrinsic value, inasmuch as it affords us gratification to read it ; but sometimes when human labour is added to it, as when Mr. Charles Kean toils through the part, it loses its power of delighting us, and consequently its value is gone, by being mixed up with human labour—including the labour of the actor, and the labour of those who sit out his performance.

It is, however, admitted by all political economists, that labour in general gives value to that which it is bestowed upon ; and of two similar things, that is the most valuable which has been the subject of the greatest amount of labour. By this doctrine, it would appear that a cab-horse, which requires great activity from the driver to make it go, is a more valuable creature than a horse that goes without any labour at all. This seems at first a startling proposition, but it must be evident that a horse which cannot run away with you, and endanger your life, is more valuable than one that may, at least in the long run ; and it is, after all, the long run, or for going to great lengths, that the doctrine of the political economists is best adapted.

If it takes Sir Robert Peel a week to make a single joke as

good as one of the thousand that appeared in Punch's Almanack, it is clear that the Almanack in question is worth a thousand weeks, or about twenty years, of the Premier's existence ; and as cheerfulness is likely to prolong life, it is probable that Sir R. Peel may find his existence so much lengthened by a perusal of the work alluded to, as to prove the theory of the political economists.

Some works not so valuable may be said to lengthen people's days, but it is by making the time employed in perusing those works drag on very heavily.

When men exchange silver for gold, they give more silver because it requires less labour to get it. But there are exceptions to this rule ; for it is just as easy for a pickpocket to steal a gold watch as a silver one, though it is certainly less difficult to procure iron, which is often thrown into the bargain, in the shape of handcuffs, after gold or silver may have been obtained in the manner hinted at.

Value is however regulated by supply, and when there is too much of a thing it falls in its price, while the reverse occurs when there is too little. Water is valuable when it comes into the cistern in moderation, and we cheerfully pay the water-rate (if we happen to have the money by us for doing so;) but when it runs in at the roofs or inundates the kitchens, it loses its value altogether. This admirable rule of political economy would seem to reverse the principles of arithmetic, for while the latter teaches that twenty must be worth more than one, the former opens our eyes to the fact—the politico-economical fact—that one is worth more than twenty.

CONVERSION OF THE THREE-AND-A-HALFS.

THE contemplated conversion of the Three-and-a-Halfs has already thrown the money market into sixes and sevens. The Bears and the Bulls are down on all-fours ; and the result is so doubtful, that it is quite a toss up with the Bulls whether they will come out losers by the transaction. The Chancellor of the Exchequer also contemplates the conversion of the short sixes into long fours, for he has found from experience that the fours give a much better light, and the sixes

will consequently be gradually extinguished. It is generally believed that the conversion of the Three-and-a-halfs is preliminary to the abolition of the Income Tax. It might as well be said that the invasion of England by the Romans was preliminary to the introduction of railroads.

IMPORTANT TO UNMARRIED CAPITALISTS.

Mr. George Robins has the honour of announcing that he is instructed to offer to Public Competition, at the Auction Mart, on Monday, October 23, all that valuable Lot and Royal Lifehold Property, the

YOUNG QUEEN OF SPAIN.

So overwhelmed is **MR. ROBINS** with a sense of the importance and responsibility, as well as of the dignified, not to say delicate nature, of his commission, that he feels expression fail him; nevertheless, he respectfully begs to invite attention to

The Gold and Silver Mines of South America,

the source whence a portion of the revenues of the Spanish Crown would, were its ancient rights enforced, be derived, and wherefrom Spain received the trifling tribute of

**100,000,000 Doubloons Annually,
(as long as she could get it)**

in which the felicitous competitor for the

Hand of the Young and Lively Monarch

would, **MR. ROBINS** need scarcely say, acquire at least a

LIFE INTEREST.

This surely must be admitted, by every unprejudiced mind, to be a magnificent opportunity for an

Eligible Investment of Capital

to any Nobleman or Gentleman desirous of becoming the holder of

Spanish Stock.

Not that Mr. ~~George~~ ROBINS would wish, in an instance such as the present, to be suggestive of mercenary ideas; but still he cannot help feeling that the possession of

BOUNLESS WEALTH

would not be undesirable to the most unworldly mind... But not to dwell on matters which, after all, will be considered by the gallant bachelors of England of minor importance, Mr. ROBINS will now mention a few of the more attractive features of this royal bargain, namely,

Raven Tresses,

of glossy and silken texture, gracing with rich luxuriance

Eyes of Starry Radiance;

Also, cheeks which, if they do not exhibit the lily and the rose contending for mastery, may, nevertheless, challenge for their sovereign possessor the fascinating appellation of a

BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE,

Besides admiration may be confidently solicited for a feature, which, if not exactly a

Phidian Nose,

is nevertheless endowed with a charm peculiarly its own. How desirable a partner, not to say speculation, the Royal Peri would prove to the

Enterprising Capitalist

will be at once inferred from the fact, that

THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS

would be delighted, did circumstances permit him to avail himself of the opportunity ; that

HIS MAJESTY LOUIS PHILIPPE

is anxiously soliciting the alliance for one of his own princely offspring ; likewise that

The August Family of Saxe Coburg

are in pursuit of the same object ; and MR. ROBINS may make a similar affirmation respecting

THE GREAT MOGUL.

This advantageous connexion will place the successful bidder in the possession of

A Princeely Rank,

which a little tact and discrimination will speedily elevate into that of

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF SPAIN

the attainment of which will not be an unfounded hope ; since there generally occurs in that country a

Revolution Every Six Months,

a circumstance which MR. ROBINS only mentions to point out the advantage that may be derived from it. It must be recollectcd that the King of Spain would be the happy

LORD OF THE ALHAMBRA;

and to the romantic mind it may be sufficient to state, that the territory in question is the celebrated

LAND OF THE CID !

MR. ROBINS would willingly expatiate on this theme for ever, were possibilities in accordance with his wishes ; but, as space compels him to conclude, he will only add, that the husband of the Queen of Spain may look forward with every assurance to a

LIFE OF DOMESTIC BLISS.

The circumstances under which he will be placed affording extensive capabilities, if cultivated with the smallest portion of tact, for the formation of

A PARADISE ON EARTH ;

which will be not inconsiderably enhanced by

The Certain Absence of a Mother-in-Law !

Printed Particulars, with a Portrait (warranted), may be had only at MR. GEORGE ROBINS's Offices, Covent Garden.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that the celebrated case of the two Kil-kenny cats—who, shut together in a garret, fought each other until nothing of them remained but their tails,—has

43

been under the serious consideration of the Five Powers, with a view to its application to the present state of Spain. It has, consequently, been resolved upon that no foreign intercourse whatever shall be permitted with that country for the next five years. That time elapsed, it will be curious to know how much will remain of all parties of the Spanish. Bets run that nothing will be found but their moustaches !

VAUXHALL.

The preparations for the ensuing season at this delightful place of recreation are going on as swimmingly as ever. It is at present intended to open them on St. Swithin's Day, and a handsome pavilion has been erected at the entrance, for the hire of umbrellas and overalls. The members of the orchestra will also wear the new Macintosh uniforms. Several alterations have been made in the gardens, amongst which the ground formerly appropriated to the fireworks has been let to the Meteorological Society, who will, in future, hold their meetings there, to calculate the quantity of rain fallen in the year, for the almanacks, this being accounted the most eligible spot in the Metropolis. The fêtes will be conducted in the same style of aqueous splendour as heretofore; and, should the lessee be enabled to effect an engagement with the Comet, it is in contemplation to persuade it to delay its departure, that the gardens may be lighted in a novel manner. Each of the illumination-lamps will be fitted up with a small umbrella, to keep them from being filled with water, which has been found, on some occasions, to prevent them burning properly.

HAVE you ever been in Languedoc?—Not exactly, but I tumbled into St. Katherine's Dock once.

THE LATE THUNDER-STORM.

A most singular accident occurred during the storm of

Thursday. A person was sitting in a public-house, when the fluid passed from the cellar below to the beer above, and having entered a pewter pot, was conducted down his throat; and the phenomenon having been repeated several times, the individual became at last completely prostrate. An uninterrupted succession of "flashes of lightning," conducted through the medium of an ordinary gin-glass, were seen to pass rapidly into the mouth of a party upon whom the fluid soon began to take a wonderful effect, causing him to stagger from side to side, and ultimately, throwing him with some violence into a gutter.

A curious incident occurred in a crowd: the finger of an individual suddenly became light, and was conducted with electrical velocity into another person's pocket, when being attracted by the metal, it struck upon the whole of it, and then glided off, so that the bolt which usually follows was quite in another direction.

SHOCKING IGNORANCE!

A COMMISSION of inquiry has been instituted by Punch into the amount of knowledge of domestic economy possessed by young men in general: that is to say, of knowledge which will one day or other be absolutely necessary to them, but wherein they are, he regrets to say, most lamentably deficient, as will be seen from the subjoined extracts from the *Report of his Commissioners.*

"Richard Bradshaw examined.—Belongs to no profession. Has a small independence of his own. Lives in lodgings with partial board. Knows the Cock in Fleet Street; also the Cheshire Cheese, and the Rainbow. Has often been to the Albion; it is called Simpson's. Knows what calves'-foot-jelly is; has tasted it at evening parties. Does not know how it is prepared; should imagine with something else besides calves'-feet; apples, perhaps, or white currants. Knows the difference between Brown Holland and Brown Sherry. The former is a cloth. Wore pinafores of it in his younger days. It may be made of cotton, or it may be made of flax, cannot say which, nor what it is a yard. Knows a



THE DUTIFUL SONS.

"First it prime, Bill, being out a nights!"

"Believe you, - especially when the fore news don't know anything about it."



merino from a Macintosh ; the former is a sheep : the latter is a garment, which he sometimes wears. Cannot tell what buckaback is ; if he guessed, should say it was a fish. A chinchilla is a sort of tippet or boa ; fancies it is made from Angora wool. A pelerine is either a sash or a riding-habit ; should think he knew what a Cardinal was ; it was something like a Bishop. There were nutmegs in it and cloves. The price of coals was three-and-sixpence a week ; did not know what Eden-Main was a chaldron. Has no idea what "Best Screened" means. Coffee was four-pence a cup ; could not tell which was dearest, Souchong or Bohea : was not in general accustomed to take tea of an evening."

"*William Hawkins*, medical student :—Is twenty-one, and expects to pass the Hall shortly. Has heard of an aitch-bone of beef : thinks he knows it when he sees it, but cannot tell what part of the ox it is taken from. Has no idea what lump-sugar is a pound ; believes it, however, to be dearer than brown. Knows very well what a pork-chop is ; it costs seven-pence. Never had one from the butcher ; cannot say what he would have paid if he had ; thinks two-pence or three-pence : has an idea that tavern-keepers cheat dreadfully. Knows what the charge for tewed cheese is ; has no notion what good cheese is per lb. ; supposes the price to vary. A pot of beer is four-pence ; and half-and-half, sixpence ; of ale, eightpence ; does not know what a barrel of stout from the brewer's comes to per gallon. Is sure that mould candles are cheaper than dips ; but cannot tell how much, nor how many of either go to the pound. A cabman's fare is eight-pence a mile ; cannot calculate a cook's wages."

"*John Tomkins Adams*, articled clerk :—Is nearly out of his clerkship. Has served in the country, but has come up to complete his studies in town. Is in the habit of taking mustard with beef. Has no conception how it is made. It may be mixed with cream for aught he knows. Cannot say what is the price of it per lb., nor whether it is sold by weight or measure. Has heard talk of *Mousseline de Laine* ; also of *Gros de Naples* ; should not know one from the other if he saw them. Knows what apple-sauce is good with. Cannot say how long it takes to roast a goose : should think it depended on the fire."

To the family readers of Punch the above disclosures will

be horrifying ; but it is to be hoped that their publication will pave the way for some national measure of education, calculated to remedy the melancholy intellectual destitution prevailing among our youthful bachelor population : whereof they present but a faint picture.

MORE SHOCKING-IGNORANCE !

A SHORT time ago, PUNCH had occasion to horrify his readers by publishing the report of his Select Committee on education, which revealed the amount of ignorance of domestic matters prevailing among young men generally. His Commissioners have just sent up to him their second Report, which relates to the knowledge of business and the affairs of life possessed by young ladies ; and he has determined, at the risk of creating a fearful panic in the marriage market, to print it.

Miss Mary Anne Watkins examined.—Is the daughter of a private gentleman. Has several brothers and sisters. Is engaged to be married to a young surgeon, as soon as he can get into practice. Has an idea that she ought to know something of housekeeping ; supposes it comes naturally. Can sing and play ; draw and embroider. Cannot say that she ever darned a stocking. The price of brown Windsor soap is from one shilling to one and threepence the packet ; cannot tell what yellow comes to ; never bought any. Circassian cream is half a crown a pot ; does not know the price of pearl-ash. Knows how to furnish a house ; would go to the upholsterer's and buy furniture. Cannot say how much she would expect to give for an easy-chair, or for a wash-handstand, or a set of tea things ; should ask mamma, if necessary ; never thought of doing so before. Papa paid for the dress she has on ; forgets what he gave for it. Has no notion what his butcher's bill amounts to in the year.

Miss Harriet Somers—Papa is a clergyman. Is unable to say whether he is a pluralist or not. He is a curate, and has but one curacy. Expects to be married, of course. Would not refuse a young man with three hundred a year. Has no property of her own. Has some skill in needlework ;

have a little money of her own shortly, when she comes of age. Is not aware whether she is a minor or not. The property was left her by an aunt. Cannot say whether she is a legatee or testatrix. Her property is real property. Is sure of that. It is in the funds. Should say that it was not personal property, as it was not any thing about her person. Knows what consols are; has read about them in history; they were ancient Romans. Mamma keeps house. When she marries, expects to do the same. Is unable to say what the family milk-score is a week. Starch is made to stiffen collars; has no notion what it is a pound, or what made of, or whether it is used with hot water or cold. Drugget is cheaper than a Turkey carpet; but how much, cannot say. Her time is principally occupied in fancy-work, reading novels, and playing quadrilles and waltzes on the piano.

Out of sixty other young ladies examined, three only knew how to corn beef, six what a sausage was composed of, and four how to make onion sauce. Not one of the whole number could brew. They mostly could tell what the last new song was; but none of them knew the current price of beef. Every soul of them meant to marry as soon as possible. What is to become of their husbands? Echo answers "What!" and *Punch* shudders at the idea.

"STRONGLY recommended for family use"—as the Yorkshire schoolmaster said of the pickled birch.

COOKS AND COOKERY BOOKS.

BY JACOB DRYASDUST.

THE office of a cook appears to be a very ancient and honourable one. Athenæus says, "A cook's is a divine mystery." Archestratus composed an epic in praise of it; and has handed down, for the admiration of posterity, the fame of an artist who placed on the table a whole pig half baked and half boiled. He also gives the recipe for performing this feat,



RETURNING FROM BUSINESS.

*"Who is that broad-shouldered fellow walking with
a big stick and my wife?"*

which has escaped Mrs. Rundell's attention. Another classic says—

"He who hath wronged a cook hath never 'scaped
Unpunished, for our art is high and holy."

And Plautus has written, "After eating, praise him who hath ministered unto thee." There are many similar passages to show the great estimation in which these functionaries were anciently held. Nor have those of the present day by any means degenerated in dignity. The late Marquis Wellesley's *chef de cuisine* refused to accompany him—when lord lieutenant—to Dublin, because there was no Italian opera there. Lord Seston's artiste discharged himself, because he and his lordship differed in opinion as to the Reform Bill. And Sir E. W.'s *maître d'hôtel* aspired to the hand of his master's daughter, and wooed her—according to the custom of his "order"—with *puits d'amour*, and cakes flavoured with *parfait amour*. Under the influence of his passion he also invented "a new method of melting butter."

The treatises on this great art are not very numerous. "Cook's Voyages, with plates," ought to be found in every kitchen; Mrs. Glasse has become one of the English Classics; Mrs. Rundell—God bless her—has written down the means of giving every man a bilious attack in two days; and Mr. Birch's "Essay on Cheesecakes" caused him to be advanced to the dignity of alderman and chief magistrate of the City of London: the inhabitants of this Ward justly considered that an individual who could make such soup must be an estimable man—his great acquaintance with "Trifles" fitted him to decide on all important matters—the genius which could form "Maids of honour" was well qualified to reform the morals of those who indulge in picking pockets; in deciding about tipsy men he must have been assisted by his knowledge of "tipsy cakes," and one so well versed in stews was particularly adapted to deal with broils. A greater even than Alderman Birch seems to have studied the art and mystery of cooking, as "sauce à la diable" will prove; like Sin, it is very pleasant at first, but causes numerous ill effects afterwards, until duly exorcised by Rhubarb and Blue Pill, which are nearly as delightful as Repentance.

Whilst I am upon the subject of Cookery Books I may be allowed to inquire, why



"THE COOK'S ORACLE"

inserts recipes "to prevent the Rot in Sheep;" to preserve a Granary from Weasels;" "to make black paper for Drawing Patterns;" "to cure the Ringworm;" and "Blacking for Shoes." The cook, in talking about these matters, is surely invading the province of another official in the domestic establishment; and I will confess I was much startled to find a recipe commencing as follows: "Take one ounce of oxalic acid;" and another; "Take two pounds of pearlash." However, on examination, I found these extraordinary and alarming preparations were for the purpose of cleaning boot-tops and making green paint.

For the benefit of some of my readers, and the amusement of all, I copy from the Cook's General Receipt Book, by Jas. W. Laughton, page 20, the following charming "method of turning red hair black":—

"Take a pint of the liquor of pickled herrings, half a pound of lamp-black, and two ounces of the rust of iron; mix and boil them for twenty minutes, then strain it, and rub the liquor well into the roots of the hair."

The author omits to say whether the gentleman using this precious balm, should be hung up for several days—in order to purify himself; but, I suppose, that is a matter of course. In the same work—page 11—are the following philosophic and merciful methods of killing rats:—

"Cut dried sponge into small pieces, and fry or dip it in

honey—it will distend their intestines. And birdlime laid in their haunts will stick to their fur, and cause them to tear themselves in pieces, in order to get rid of it." And, "if a live rat be caught, and *anointed* with tar and train oil, and then set at liberty, the offensive smell will cause him to traverse all the holes of his companions *with most distressing anxiety*, and cause them all to disappear."

The same author, in his *Cookery Book*, gives rules for preparing "A big treacle plaster for the gout;" and I really think any prudent man would prefer the disease itself to such a remedy. Next comes a *recipe* "To escape from or go into a house on fire;" and "A method of curing meat," is followed by "A method of curing chilblains." Last of all, like Banquo's spirit, appears "A curious *neat* white mixture" to destroy bugs; and I feel inclined to say, any other living creature also—the impressive earnestness of the author is worthy of attention. "Do but touch a live bug with a drop of it, and you will find it die immediately;" and, next, he proceeds to inform us, that "The smell this mixture occasions is very wholesome, and to some persons not disagreeable."

I have copied from the Domestic Cookery Book a list of certain dishes which no gentleman can think of admitting to his table—their very names condemn them:—Squab Pie—Soused Tripe—Turnip Soup—Veal à la Daube—Shank Jelly—Souster, or Dutch Pudding—Restorative Pork Jelly—Pettitoes—Podovies—Kebobbed Mutton—Marrowbones (with or without Cleavers)—Bullock's Heart—Flummery—English Bamboo—and Bockings. How can any individual of refined feelings think of requesting a Lady to favour him with some "Love in disguise?" which appears to be a calf's head stuffed, covered with forcemeat, and rolled in vermicelli; and how can the lips of "Sweet Eighteen" avow a predilection to Bubble-and-squeak?

We wonder at the strange taste of our forefathers in patronising "A delightful Pie," in which a mixture of cheese, honey and oil, plays a very important part—although, as the writer, one Joline Hinge, kindly informs us, "It is good for causing wit in man and pleasant humours;" still more astonishing is it to find that Barbacued Porpoise was a dish fit for the King's table—and even at this present day, the tenuro

on which a certain English manor is held, is that of presenting the Sovereign with a Herring Pie yearly—a delicacy well calculated to cause astonishment and horror in the minds of French cooks. It is probable that the titles of some of our dishes will afford equal mirth to our great-grandchildren; such, for instance, as—“To collar Pig’s Head”—“To dry Hog’s Cheek”—“To force Hog’s Ears”—“A Pepper Pot to be served in a Tureen”—“To make Parsley Sauce where *no Parsley* is to be had”—“Everlasting Syllabubs”—and “*Little Short Cakes.*”

SIBTHORP’S LAST.—When does a street-scamp resemble a tattered tea-cake?—When he’s a *rag o’ muffin.* (Oh! oh!)

PUNCH’S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

ON Thursday last LORD BROUGHAM rose for the purpose of correcting a misrepresentation, or rather, a misunderstanding, relative to himself, and indeed he was always being misunderstood, for nobody seemed able to understand him. He (LORD BROUGHAM) had received a number of abusive letters, but these he did not mind. In fact, he rather liked them, for he was used to them, and use being second nature, it was natural he should like to receive them. Some of these letters asked him why he did not give up what he received out of the taxes paid by the poor, when he did nothing for the money. Now he (LORD BROUGHAM) did work very hard—and, in fact, so far from wishing to do nothing, he had worked hard to try and get into some place where he might be in a condition to serve the public. (*Hear.*) He was quite willing to resign the pension of which he is in the receipt, if he might be allowed to go back to the bar, for when at the bar he (LORD BROUGHAM) was in the habit of making a good, he might say a decided good thing of it. As to work, he worked harder than any factory girl, and indeed he (LORD BROUGHAM) wished he was a factory girl. (*Hear.*) Yes, he (LORD BROUGHAM) would gladly change places with the factory girls, for in fact, he now did quite as much as they do. Why, his friend, LORD CAMPBELL, did as much, for he was often occupied in spinning yarns even until a very late hour in the evening. (*Hear.*) He hoped that the

House would understand him, and if that was the case, he didn't care for all the anonymous, abusive, vituperative, and insulting letters in the universe.

LORD CAMPBELL quite agreed with the learned **LORD BROUHAM** as to the hard work of the latter. He had watched the noble lord trying to work himself on to the wool-sack ; but that seemed to be harder work than he (**LORD BROUHAM**) could accomplish.

LORD BROUHAM. That is not my hardest work. Listening to your speeches is harder than that.

LORD CAMPBELL. My learned friend's interruptions are very hard on me. He says that he would be glad to go back to the bar ; and perhaps his love of pleading has induced him to volunteer his services as counsel for the Government.

LORD BROUHAM. My learned friend, I believe, is opposed to the Government. Let him volunteer his services to the Government as counsel, and he will evince his hostility in the strongest possible manner.

LORD CAMPBELL thought this observation uncalled-for.

LORD BROUHAM. Why, of course ! It's not likely you would call for that which is condemnatory of yourself ; and if you did call for it, I don't see why I should respond to your call.

LORD CAMPBELL rose to order.

The **DUKE OF WELLINGTON** thought this altercation could do no good.

LORD BROUHAM concurred. He was afraid his learned friend **LORD CAMPBELL** was past mending. (*A laugh.*)

Here the subject dropped.

DESIGNS FOR THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

AMONG the principal objects sent in for exhibition at the St. James's Bazaar, will be found—

Specimens of panels, including the celebrated panel that obtained so much notoriety during the trial of O'Connell.

Specimens of railing, selected from a vituperative speech of Lord Brougham.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

PROFESSOR GRUBEMUP, who was in the chair, congratulated the meeting on the fact that this noble science is looking up; and that people who have gardens never think of employing a gardener, but send at once for their medical man in case of any thing being required.



TAKING A BLACK DRAUGHT.

Mr. Kidney Tatur related a curious case which had fallen the other day under his own observation. A daisy was in a very delicate state, having caught cold from being placed in a damp flower-pot. Active astringents were tried, and bandages of twine were promptly applied in the hope of keeping the patient up; but it was too late, and the plant expired.

Mr. Water Potter observed, that a few days ago some cabbages were carried off from his garden in a very unaccountable manner. It was at first supposed to be ordinary consumption; but having sat up by the side of the bed all night, he found that the plants were subjected to abstraction. Having a dog with him, Bark (not *quinine*, but *canine*,) was tried with some success; and being followed up smartly with *flogistic* treatment, the remedy was effectual.

The chairman called attention to the gratifying intelligence received a few days ago from Dover. It would appear that powder, in large doses, had been found very useful in opening the bowels of the earth, on two recent occasions.

Mr. Grubemup reported, that as some peas he had set were in a backward state, he had applied blisters to the earth, which he thought had succeeded in drawing them up earlier than might have been expected.

Mr. Kidney Tatur laid before the meeting the results of some curious experiments on some sweet peas and other

Hindicus, and a purdigus fine specimen of the Specious with a remarkable Ump, and all together quite a Site for the admirers of Creation. And arter voyagin thowsands and thowsands of leagues by see and by land, and freight and passage and Wittles besides, witch even as a Stearage Passinger wood cum heavy, to be cut up into Lines and Stakes and Jints and sitterer, like common Beef at 4 shilling a stone sinkin the Hoffal ! Thats wat I call Real Murder. Partickly to reflect that he mite have been presented to the Zological Gardens. But he needn't have been giv away at all. Thercs mennys as wood have cum down handsum for Him, let alone Mister Cross of the Surry. For exampel meself whom wood have give seventy Pound down for Him, and took his Wan at a Wallyation, as a capital Addition to my Managery. Wat signifide his bein Feroshus ? Not a brass Farden. The more wishuser the better, At least for a show. Wat made the Royal Bengal Tiger so popla ? Cos he ate up Sur Hec-
ter Munro. And wat made the Lioniss sich a fust Faverit with the Publick ? Cos she attacked the Xeter male. I wunce had a Leppard meself as noboddy wood look at Till he had kild his Keeper. Them facts. Whereby if so be the Holy Bull had gored summun, the more Wallyble, partickly one of the Royal Sweet, a Hequerry or the like, to make a Featur in the Bills. Any hows it were an unprof-
itable and unpollitick Hact to kill sich a Sacred Hanimal like a common unholy Scotch Beast. For in course you know the Bramin Bulls cums from the East Hinges, ware he is looked up to by the Natives as a reglar Saint, whereby to kill him for food wood be reckoned the hite of impiousness, and not sich good meat as our own cattel arter all. To be shure if so be there had been no other Beef for the pallis Beef-Eaters mite be sum Xcuse but witch were by no means the case, bein no less than three thousand three hundred head at Smith-field Markit last Munday and went off dull. So it warn't Starwation. No, but a complete Sackrifieze of a Hannimal as wood have dun credit to an Hexhibition and wuth a dozen bullox without Umps and witch is never washupped by Noboddy. Thinks I wen I red it, wat will Lord Combermeer say, and wat will the Hindooses say, And wat will the Bra-
mins say, Not to name Sir Ram Jam Jibbedehoy ! But thots not the wust. Wen the Gates of Sam North was carried off

FROM CHARLES KEMBLE TO PUNCH.

MY VERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Delighting in the interest you have always manifested for the progress of literature and the arts, cherished and honoured as they are by our beloved mistress, the Queen, I hold it to be no other than my duty to forward to you, and through you to the whole universe, the subjoined report of my labours up to the present time at Buckingham Palace, for the diffusion of Shakespeareanity throughout the court.

Her Majesty received me with the greatest cordiality, and Prince Albert, by the very attentive manner with which he listened to me, showed an example of decorum which I am sure was not lost upon the inferior people. He is evidently a young man of good natural understanding, although the unfortunate prejudices of his station may have hitherto caused him to neglect his Shakespeare for the more frivolous pursuits of rabbit-shooting and sitting for five hundred portraits. Nevertheless, the many questions he put to me respecting Shakspeare, namely, as to where the Poet was born,—whether he had been apprenticed to any business,—whether he died married or a bachelor—whether he had really invented mulberries,—with other curious interrogatives, all showed to me that the mind of the Prince was at least hungry for a better knowledge of the Moral Master. Indeed, I have every hope, from the interest already awakened in the royal breast, that Prince Albert will, in a short time, wholly renounce the idols of the Opera ; and as a most convincing proof of his belief in Shakspeare, sit out the *Petruchio* of Mr. Webster.

I shall now, Mr. Punch, proceed to give you a few cases illustrative of my success in Queen Victoria's Court, heartily hoping that they will be multiplied ten thousand fold. For most charitable reasons, I suppress the names, giving only the occupations of my neophytes.

"A MAID OF HONOUR, AGE 23. Had certainly heard of Shakspeare, when a little girl and before she came to court; but had seldom had her attention called to the subject since. Did not know where he was born. Believes that he was dancing-master to Queen Elizabeth. Thinks she has heard it said that he was a low man, and wrote very bad English; for that reason was advised never to hear him except in

Italian at the opera. Knew an opera called *Otello*; was sure she knew it, because Grisi and Lablache played in it! Had certainly heard of the swan of Avon; believes that she once saw it in the Zoological Gardens. It was a white swan."

[I am happy to inform you, Mr. Punch, that such has already been my success with this benighted young woman, that she has broken a very pretty plaster statuette of Rubini on her dressing-table, and every night takes her rest with the Family Shakspeare under her pillow.]

"A WOMAN OF THE BEDCHAMBER, AGE 32.—Had heard of Shakspeare several times. Saw *The Murder of Macbeth* once; was sure it was *The Murder of Macbeth*, for a Mr. Charles Kean played the principal part. Never went to the play; no, never; that is, except on a royal visit, which was as good as never. Remembers to have seen Mr. Balf's *Falstaff* at the opera; liked it very well; but thought *Falstaff* at the play-houses only fit for low people. Remembers to have heard of *Romeo and Juliet* when a girl. Never looked into Shakspeare; it was not considered proper. Had seen General Tom Thumb three times; kissed him on each occasion. Once heard part of the *Tempest*; thought Caliban a disgusting creature: had seen and liked the Ojibbeways very much."

[I assure you, Mr. Punch, so great has been my influence over this darkened individual, that she has not visited the opera this ten days, and, as a proof of her conversion to Shakspeare, has expressed herself ready to go even to the Victoria to endure him.]

"A GENTLEMAN OF THE BEDCHAMBER, AGE 40.—Had heard of Shakspeare, but thought him a bore. Had seen *Hamlet* once; he didn't mean the silversmith, but *Hamlet*, the Duke of Denmark; thought it very dull and unsatisfactory. What had *Hamlet* to complain of? Wasn't he a Prince, with a devilish fine girl to marry, and all that? Thought there was no interest in *Hamlet*; liked something that touched the feelings, for instance, admired the *Maid and Magpie*."

[Judge my delight, Mr. Punch, when, after only three interviews with this forlorn individual, he was found devouring Shakspeare raw at the Pavilion.]

"AN EQUERRY, AGE 27.—Had, in his time, heard of Shakspeare: might have been a slap-up fellow in his day, but was too slow for these times. Once saw the *Merchant of Venice*;

old *Shylock* was a bill discounter of the tribe of Levi. Never went to the play. Never missed Carlotta Grisi."

[This gentleman, after only two readings, dismissed twenty pictures of the Pets of the Ballet from the walls of his bedroom, and promoted to his dormitory a magnificent bust of Shakspeare.]

Such, Mr. Punch, are a few of my conversions at the Palace. As I proceed in my labours you shall hear more; meanwhile, believe me,

Yours, with fervent admiration and respect,

CHARLES KEMBLE.

Garrick Club, May 7.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SHAKSPERE.

BY OTWAY.

PERHAPS the most important question connected with this great man's career is how he used to spell his name, and we have therefore made it the study of a long literary life, to look into this nice autographical point; a task in which we have been kept in countenance by the labours of some of the most famous commentators.

Somebody in the last century found a piece of paper somewhere, with something written upon it, that had some resemblance to Shakespere's signature, and upon this very powerful evidence the *a* in *speare* was knocked out, and an additional *e* after the syllable *Shak* was knocked in; but the literary and antiquarian world never felt completely satisfied, and black-letter authorities have ever since continued to be rummaged, for the purpose of finding out whether the bard of Avon wrote his name with AA's or with EE's, or with both or neither.

From the rascally scrawl which is handed down as the veritable signature of the Swan—as some people affectedly call the author of *Othello*,—it is to be regretted that there were no Carstairs' in those days to give the Swan a little instruction in handling the goose-quill. The play scene in Hamlet, might have been framed and glazed by Mr. Carstairs, supposing the Swan to have taken the trouble of going over his work twice, as a specimen of Shakespere's writing “before and after” the well known guinea's worth.

We now leave Shakespere for the present. We have left

上

卷一



PRINCE ALBERT THE BRITISH FARMER.

Prince Albert has turned his attention to the promotion of agriculture, and if you have seen, as most probably you have, on account of the sale of Prince Albert Stock, and the prices, they fetched, I have not the slightest doubt you will give one cheer more to Prince Albert as a British Farmer —

(Sir Robert Peel's Speech at Tunworth, October 2, 1843.)

his name and the mode of spelling it exactly where we found it, which is more than most critics can say, for they generally contrive to throw additional darkness over what was already sufficiently mysterious.

A CATALOGUE RAISONNABLE.

For the benefit of our statistical subscribers, we give an analysed edition of the catalogue of this year's Exhibition at the Academy.

Portraits of "A Gentleman"	44
Portraits of "A Lady"	36
Scenes from "The Vicar of Wakefield"	91
Ditto "Comus"	5
Ditto "Gil Blas"	6
Pictures of "Cromwell and the Intercepted Letter"	38
Ditto, "Mary Queen of Scots and John Knox"	2
Views of "Venice,"—"Primrose Hill," &c. &c.	4
Parrots, Spaniels, Deer, Fruit, Elephants, Flowers, and Rabbits	97
Busts	141
Cupids, Psyches, and Sleeping Children	58
Historical Pictures	7
	1418

We feel it but right to state that there is only one portrait of Her Majesty this year, and not a single one of Prince Albert.

—ets' Corner—I think the exhibition might draw. The poor sort of people might like to see how Bishops and Deans and Chapters feed—the lowliness of the repast would, doubtless, teach them contentment. This hint is, I own, away from the purpose of my letter; but it was always the weakness of nature to obtrude benevolent advice. To return to my subject.

How can you longer refuse to take me in? Once in, for a time at least, I should be popular. I am sure I shall bring in the halfpence—a point which, as the best tradesmen, you cannot, with credit, neglect.

Our readers will doubtless be much gratified to hear that

the Queen, with her usual good taste and unceasing patronage of art, has engaged—a Scotch Piper.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.—The Statue of George the Fourth has left King's Cross, and retired into the country. Change of scene had been recommended, as the noble patient has been suffering for years from a badness of *site*.

THE STATUE OF BYRON.

TO THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.

Custom-House Vaults, May 6, 1844.

REVEREND SIRS,

Some four or five years have passed since—arrived from Italy, where I was cut by my friend THORWALSDEN—I have lain in this dungeon. For a long time after my arrival the place was daily fumigated, lest any moral infection should escape me; and only men of the purest and most steadfast virtue were suffered to descend into my vault. The authorities believed that I filled it with the most pestilential principles, and therefore always made the men bring down with them some of ROBERT MONTGOMERY's poems by way of safety-lamp. Owing to this precaution, the rectitude of the people of the Customs—it is a truth now known to all the world—has triumphed over every temptation.



PRINCE ALBERT THE BRITISH FARMER.

Prince Albert has turned his attention to the promotion of agriculture, and if you have seen, as most probably you have, an account of the sale of Prince Albert's Stock and the horses, &c., you will know not the slightest doubt you will give one iota more to Prince Albert as a British Farmer.

(See Robert Peel's Speech at Tunbridge Wells, October 2, 1843.)
for the pure and young, might be corrupted? Or it may

that William Congreve might be shocked by my free discourse ; or possibly Mat Prior take injury ; or the unsophisticated mind of John Gay be tainted ; or there is the innocent Brinsley Sheridan—or more delicate than all—there is the pious Samuel Foote ;—honoured dwellers in the Abbey, payers of fees for their lodging. Do you fear that I should lead them from the paths of innocence and peace by the freedom of my discourse, and the subtle insinuation of my wit ?—why gentlemen, even should I attempt the wickedness, have you not Addison and Isaac Watts there,—besides, I know not how many churchmen,—to reprove me ?

But, reverend sirs, let us come to the serious, money part of the question. As public exhibitors it behoves you to keep up your attractions. You know too well—all the world knows, by the Parliamentary returns—that as a show, Westminster Abbey is every day becoming less and less profitable. There are many causes that will account for this. In the first place, there are the Zoological Gardens : the people there are always adding to their stock ; importing a Chimpanzee, or breeding a Giraffe,—whilst you never think of adding to your poets ; whilst you have suffered me to remain in darkness, altogether unwarmed by the decreasing threepences !

Reverend sirs, you must march with the spirit of the day. You must, indeed. The people at the aforesaid Zoological collections turn a handsome penny, I am told, by letting the town in at feeding time. If, now, you would consent to dine in public, and now and then invite a bishop or two to feed in Poets' Corner—I think the exhibition might draw. The poorer sort of people might like to see how Bishops and Deans and Chapters feed—the lowliness of the repast would, doubtless, teach them contentment. This hint is, I own, away from the purpose of my letter ; but it was always the weakness of my nature to obtrude benevolent advice. To return to my first purpose.

How can you longer refuse to take me in ? Depend upon it for a time at least, I should be popular. I am sure I should bring in the halfpence—a point which, as thorough-going, honest tradesmen, you cannot, with credit to yourselves, neglect.

Feeling certain that this argument must have its force, I shall every minute expect to be sent for. Understand, I do

not mind where you put me, so not by the side of Garrick, Cibber, or any other player; my morals having been considerably improved by my long acquaintance with the virtuous people of the custom-house.

Yours,

BYRON.

P. S. I shall have no objection—if you think it will insure the safety of the other folks in Poets' Corner—to wear a camphor-bag about my neck, and to permit the Dean to sluice me once a day with hot vinegar.

ROYALTY AND THE FINE ARTS.

We have been very much astonished, have been very indignant at an account published throughout the press, of the funeral of Thorwalsden, the sculptor, who was buried at Copenhagen on the 30th ult., their Majesties of Denmark attending the ceremony. Yes; royalty, "in deep mourning," received the body of a dead sculptor. If any thing can bring the kingly office into disregard, it must be such unseemly acts as these. "At the entry of the church, his Majesty, in deep mourning, received the corpse!" We trust that, for this forgetfulness of his high function, the King of Denmark will be sent to Coventry by all his brother and sister potentates. Let us bless and thank our stars that we have no such doings in England! In happy, sea-girt Britain, the "envy of surrounding nations," royalty never makes itself familiar with mere sculptors, painters, poets, and such people. Certainly not; they are kept in their proper places, and are never suffered to run about palaces as we regret to state, they most certainly do on the benighted Continent. Imagine, for a moment, English royalty "in deep mourning" for departed genius! A low man that King of Denmark!

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

OXFORD.

PUNCH is enabled to lay before Students, in the strictest confidence, certain questions which will be asked in the

October Term, unless the plan (so successfully tried on Dr. Pusey) of deciding without asking questions at all, shall be previously substituted in place of the present system.

For the Degree of B. A.

What's the use of the Arundelian marbles at Oxford, when there's a statute expressly forbidding the game?

In "the *Social War*" between the *Aetolians* and *Achaeans*, was there any amicable arrangement "not to make hitting in the face?"

Which of the Police was most to blame, when Alexander burnt Persepolis for fun?

What points of difference do you trace between the Consuls at Rome and the Consols at 95½?

Which has your preference, when considered as a humbug, the Oracle at Delphi or the Aerial Machine?

Give, in your best Latin, the remarks which Scipio Africenus would have made, if he could have seen Lord Chesterfield hunting the Roman country.

Prove that the geese, which preserved the Capitol, were of the Solon, and not of the *green* species.

Expatiate on the superiority of the English mould over the dangerous and expensive Roman candles.

"THE AUTHOR OF PELHAM."

LITTLE HATHENÆUM CLUB,
GOAT AND HOYSTER TAVERN,
Upper Anna-Maria Buildings, North Carolina Place, Association
Road, Hoxton New Town, March 15, 1844.

KIND PUNCH,

SIR,—Me and the frequenters of this clubb (all of littary tastes) whishes to know which is the *real* name of a sellabrated littary barronet and Son of the Mews, (has his translation of Sckillers poems hamply justifies) viz. is he

Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer? or

Sir Edward George Earl Bulwer Lytton? or

Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer Lytton? or

Sir Edward Lytton Earl Bulwer? or

Sir Edward Lytton Earl George Bulwer? or

Sir Edward Bulwer Earl Lytton George? or

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton Lytton Bulwer Bulwer Earl?

or *vica versy*, or quite the contry, or dubble yer all round, or which ways ?

Has we're going to put up his bust (hovver the Duchs clock) in the clubb-room, we natrally whish to have his tittles correct to be wrote underneath the work of hart.

Your obeadient servant and reglar reader,
BONOSMORES.

P. S. 1. We doant whish to be hansered in joax but *seriatim* in ernest. 2. Halso, wiche do you consider the best and holdest hactor, Mr. Braham or Mr. Widdicomb ? or is Mr. Charles Kean the best, and is tragedy or commady his forte or his piano ?

N. B. Philosophicle discussshn every Tuesday : me in the chair.

[For a reply to the above queries we refer our intelligent correspondent to Mr. Grant of the Great Metropolis.]

THE LORDS AT LOGGERHEADS.

THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY was proceeding to reply on the question of Ireland, when

The LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat on the woolsack, and complained that he wanted to speak ; when

The MARQUIS OF NORMANBY said it was extremely unfair, and that the Lord Chancellor had no right to speak now ; upon which

SEVERAL LORDS cried out, " Yes he has."

LORD BROUHAM. This is all irregular. You are all out of order. My learned friend, Lord Campbell, moved the adjournment of the debate, and did not speak, which I am very glad of.

LORD CAMPBELL. As to you, you speak six or seven times on every subject. You are always irregular.

LORD BROUHAM. I irregular ! I will not submit to be told by a novice—a person who knows not even the A B C of parliamentary etiquette ; a grossly ignorant and most singularly empty individual,—I say, I will not allow such a person to tell me I am irregular ; and, as to my being inconsistent, I say once for all that I have always been consistent in thinking him the most grossly ignorant, the most eminently,

preposterously, and undeviatingly self-sufficient individual I ever had the misfortune to come in contact with.

LORD CAMPBELL said, that whenever it suited his noble and learned friend, he would prove his noble and learned friend to be the most unprincipled and most vacillating individual that ever deserted a cause to which he had solemnly pledged himself.

LORD BROUHAM. I defy my noble and learned friend to the proof of what he asserts. He is a —.

The House then adjourned, and the debate was continued in the lobby ; for as we passed through it we found

LORD CAMPBELL (*on his legs*) exclaiming vehemently, " You're another !" and we left

LORD BROUHAM gesticulating with awful violence.

FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

BROUHAM, they say's expected to become
A rival to the GENERAL TOM THUMB.

TOM THUMB is small, but BROUHAM, all confess,
Continues daily growing less and less.

A PARADOX.—The theory of *perpetual motion* at once involves an absurdity, since the very name implies that it must always be *continued in-action*.

PUNCH'S POLICE.

DRAMATIC MONOMANIA.—This day, Mlle. Plessy (the distinguished French actress) appeared at Bow Street, to prefer a charge against a celebrated translating dramatist, (his name we for the present suppress.) Mlle. Plessy stated that she went in bodily fear of the said dramatist, it being his custom to take every thing from the French for the English stage. He had been seen day after day, and night after night prowling about the stage-door of the St. James's Theatre ; he had been heard to declare that he would, whether or not turn her into English ; and it was her belief that (unless protected by the Magistrate) she would some night find herself translated to Covent Garden Theatre, acting a very bad version, in very questionable language, either of *Mademoiselle Belleisle*, or *Le Portrait Vivant*, or perhaps both. Made.

moiselle trusted that the Bench would protect her from the violence of the accused.

The magistrate asked if there was any evidence of the condition of the prisoner's mind.

Hereupon, Mr. Bunn stepped forward. He had known the prisoner many years : all that time he had certainly laboured under the influence of monomania. He had always looked upon every thing produced on the French stage as his peculiar property. He had heard the prisoner, in the vain-gloriousness of his malady, liken himself to Lord Nelson—inasmuch as the French could not put forth a single thing but he immediately took it. In other respects, the prisoner was quite sane ; and even wholly capable of looking after his own affairs. His powers of arithmetic were unimpeachable.

The prisoner (a man of very gentlemanlike exterior) assured the Bench that he had no felonious intention towards Mlle. Plessy. He had, to be sure, often been to the theatre, but with no eye to any piece produced there ; the said pieces being always supplied to him in England, wet from the French press.

Mons. Delaporte (foreign bookseller of the Arcade,) corroborated this part of the prisoner's statement : he had supplied him with such works (all wet) for many years.

The worthy magistrate said he could not bring himself to let the prisoner free for some days. It was, to his mind, evident that he had an intention upon Mlle. Plessy, and he (the magistrate) should lock the prisoner up until that lady's departure for France.

Mlle. Plessy (with a curtsey worth at least fifty pounds sterling) thanked the magistrate, and left the office.

Subsequently, Mr. Bunn became surety for the prisoner, pledging himself to keep him within the walls of Covent Garden Theatre until Mlle. Plessy quitted England.

ANOTHER SEIZURE OF FOREIGN Goods.—The whole of the French pieces now performing at the St. James's Theatre have been seized at the abode of a well-known playwright. The villain made no defence. He was engaged in a desperate attempt to put the English mark upon them. He has been fully committed to the station for incorrigible dramatic offenders in the New Cut, where he is to take his trial. Mr. Osbaldeston's company will all appear to give evidence

against him. He urged the old plea of physical and intellectual destitution.

"HOW TO KEEP A THING A PROFOUND SECRET."—Advertise it in the *Morning Post*.

THE LATEST CASE OF MONOMANIA from our own specially named American correspondent:—A gentleman who fancied himself a pendulum always went upon tick, and never discovered his delusion until he was carefully wound up in the Queen's Bench.

NEW STANDARD WORK.—The Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge has announced a new Biographical Dictionary, which is to contain the lives of all those persons who have never been heard of.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

I.

THE MODERATELY-SIZED COUNTRY-TOWN. By the Author of "*The Great Métropolis*."

"This work displays great research and the most delicate powers of observation. The description of the 'pump in the market-place,' in particular, is so true, so marvellously characteristic, that, could pumps delineate themselves, one would at once pronounce it to be written by a pump! No library will be complete without '*The Moderately-sized Country-town*.'"
—*Evening Paper*.

II.

THE GRANDMOTHERS OF ENGLAND. By the Authoress of "*The Women of England*," "*The Daughters of England*," &c.

"In the name of the grandmothers of England, we thank the authoress for the valuable moral instructions conveyed in this elegant volume. No grandmother's education will be complete till she has read and re-read the '*Grandmothers of England*.' The book is the very best guide to oval suction extant."—*Morning Paper*.

The Babies of England The Cooks of England The Washerwomen of England The Charwomen of England The Apple-women of England The Bathing-women of England	} By the Authoress of the " <i>GRANDMOTHERS OF ENGLAND</i> ."
---	---

III.

THE BARNABYS NOWHERE; being the ultimate sequel of "*The Barnabys*." By Mrs. Trollope.

THE Liverpool correspondent of one of the papers states, that last week "750 rum puns" were landed there. It is scarcely necessary to add, that *Punch* has purchased the whole of them, to be distributed by degrees.

THE GREATEST DELICACY OF THE SEASON.—Mr. Roebuck at a dinner recently given by Lord Brougham, is reported to have *eaten his own words*.

NOT DONE WITH YET.—The papers contain an advertisement for a writing-master to a large school. Lord William Lennox has been recommended to apply, from his known partiality to *copy books*.

WHY should a quill pen never be used in inditing secret matters?—Because it is apt to *split*.

THE "WOMAN" MANIA.—The Marquis of Ellenborough intends publishing a new work under the title of "The Old Women of England." It will detail his Lordship's experience of the House of Lords.

A RIVAL TO MR. GRANT.—The papers say "Mount *Etna* for the last month has been giving out *volumes of smoke*."

A PAGE FROM "THE GREAT METROPOLIS."

ADJOINING the House of Lords is a public-house which enjoys the exclusive patronage of the coachmen and footmen in waiting upon the hereditary wisdom of the empire.

Some years ago it was discovered that one-third of these motley gentlemen rejoiced in the name of Smith, one-sixth in the name of Brown, and one-sixth in the name of Jones, whilst the remaining third had their patronymics from the varied columns of Pigot's Directory.

In order to remedy the confusion consequent upon this unfortunate similarity of names, It was enacted :

"That on and from the 12th day of June, 1839, every Member of this Honourable Public House shall be spoken of and spoken to by the title and designation of the fortunate individual who has the honour of paying him his wages, and supplying him his livery. And be it further enacted, that

should any Member of this Honourable Public House infringe the above regulations, he shall be liable to pay for as many glasses of 'hot with' or 'cold without,' as there are gentlemen's gentlemen present."

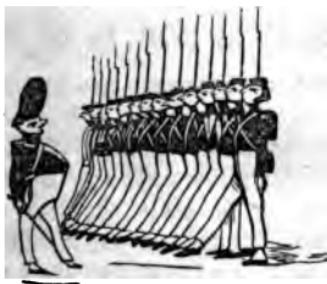
Signed,

GEORGE SMITH,
JONES JONES,
JOHN SMITH,
PETER BROWN,
ISAAC SMITH,

OWEN JONES,
HECTOR SMITH,
PAUL BROWN,
SMITH SMITH,
ABRAHAM HALL.

Members of the Privy Council.

In consequence of this politic arrangement, it very seldom occurs that any person pays twice, as was the case formerly—sometimes. During the hours that are occupied in debate by their noble and honourable masters, a colloquy something like the following may be heard:—



PRIVATE PRACTICE.

- 1st Footman.—Waiter—a go of gin.
- Waiter.—Very well, my lord—(*calls*)—A go of gin for the Bishop of London!
- 2d Footman.—A pint of mild ale and a shee-root.
- Waiter.—Yes, Sir James—(*calls*) A pint of mild ale and a shee-root for Sir James Graham.
- 1st Footman.—I say, Sir James.
- 2d Footman.—What is it, my Lord?
- 1st Footman.—Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel have made it up again; they smoked a pipe together last night.
- 3d Footman.—I shall be happy to toss the Duke of Wellington for six pen'orth of rum and water.

4th Footman. I never take rum, but the Lord Chancellor does.

5th Footman.—I'm your man, Mr. Roebuck ; Newmarket, of course.

6th Footman.—I say, Mr. Speaker, you owe me a shilling.

7th Footman.—So I do, Mr. Hume ; and I must continue to owe it. Who's eating onions ?

6th Footman.—Lord Londonderry.

8th Footman.—It's not me, it's Lord Palmerston ; I'm having part of a cowheel with the Duke of Devonshire.

4th Footman.—Anybody seen Lord John Russell to-night ?

6th Footman.—I have—he's gone to lay down. He's taken something that has disagreed with him. I believe it's six glasses of gin and water.

Waiter.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer's wanted.

9th Footman.—Am I ?—somebody lend us a penny.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

THE waistcoats after Christmas are expected to be full, but the pockets are usually empty. There was considerable lightness in the arrangements of the head, especially in the streets on boxing-night, and much spirit was evident among those who moved in their own peculiar circles. In some instances the coat was brought down horizontally, so as to lie level with the pavement, and the hat was worn a good way off the head, while the watch and pocket-handkerchief were left completely *dégradé*. The coats, which were cut away a good deal last year, are not now seen, the wearers having cut away themselves ; and in boots there is nothing new, those of last year having had such a run that it is impossible to come up with them. In trousers the twelve-shilling Swedish are still the favourites. They are worn rather white at the knee, and are more or less shot with mud about the calves and ankles.

THE SINGING MOUSE.

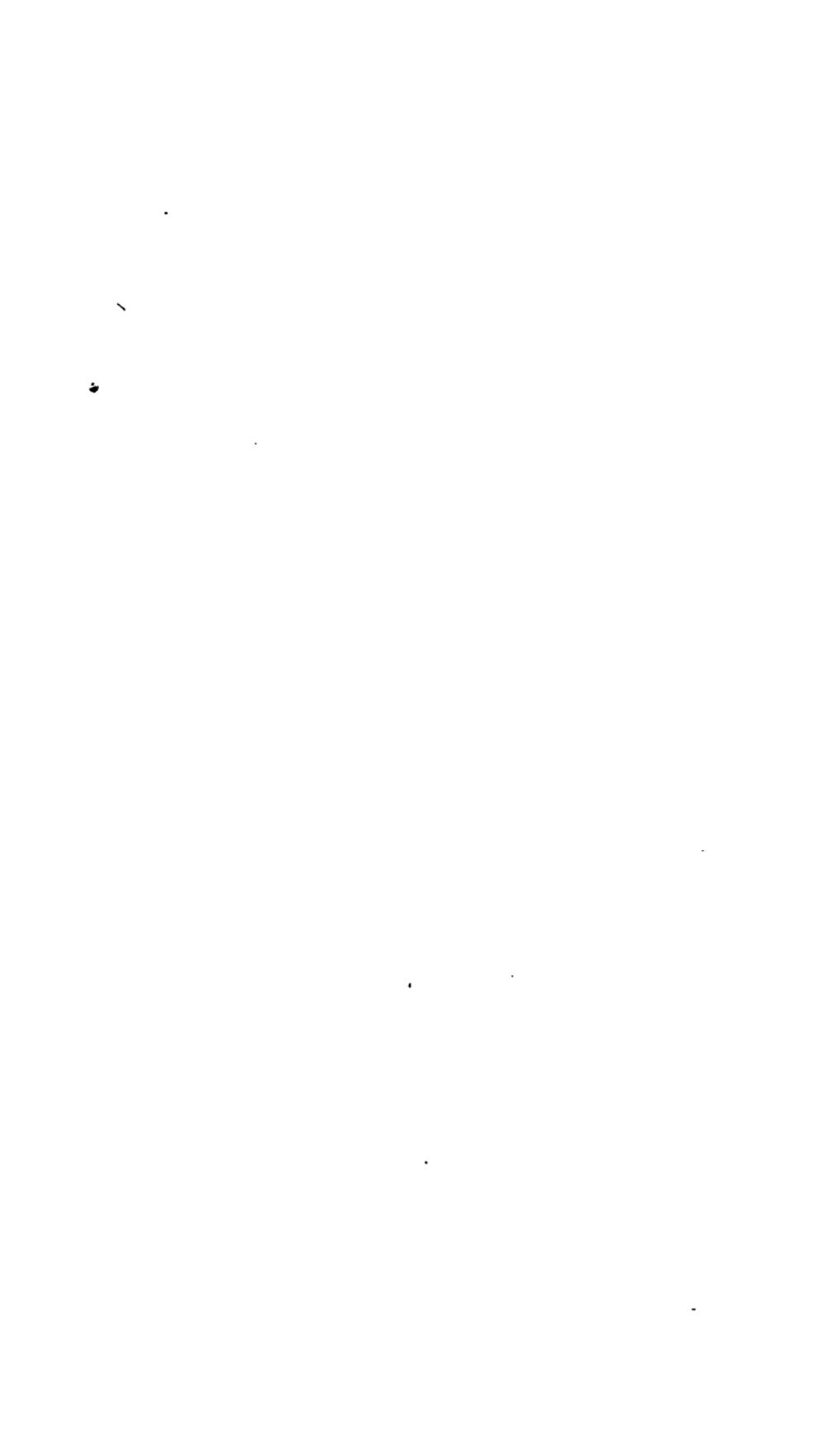
THIS engaging little *virtuoso* is fascinating distinguished parties of *dilettanti* every day. The singing mouse is a very low *contralto*, and is supposed to have studied in Italy, under



J. Linn.
A SCENE ON EASTER MONDAY

The Return from Greenwich Fair.

*Mary, a-a-any one be-e-set— So-a-ny letters:
I-a-a-a-my messaga:—*



one of the monks of La Trappe. It can run up to the very top of the scale, if there happens to be a piece of cheese in it, and will sing to the accompaniment of any instrument but a violin, for the little vocalist has a natural antipathy to cat-gut in any form. There is a rumour that the distinguished performer is to be engaged at one of the large theatres, but the treasury has been so thoroughly overrun with mice that the engagement of an extra one would appear superfluous. The assertion, that the lessees mean to have no more cats than will catch mice, gives some colour to the rumour. We have obtained a copy of the following :—

SONG OF THE SINGING MOUSE.

“ When the cat’s away the mice will play”
 Is an old and oft said thing ;
 But we never met with a proverb yet,
 Which said that a mouse could sing.
 My little throat can sustain a note
 In a manner firm and easy ;
 ’Tis muscular force, as a matter of course,
 That makes me of mice the Grisi.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

THAT most indefatigable member of society in general, and of the Twaddle-and-Squat Society in particular—Professor Porsoff, has for the last six months been unremitting in his exertions to procure the following statistics, which he begs to communicate to the world at large, and more especially, to that intellectual and enlightened portion of the community—the Readers of *Punch*.

STATISTICS OF STICKS.

(*Abridged from Professor Porsoff’s own Report.*)

I (says the Professor) have stationed myself, day by day, for the last six months, on London Bridge, during the hours 9, 10, 11, A. M., and 3, 4, and 5, P. M., and have carefully noted the following interesting phenomena connected with the walk-

ing-sticks and their possessors that daily pass over that great thoroughfare.

In the first place, by a rough calculation, we find that the total number of sticks that passed over during that period was 1,490,720, thus giving a weekly average of $62,113\frac{1}{4}$; of these $62,113\frac{1}{4}$ sticks, $22,942\frac{7}{8}$ are oak saplings; $14,871$ are veritable bamboo; 9752 are undoubtable blackthorn; $8864\frac{9}{10}$ are acknowledged Malaccas; $4114\frac{7}{8}$ were a heterogeneous collection of sticks of all denominations, known and unknown; the material of the remaining $1568\frac{4}{11}$ was unable to be distinguished at such a cursory view.

We have ascertained in the next place that, of the $62,113\frac{1}{4}$ possessors of these sticks, $18,917\frac{3}{4}$ have some defect of locomotion; $6412\frac{1}{4}$ are afflicted with disease of the organs of vision; $11,431\frac{23}{24}$ are boys under 17 years of age, and $11,744\frac{7}{8}$ are men under 5 feet 6 inches, and $10,461\frac{9}{10}\frac{1}{2}$ being principally the holders of the oak saplings; thus leaving a remainder of 3136; of which, on inquiry, 972 were found to be tag; 999 rag; and 1165 bobtail.

Several other walking-sticks of a peculiar species were also observed; generally speaking, they were carried between two young ladies, or revelled in the luxuries of wash, woodstock, and patent leather.

TYRO.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

WEDNESDAY.—Last night, policeman 999, Z division, brought the alarming news to the Mansion House of the Comet having made his appearance in the neighbourhood of the House of Parliament. The Lord Mayor instantly called a meeting of Aldermen, to see what was to be done if he should come through Temple Bar. He proposed sending it to Newgate. Sir Peter Laurie recommended inviting him to a public dinner. The standing Counsel expressed a doubt if he had a mouth. Sir Peter said he must have a mouth, as he has a tail. Counsel then informed them that as he is one thousand times larger than the earth, there might be some difficulty in getting him into Guildhall, and they had better let him star it in the provinces. The policeman is to make a report every

half minute to the Home Office. As it is so near Parliament, it is supposed that Sibthorp or D'Israeli are connected with it.

WHAT is the height of Invention?—Translating a French piece, and calling it *original*.

POST MORTEM EXAMINATION OF A SHARP-PRACTICE LAWYER.

PUNCH was the other day indebted to a medical friend for an opportunity of being present at an *inspectio cadaveris*, which took place on the body of an attorney, one *Mr. Caveat Clutch*; who, after a long career of Old Bailey practice, bill-discounting, distraining, debtor-grinding, and pettifogging in general, had, a few days previously, departed this life for another, lamented by a large circle of Sheriff's-Officers and bailiffs. The deceased had disinherited his only son for marrying a penniless orphan, and the young man had emigrated to Australia. Nobody else was left to care about him, and the permission to make the examination rested with his old housekeeper; who was easily prevailed upon, for the consideration of half-a-crown, to grant a *habeas corpus*.

The features of the deceased presented an intense expression of roguery; whence it was inferred that the ruling passion of the mind had been strong in death. The eyebrows were very shaggy, and the nose much hooked; the lips were thin and compressed; and the whole integument of the face had a strong similitude to parchment. All men are said to resemble some particular animal in countenance; but it was doubtful whether the defunct looked most like a wolf or a vulture.

The interior of the chest having been brought into view, a transposition of the *viscera* was found to have taken place. On looking for the *heart* in its usual situation, that organ was "*non est inventus*." PUNCH expected that it would be found wanting; but that, the surgeon told him, though morally probable enough, was physically impossible, and presently showed it to him lying on the right side, which, it is needless to say, is its wrong place. It was small, and of stony hardness, being much ossified; and the parts that had not been converted into bone were remarkably black. How existence could have been carried on, with a heart in this state, for

years, excited the no small wonder of the Doctor and of *Punch*.

The air-cells of the *lungs* were of singularly large dimensions, which, the operator informed *Punch*, is a peculiarity characteristic of the reptile.

The *spleen* was of great size, in a state which the surgeon called *hypertrophy*; this, he observed, must have been caused by its extreme activity, which, he seemed to think, had been proportionate to the inaction of the heart.

The contents of the *cranium* being next examined, the *brain*, in its external conformation, was found to display an analogy to that of the jackal and fox. The *pineal gland*, which is said to be the seat of the soul, was altogether in a state of disease.

The *anterior lobes*, which are considered to be connected with the intellectual faculties, exhibited, here and there, traces of inflammatory action; which the medical man ascribed to the unhealthy employment, such as quibbling, cavilling, plotting, chicanery, and knavery and rascality in general, wherein they had been continually engaged.

Altogether, quite enough was found to account for the cause of death; the individual evidently not having been fit to live any longer.

A FINE HASH.—Since the King of Hanover has returned to his kingdom, he has been more kindly spoken of. This would seem as if Ernest, like venison—was all the better when rather far gone.

QUESTIONS OR SUGGESTIONS.

Mr. Ewart suggested that more attention should be paid to framing Acts of Parliament, when—

Colonel Sibthorp asked whether, if more attention were given to *framing* them, it would not be as well to think of *glazing* them also.

Mr. Hume suggested that the silent system was injurious, when—

Sir R. Peel asked the honourable member to try it for a little while himself, when he (Sir R. Peel,) would engage that the honourable member would be all the better for it.

THE SINGING MOUSE.

THAT which may be called the theatrical season, will be opened with more than usual spirit is, we are delighted to say, made evident by the enterprise of all the managers. There is not a man among them who, for the benefit of a gentle and discerning public, does not try to get the best of his competitor. We give some of the letters—which, with the answers, have been handed to us—to that *rarus mus in terris*, the singing mouse.

The first letter is from the “sole lessee” of Drury Lane Theatre.

ALFRED BUNN, ESQ., TO THE SINGING MOUSE.

“Dear Sir,—As you are now moving in the very best society, that is, going round in your cage every day before Royal Highnesses, Dukes and Marquisses (like Lord Brougham in the House of Peers,) you must have heard that I have again embarked in the management of Drury Lane Theatre. When I say embarked, sir, there comes to my recollection the history of *Robinson Crusoe*. He (you may already have heard it) made to himself a raft, with which he visited, day by day, his shipwrecked vessel, striving to gain therefrom all he could of stores, before the craft went entirely to pieces. You, sir, will apply the simile.

“Drury Lane, sir, is open to you; and as I intend to be almost wholly operatic, you will be as snug with me as in a double Gloucester. I think an opera on Whittington and his Cat would, under the circumstances, draw. You, of course, would be *primo tenore*, and, as such, have it all your own way, gnawing the cat to pieces. Say the word, and Fitzball shall wait upon you for instructions.

“Yours, dear Mouse, ALFRED BUNN.

“P.S.—I hear that your voice is sweet and limited. This, I think, an advantage: for, in these days, depend upon it, singers, and actors too, must sing small.

THE SINGING MOUSE TO ALFRED BUNN, ESQ.

“Sir,—My terms are fifty pounds of Stilton per night; the best Stilton, too; with a private box of wax-candles.

“Yours, THE SINGING MOUSE.

“P.S.—I do not like the subject proposed for the opera:

and as I well know the proper prerogative of the singer, namely, to be the only one thing thought of, I must take it a *sine quâ non*, a matter of self-preservation—just as one *prima donna* sacrifices another—that before I enter the doors of Drury Lane every cat therein shall be exterminated.”

ALFRED BUNN, ESQ., TO THE SINGING MOUSE.

“ Dear Sir,—You need fear very little from the cats of Drury Lane. An article in my lease compels me to keep a certain number; nevertheless, as, in the patent houses, there must necessarily be so many cats who never catch mice, you will, I think, run very little danger.

“ Your terms are high. Stilton is Stilton now-a-days; and then fifty pounds! Let me meet you half-way. Say five-and-twenty of real Dutch; and for the wax candles, an unlimited run of the oil lamps.

“ On these terms, I shall be delighted to see you. John Cooper will bring your written engagement, which you will favour me by biting your name into. “ Yours truly,

“ *Cher souris,*
(“ I always talked to Malibran in French,)
“ ALFRED BUNN.

“ P.S.—If you compel me to your terms, I must close with you, and compel the other mice in my establishment to live upon the property cheeses; that is, the cheeses made of wood, and used in hospitable farces.”

THE SINGING MOUSE TO ALFRED BUNN, ESQ.

“ Dear Sir,—I am fixed on Stilton—inexorable as to my private box of wax candles. I never refused (I own it) yellow soap and sawdust before I found my voice; but I consider every note in my larynx is worth at least five thousand in my pocket. Your answer—Yes, or No. “ Yours truly,

“ THE SINGING MOUSE.

“ P.S.—Send answer by bearer, as I am about to open a letter just received from Covent-Garden.”

ALFRED BUNN, ESQ., TO THE SINGING MOUSE.

“ Dear Sir,—I cannot comply with your terms. I mean no threat, but give this intelligence as a friend. The town will never run after *two* wonders at once. Private advices

have this moment reached me that a Dancing Weasel has just come up in France. Your answer, or I start to-day for Paris.

"Yours affectionately,

"ALFRED BUNN."

Up to the time of our going to press, no answer had arrived ; and we are therefore (in our present Number at least) unable to give the result of the negotiation.

UNWORTHY PLAGIARISM.—In consequence of *A Night with Burns* being so successful in the case of Wilson, we understand that Lord William Lennox is about to try—*A Night with the Industrious Fleas!*

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

(A BEFORE-DINNER LYRIC.)

SCENE.—*The Library in a Country House. Time, Quarter to Six, P. M.*

JANE, love ! let black be *your attire*,
 (In velvet you look thinner),
 Be civil to the booby squire
 Sir John has ask'd to dinner.
 He's horses—hounds—a fine estate—
 (At least so writes your brother) ;
 But of all things, you know, I hate
 A *calculating mother* !

Emma, *ma belle* ! pray wear the blue
 That at the floral *fête*, love,
 Such marked observance tow'rds you drew—
 (Though all such *ruse* I hate, love).
 But young Sir Harry may drop in
 Before the evening closes ;
 I heard him praise your mouth and chin,
 And say your lips were roses.

My sweetest Julia ! let your hair
 Fall lightly down your shoulders ;
 Those stiff French plaits on brows so fair
 Lack taste to all beholders.

Sir Mark—Lord Lackland's eldest son,
 Now canvassing the county—
 Has been invited ; every one
 Is speaking of his bounty.

He p'rhaps may come ; his colours place
 Careless—about your dress, love ;
 A lurking *penchant* there I trace
 For *some one*—you may guess, love.
 Fanny, my pet ! that cheek's pale tint
 Wants *just a tinge* to warm it :
 Oblige me, dear ; there's nothing in't ;
 The *leeeest* touch won't harm it.

Clara ! that giraffe form, my dear,
 Is best, I think, away ;
 So you with Mad'moiselle St. Pierre
 Must in the school-room stay.
 Besides, that low consumptive cough
 Is really quite distressing :
 Some of your sisters must go off,
 Ere I direct *your* dressing.

Bless me ! is that the dinner bell
 The half hour's notice ringing ?
 Quick—to your chambers !—weave the spell
 To well-dress'd beauty clinging.
 You've lunch'd at two ; now I entreat
 All appetite you'll smother
 At seven—men hate to see girls eat.
 Heigho ! WHO'D BE A MOTHER ?

“ YOUNG men *taken in and done for*,” as the shark said to the ship's crew.

“ I'M particularly uneasy on this point,” as the fly said when the young gentleman stuck him on the end of a needle.

METAPHYSICS FOR THE MILLION.

LOVE.

Love is a state of being and not-being, for somebody, though if he does not choose to love at all, he need not love

anybody, must, if he loves, love somebody ; and nobody necessarily loves nobody.

Since somebody loves somebody, and nobody loves nobody, love is a relation between somebody and somebody, and nobody and nobody, respectively.

Now, the relation between nobody and nobody must be the same as the relation between somebody and somebody. For a relation cannot be a thing and not a thing ; and if the relation between somebody and somebody be a thing, that between nobody and nobody must be a thing, too ; which is absurd.

Therefore, since a relation which is nothing is beyond our ideas, love is not, as has been alleged, the theme of the minstrel, but of the transcendental idealist. So that a poet, to sing about love, must necessarily be a madman ; his eye moving in a splendidly insane orbicularity, and his pen bestowing a nomenclature and a residence upon gaseous non-entity, as our friend Lord William would say.

Thus we see that love is a non-entity,—which accounts for the vain attempts of philosophers to define it. How odd it is that a non-entity should raise sighs, draw tears, break hearts, occasion bloodshed ! How singular that it should pinch waists, tighten boots, and reform tailors' bills ! What a strange being is mortal man !

COROLLARY.

Love being a non-entity, and non-entities not admitting of mutual differences, consequently there is no difference between love, commonly so called, and the love of a good dinner. And further, the heart that loves a good dinner is a heart that truly loves.

AFTER THE BALL.

SCENE.—A dressing-room. Sundry articles of female finery, a split pair of gloves, a fading bouquet, &c., scattered about. Miss Augusta Montague has just returned from a ball, and is addressing her sister in the next room, who had been kept at home by the influenza.

My dearest Nell ! don't go to sleep ;
We have had such a lovely ball.
I've been engaged four waltzes deep !
Come—wake up—and I'll tell you all.

But first, just let me take a glass
 Of *eau sucré*—I feel quite faint—
 And three small drops of *fleur d'orange*.—
 That Weippert's band would move a saint !

First with the blasé Count D'Etoffe
 I dawdled through a grave quadrille.
 He'd nothing piquant—nothing new,
 His *routine* of small talk to fill.—
 “ ‘Tis very warm—the room how full—
 I wish we next the door had stood,
 You've heard the song of ‘ Berlin Wool,’
 Which Parry sings—‘tis very good.”

“ Our *vis-à-vis* is a fine *guirl*,
 ‘Pon honour—very fine, I vow :
 But then her hair is out of curl,
 Though for the beat we must allow.
 But curling fluid is not dear,
 Nor *pâle fizé*, and I hate
 To see a girl with brow so clear
 Her ringlets wear like ‘ Crazy Kate.’ ”

Well—of his Countship I got rid,
 And with a youth, moustached and tall,
 Next through the gallopade I slid ;
 But his small talk was worse than all.
 “ Seen the new ballet, Miss ? they say
 Cerito’s gain’d one triumph more.
 Tuesday I could not get away ;
 ‘Twas foreign post night—cursed bore !”

Then, through the giddy waltz I whirl’d
 With *such* a love ! his graceful air,
 As breathless round the room we twirl’d
 Made all exclaim “ Sure such a pair
 As *that*, before, were never seen—
 So justly form’d hearts to subdue.”
 I know his name—which I don’t mean
 To tell—not even, Nell, to you.

He held my hand—he clasp'd my waist—
 Lightly encircled by his arm ;
 Each step—each look—display'd the taste
 That gives the waltz its highest charm.
 But, oh ! before the tune had ceased,
 My sandal broke, and down I fell ;
 (I was not frighten'd in the least,
 But it too rudely broke the spell !)

To tell the numbers else, with whom
 Through the gay scene I sped along
 The mazes of that wax-lit room—
 The brightest of the glittering throng—
 Mem'ry won't serve : I only know,
 Mamma, her accents elevating,
 At six, cried, “ Now, dear, we *must* go ;
 You've kept the Brougham three hours in waiting.”

EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR THE STUDENTS OF FUDDLEY-CUM-PIPES UNIVERSITY.

Who were the persons employed “ *to strike the light guitar ?* ”

Who was, or who is, the fortunate possessor of the “ *last rose of summer ?* ”

What has become of “ *the dashing white sergeant ?* ” If dead, who are his next of kin ?

Was the individual who “ *pluck'd the fairest flower,* ” a professed florist, or merely an amateur ?

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT CORK.

MONDAY.—Professor Luddyfuddy read an ingenious paper on the probable length of the whiskers of the Aborigines of ancient Jericho.

TUESDAY.—The Association tried a series of experiments with the ordinary knife and fork, which were followed by some singularly interesting researches into the power of perpendicularity contained in the human body under the pressure of wine, beer, and spirits.

WEDNESDAY.—The Association revisited the Lunatic Asy.

lum, an invitation having been sent to the members to make themselves quite at home there.

TUESDAY.—Mr. Professor Wibblewabble, who was to have read a paper on the cylindrical action of the common isosceles triangle in connexion with the rhomboid drum, did not attend the meeting. He, however, sent a substitute, who had forgotten what he had come about.

MONOMANIACS.

An unfortunate creature was brought up charged with having a mania for splitting open policemen's skulls, without any cause whatever. The unhappy individual, for whom every one present felt the deepest commiseration, had broken the heads of two policemen, and threatened to do the same thing for the whole of the division to which they belonged. The policemen whom the poor fellow had attacked, came into court to give their evidence, and the state of their heads made every one feel sincerely for the unhappy man, whose state of monomania must be pitiable indeed, to have hurried him into the infliction of such extensive injuries as the policemen's heads presented.

The following examination of the prisoner, whose unfortunate condition was the object of general commiseration, was then gone into.

Magistrate.—What induced you to perpetrate this unaccountable piece of violence?

The prisoner returned no answer.

Magistrate.—What books do you read?

Prisoner (sullenly).—Boxiana!

Magistrate (shaking his head). Poor fellow, he must be taken care of. (*To the defendant.*) Where did you pass your time previous to this unhappy circumstance?

Prisoner.—At the Duke's-head public house.

Magistrate.—Why did you break the policemen's heads?

Prisoner.—Because they interfered with me!

Magistrate (in a tone of great feeling).—Poor creature! What an awful condition of monomania he seems reduced to.

A medical witness was then called.

Magistrate.—Be good enough to state to me the result of

a professional examination of the unfortunate person at the bar.

Medical Witness.—When I examined him at the station-house, I found his eyes fixed but his head rolling about, and, pathologically speaking, I think the action of the cerebellum was increased to a high state of irritation.

Magistrate (somewhat wonder-struck).—Go on, sir, if you please.

Medical Witness.—The perceptive organs were no doubt a good deal obscured ; and this, acting on the moral propensities, added to a degree of excitement which was probably local—considering that he came from a public house—would in my opinion account for what has happened.

Counsel for the Prisoner.—May not a coagulation of moral agencies existing coequally with a high inflammatory condition of the muscular fibres, produce such a result as that which is now the subject of inquiry ?

Medical Witness (after a few minutes' consideration, during which the whole Court was in a state of breathless suspense).—I think it may !

Magistrate.—Then there is an end of the case. The unhappy man at the bar is a subject of pity, not of punishment. (*To the prisoner.*) You will be taken where every comfort will be provided for you. Have you any objection to go ?

The victim of monomania answered mechanically, that he had not, and has since been placed in the infirmary, where every indulgence will be granted him, until he is in a fit state to be restored to liberty.

The decision seemed to give perfect satisfaction to every one, except to the two policemen ; but, as they are since dead, their dissent can be of little consequence.

The friends of the monomaniac have applied to have him restored to them ; and, if they give proper assurance that they will take care of him, their request will of course be readily acceded to.

A FACT.—Brickmakers have become quite scarce ; as not a labourer can be found, since the growth of temperance, who will undertake to *wet his clay* !

LAW AND LAWYERS.

BY JACOB DRYASDUST, F. S. A.

EITHER Sir William Blackstone or Peter Pindar says, “The King is the head and fountain of the Law.” The fact is undeniable, and therefore it matters not on whose authority it rests ; indeed, if necessary, I can give conclusive testimony to that effect, as her Majesty lately sent me “greeting,” with a request that I would remit Cabbage and Flint, my tailors, 3*l.* 10*s.*, and their attorney 4*l.* 10*s.* It would have afforded me much pleasure to oblige the Queen, or any other lady, on such an occasion, had I possessed the power to do so, and therefore Her Gracious Majesty guessing the real state of the case, soon afterwards ordered the Sheriff of Middlesex to pay great attention to me, because, as she kindly said, “We are informed he lurks and wanders up and down in your Bailiwick.” The sheriff, who thereupon instituted very particular inquiries, having had the pleasure of meeting me in Oxford Street, introduced himself ; and certainly did take remarkable care of me, as he could not bear me out of his sight until I paid the whole debt and costs, which I was fortunately enabled to do by means of a tender conscience ; for my friends declared me a Church-rate Martyr, and raised a very handsome subscription.

I intend to discuss the subject which heads this chapter in a grave and serious style—I do not wish to poke my fun at that revered body of men—the attorneys. I know well that an Act of Parliament has declared them to be “Gentlemen,” and I know well that nothing but an Act of Parliament could have induced the public to believe them such. It is not for a defendant to complain of costs which he has incurred through his own broken promises ; nor must he consider twenty years’ hopeless suffering an extreme punishment for a debt of 20*l.* For what purpose were creditors created, if there should be no debtors ? And what was the use of building such spacious and elegant prisons, if nobody should inhabit them ?

Law may be compared to a new boot—a luxury which we approach with undisguised reluctance, and quit with supreme delight—a thing which transforms the ordinarily calm and

placable man into a living torment to himself and all around him. There are several kinds of "actions," all equally horrible and astounding to the defendant, who finds the fact of his owing four guineas for a dress coat recited in the most mystic terms by a composition called a "declaration," which gravely commences with—"For that whereas," and then proceeds to aver that he is indebted "in 100*l.* for goods sold and delivered," "100*l.* for work and labour done and performed," "100*l.* for materials found and provided," "100*l.* for money paid, laid out, and expended," and "100*l.* due on account stated." To this the "plea" very civilly answers



ODE TO MY TAILOR.

that the defendant never had the goods, does not owe the money, and never promised to pay. Then succeeds a "Re-plication," and to that a "Rejoinder;" a "Surrejoinder" next appears, in awful dignity, followed by a "Rebutter," and then comes a "Surrebutter," and so on, until every species of attack and defence being exhausted, the parties declare themselves satisfied, and prepare a "Brief," so called on account of its enormous length, having first enjoined the Sheriff to catch "twelve good and lawful men" to appear as jurors. This is one kind of action; there are, however, several others, all highly interesting to the parties concerned.

The public attention is often forcibly attracted to reports of proceedings in the Admiralty Court, headed "The Queen against Twenty Casks of Brandy." People naturally wonder at her Majesty's apparent antipathy to foreign spirits, little imagining that she is really seeking to make them her own. When a man's nose has been pulled, instead of stating the fact in plain terms, he derives a melancholy satisfaction from

declaring that the defendant assaulted him "with swords, staves, sticks, stones, cudgels, fists, and bludgeons; and thereby and therewith beat, wounded, ill-treated, pummelled, kicked, maimed, bruised, and otherwise damaged him, and spoilt the clothes he then and there had on, to wit: 6 coats, 6 waistcoats, 6 pair of trousers, 6 pair of boots, 6 hats, and 6 cloaks." The plaintiff, I say, may well comfort himself by reflecting on the dangers he has providentially escaped, and this inventory of his wardrobe (although it makes him seem somewhat like a Jew clothesman) is very delightful, as proving wealth and respectability. The most distinguishing feature in an attorney's character is philanthropy; he is the avenger of the oppressed, the champion of the innocent, and the benign patron of the barrister. This last-named official wears a horse-hair wig, to prevent his own hair standing on an end when reciting the dreadful wickedness of the opposite party; he invariably assures the Court that he never rose to address them with such feelings as agitate his bosom "on the present occasion;" and he calls the twelve very common-looking men who compose the Common Jury "an intelligent and most respectable body;" he always asks a witness who comes to prove a man's handwriting, how often he has been bankrupt, or taken "the benefit?"—whether he is living with his wife—and, if, not—why not? all this being very material to show that the coat in question was worth four guineas only, instead of five, and besides very agreeable to the witness's feelings, who has an opportunity of indulging the audience with a little small talk about his own rise and progress in life. The judge's duty is to snub the counsel on both sides, and bother the jury by furnishing them with a *third* method of looking at a case. The crier is a gentleman appointed to drown the noise of all other people by his own system of commanding silence; he is also deputed to get half-a-crown from the winner, if possible, which is invested in the purchase of half-and-half for the Attorney-General.

LIFTS TO LAZY LAWYERS.

- Q.* What is a Settlement of a Conveyance?
A. When an omnibus smashes a cab.

Q. What is the master's general report?

A. That wages are too high.

Q. Is "What's that to you," deemed a sufficient answer?

A. It may be, or may not; but it is likely to be excepted to for impertinence.

Q. Describe the meaning of the term *Nunc pro Tunc*.

A. It is the general exclamation you make when you are run against by a clumsy person. It generally has the word stupid added—*ex. gr.*, "Now then, stupid!"

THE "DOMESTIC LIBRARIES."

We are happy to state that the royal plan of letting out books, either by monthly subscription or at so much per volume, is successfully advancing. The following list of rules and regulations has been compiled from the best authorities, and arranged by Prince Albert. A printed copy is to be pasted in the front page of every volume.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE ROYAL "DOMESTIC LIBRARY," BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

- 1st.** THAT no marginal notes be made, either in ink, pencil, beer, jam, gravy, grease, or butter, in short, in any discolouring, greasy, or sticky substance.
- 2d.** THAT no plate, etching, or engraving, be subjected to the improvements of the reader, either in the shape of erasures, additions, or alterations.
- 3d.** THAT no leaves be torn out for curl-papers or pipe-lights.
- 4th.** THAT no book be read at breakfast, dinner, or tea, or be taken to bed.
- 5th.** THAT all books be put away during washing, dressing, cleaning, and cooking.
- 6th.** THAT no book be kept in the scullery, pantry, or kitchen drawers, or be left about where there are dogs, cats, policemen, children, or charwomen.
- 7th.** THAT no person read more than one volume at a time.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—It is generally believed that Mr. James's new novel of the *False Heir* is founded on an

incident in the life of Mr. Rowland, of Hatton-Garden. The title of the book was to have been *The False Heir, a Tale of the Macassars*; but the name was subsequently changed, for fear of giving unnecessary offence to the Wig party.

AN ADDITION TO THE TOILETTE.—A barber advertises “a new composition that will dye hair seven different colours,” so that any gentleman may convert his head into a fac simile of a tailor’s pattern card. We would suggest that this Protean mixture should be called *Iris Hair Dye*, or the *Rainbow Renovator*.

THE BRIGHTISH ASSOCIATION.

SECTION D.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

PRESIDENT.—SIR GUY RAFFE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.—MR. CROKER DILLIE AND PROFESSOR STAMEN.

PRESIDENT Sir Guy Raffe read some extracts from a letter from Professor De Lentz, a communication from whom was read at the last meeting, stating that he had discovered the skeleton of a male flea in the folds of a mummy-cloth. The present communication was of higher interest. He had, while examining mummies, in conjunction with his friend the Shah Pyez (Professor of Twigology to the University of Cairo,) been so fortunate as to discover what he at first considered to be the body of an embalmed flea; but, to his great astonishment, he perceived that, after a few minutes’ exposure to the air, it exhibited signs of vitality, and by a judicious application of animal heat, soon became able to crawl. The Professor, enlarging on the extreme delight he experienced in feeling the first feeble bite of this animal, perhaps three thousand years old, exclaims that none but those who, after having laboured long and arduously in the cause of scientific and antiquarian research, have at length prosecuted a discovery exceeding their most sanguine expectations—“None but such,” he exclaims, “can form the faintest conception of my feelings at the moment when my blood first mingled with (possibly) the blood of one of the Ptolemies.” Subsiding into more platosophic calmness, he states that the flea had so far recovered as to be able to leap full six inches. The Professor feeds it from his own hand, and reports it to be in a very thriving condition.

The President remarked, that this threw the mummy wheat completely into the shade.

Mr. Slick, of Slickville, communicated to the section some curious facts with regard to the extreme vitality of the American oak (*quercus vivens*), commonly known by the name of the "live oak." He stated that his friend Captain Enoch Brown, of New York, having had his bulwarks carried away, got new ones fixed of this oak, and was astonished, about a week after he sailed, to discover young shoots sprouting all round the decks. He took great care of them, and such was the rapidity of their growth, that within one year he cut two topmasts, six main topmasts, a flying jib-boom, and a quantity of smaller spars, fit for to'-gallant yards, stern-sail booms, &c., all very good timber. He also states that the shade afforded the men in the hot latitudes had been of the greatest service to their health, there not having been one on the sick list since their decks were so sheltered. Mr. Slick here presented the President with a walking-stick cut from one of the trees.

The President, after thanking him for the stick and his communication, remarked that, from the appearance of the timber, and from his recollections of that which grew from the horse of the Baron Munchausen, a specimen of which was in his possession, he felt confident that they were of the same genus; and was glad that the doubts which had long hung over the Baron's veracity were now dispelled for ever by the more recent, and not less authentic, instance now brought before their notice.

The committee appointed to investigate whether female oysters had beards, reported that, although they had examined many specimens since they had been honoured by the commission, they were not yet prepared to bring in a final report, and concluded by requesting a further grant of fifty pounds.

QUESTIONS—NOT TO BE FOUND IN “MAGNALL.”

Is Hyde Park a relation of Mungo Park?

Was Lord Bacon lineally descended from Ham?

Is not Ellenborough a borough that ought to be disfranchised?

Is Bob Keeley related to Tekeli?

Did George Robins marry a descendant of Lot?

What relationship is there between the Stratford Jubilee and the Giubelei of Covent Garden?

Is Mr. Emerson Tennent a weekly or quarterly tenant?

Is Ben D'Israeli a better orator than Ben Nevis?

Is the speaker of the House of Commons descended from Enfield's Speaker?

Is Burton-upon-Trent equal to Burton on Melancholy?

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE WELSH RABBIT.

PHYSIOLOGY. The species of rabbit of which we are about to treat is distinguished from all other by the peculiarity of its integument, which strongly resembles a tanned hide, as though nature had provided this small animal with a pair of leather breeches.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION. The first introduction of this animal into England is supposed to have occurred in the time of the renowned King Arthur, one of whose serving men it is chronicled "ate toasted cheese"

"Till his mouth was like a mouse-trap."

This gentleman consequently is supposed to have been the Raleigh of Welsh Rabbits. They are now to be found burrowing in great plenty in Cyder cellars and Coal-holes in the neighbourhood of the Strand. They may also be met with in old Edinbro' Castle, and have a warren about the Wrekin.

REPRODUCTION. These animals are produced out of double Wiltshire and half a round cut from a half quartern loaf. They are not very difficult to generate, but require the application of heat on the Eccalobeion principle for their full development. They have been found occasionally to throw off a troublesome variety known as the *nightmare*.



SETTING A LITTLE PORTER ON A WAITER.

Foof. The articles principally consumed by these animals are "Joeys," or four penny pieces, but they are found to become remarkably fat upon sixpences. Some fanciers bring them up with mustard, which is found to improve their constitution.

MEDICAL EXAMINATION.—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Q. How do you define *Tic douloureux*?

A. Borrowing ten shillings on a three guinea case of instruments over night, and losing the duplicate in the morning.

Q. What medicines are most likely to have a direct sympathy with the muscles?

A. Cockle's.

Q. How can you tell the difference between a test and a precipitation?

A. Seeing how much impudence a man will stand before he knocks you down in the gutter.

NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

IT is proposed to raise any possible amount of capital, for the better production of the French drama, done into English, on the British stage.

The projectors observe, with pain and regret, that much valuable time is suffered to elapse between the first representation of the original drama on the Paris stage, and its translation on the English boards. From a want of concert, too, among the most eminent translators, the French piece comes out at irregular intervals. One theatre will present the "foreign wonder" on a certain night—another house, that night se'nnight. The British and Foreign Dramatic Association propose to remedy this evil; so that on the same night the same piece may be produced at every London theatre within the authority of the Chamberlain.

Without going minutely into all the profuse details of the Association, it may here be necessary to give a general outline of the principles upon which it will be conducted.

A flock of pigeons, warranted carriers, will be purchased

for rapid communication between the French and English capitals.

A body of distinguished French short-hand writers will be engaged. On the night of a new piece, the writer will visit the Paris theatre, with his pigeon in a bag. He will take down the whole of the piece on tissue-paper. This he will immediately attach under the wings of the pigeon, and, leaving the playhouse, throw up his bird.

The late premises of the Dramatic Authors' Society (Henrietta Street, Covent Garden,) have been taken, where the pigeons will alight from France ; and a body of persons, who know French without a dictionary, being located on the premises, the short-hand copy will be immediately delivered out and shared among the translators.

It is calculated, that in thirty-six hours after the production of the piece in Paris, the said piece will be duly translated into very average English, and ready for the London boards.

The present price of translation is exorbitantly high. Managers are known to give as much as fifty shillings for a two-act drama, and in some instances thirty for a one-act vaudeville. It is to relieve managers from this oppression that the British and Foreign Dramatic Association will be established ; and, on the consideration that "a quantity will be taken," it is thought expedient, after the manner of the Cemetery Companies, to subjoin a scale of prices—

	£ s. d.
For the Translation of a three-act Drama -	1 5 0
Ditto, with Songs - - - - -	1 10 0
A full Opera, (the poetry good for families)	1 15 0
For a two-act Domestic Melodrama - - -	0 10 6
Very superior, with "intense interest" - -	0 12 6
Ditto, with a moral <i>denouement</i> - - - -	0 14 0
A one-act Vaudeville - - - - -	0 7 6

All the articles warranted faithful translations, and delivered at the stage door, ready for rehearsal, six-and-thirty hours after production in Paris.

VIVAT REGINA !]

[No money returned.

PERSIANI AT SEA!

An enthusiastic audience is assembled to hurrah Persiani—to cry *brazza*—to throw bouquets, &c. The crowd open their mouths to receive the honied voice of a prima donna, and Doctor Wardrop throws blue pills into them. The following notice proves the truth of our metaphor:—

“ Madame Persiani continues to suffer so severely from the effects of sea-sickness, accompanied with violent retching, that it is impossible for her to appear this evening.

JAMES WARDROP, M.D.”

On this, says *The Times*, “the audience were at first disposed to grumble, and gave many signs of dissatisfaction.”

The audience were perfectly right. In the first place, Persiani being considered upon all hands a perfect siren, must have been so used to the vicissitudes of the ocean, that sea-sickness was utterly impossible. (We should as soon think of a butterfly dying with ossification of the heart.) Secondly, all the bargains of all singers, foreign and native, prove their utter want of bowels; hence the “retching” must have clearly been an Esculapian fallacy—a gratuitous benevolence of Wardrop, M.D.

We now come to the dissatisfaction of an enlightened British public. The audience were justified in becoming very savage at the violent retching of a sea-sick St. Cecilia; and had she the effrontery to die, they would—we are convinced—have been perfectly exonerated, by all the laws of English freedom, in breaking the chandeliers and tearing up the benches!

ANOTHER ART-UNION.

In consequence of the anticipated success of the

GRAND GRATUITOUS SHAWL DISTRIBUTION,

AT ONE GUINEA PER HEAD,

entitling every fourteenth

Person to a Shawl,

and the other thirteen to nothing, which will take place under
an

ENORMOUS CLOAK

of purely philanthropic manufacture, it has been determined to relieve the

FIELD-LANE AND SAFFRON-HILL DISTRICTS

by a grand pocket-handkerchief Art-Union. By this scheme, any person passing through Field-lane will leave his pocket-handkerchief

IN THE HANDS OF THE PROJECTORS,
on his return he will

Have an Opportunity

of comparing it with others, amongst which it will be suspended, and he may either purchase his own back again, or may buy

Any Other

that he takes a fancy to, at a very reduced price, thus giving to each subscriber

A CHOICE FROM AMONGST THE STOCK,

which he could not obtain in any other manner.

The Taste and Variety

now displayed in the patterns of pocket-handkerchiefs, in the present

ADVANCED STATE OF THE ART OF DESIGN,

renders this an unusually favourable opportunity. It is calculated that of

EVERY HUNDRED PERSONS

who pass through Field-lane, at least seventy-five have handkerchiefs as they enter at one end, which they cease to possess as they go out at the other, thus making the district alluded to a counterpart of the

SUNNY ISLES OF BANDANNA.

Information of a practical nature may be obtained by passing along Field-lane, any morning, noon, or night, and the applicant will soon be convinced that the scheme has its peculiar

Abstract Advantages.

AN ACCOMMODATING FOX.

In the *Standard* we read the following :

“The Duke of Wellington hunted on Monday with the Vine hounds. The meet was at Ash Park, where the Duke arrived soon after eleven. A fox was quickly found, which enabled his Grace to return early to Strathfieldsays.”

The condescension, the refined politeness of the fox to the Duke of Wellington--running out, as Reynard evidently did, so very quickly, in order to enable the hero of Waterloo to return speedily home again—is a brutal benevolence not to be paralleled in *Aesop*. And yet we think we might suggest, for a future occasion, a higher courtesy to all foxes in the neighbourhood of his Grace. Instead of making him come to meet them soon after eleven, they might go



MEET THE DUKE A LITTLE BEFORE TEN.

LIFT FOR LAZY LAWYERS.

Chancery Practice.

Q. **W**HAT is an Original Bill ?

A. Don't know, but should think that Shakspeare is the most “*Original Bill*” on record.

Q. Is a next friend moveable, and how ?

A. Yes, by asking him to accept a Bill for you.

Q. What are the privileges of the peerage ?

A. Stealing knockers and fighting duels with impunity.

Q. When are receivers' accounts to be taken ?

A. Whenever you can get 'em, as is the case of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

PUNCH'S MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

As **LORD BROUGHAM** saw the woolsack was vacant, he would take leave to ask a question.

LORD CAMPBELL said that, if his noble and learned friend would allow him to suggest, he would recommend his noble and learned friend to wait till the woolsack was occupied.

LORD BROUGHAM would not wait for any noble lord, but would use his privilege as a member of that House.

LORD CAMPBELL. But don't you see that the woolsack is vacant?

LORD BROUGHAM. What have I to do with that? I will address the House from the woolsack myself, and then it will not be vacant. (*Hear, and a laugh.*)

LORD CAMPBELL only thought—

LORD BROUGHAM. No, you don't only think, for you speak also. I wish the noble and learned lord did only think; for if he only thought, and never spoke, I for one, should be much better satisfied.

LORD CAMPBELL. If my noble and learned friend will still permit me—

LORD BROUGHAM. My noble and learned friend says, if I will still permit him. Now, I never did willingly permit him; and, indeed, the House would not thank me if I did.

LORD CAMPBELL would not ask the permission of any noble lord.

LORD BROUGHAM. But you did, for you asked mine; at least that was the inference.

LORD CAMPBELL. I wish the noble and learned lord would not be so fond of inferences.

LORD BROUGHAM. I am not fond of inferences. I never attempt to draw them; and, indeed, I cannot do so after you have spoken, for I defy any one to infer any thing from what the noble and learned lord says. (*A laugh.*)

LORD CAMPBELL. If the noble and learned lord can be merry at my expense, he is perfectly welcome.

LORD BROUGHAM would not have any thing at the expense of his noble and learned friend. His noble and learned friend was not so rich—in an intellectual point of view—as to be able to afford it.

The **LORD CHANCELLOR** having now taken his place on the woolsack,

LORD BROUGHAM begged pardon of the House; he had forgotten that he was occupying the place of his noble and learned friend who had just taken his place.

LORD CAMPBELL remarked that his noble and learned friend (Brougham) had formerly, when on the woolsack, been apt to forget himself.

LORD BROUGHAM admitted that his noble and learned friend never forgot himself, and seldom remembered others. If the noble and learned lord could forget himself, his reminiscences might not be so disagreeable as they must be at present.

The **LORD CHANCELLOR** said he had only just entered the House, but he thought the present discussion seemed to be rather desultory.

LORD CAMPBELL observed that the noble lord (Brougham) was quite out of order, for there was no motion before the House.

LORD BROUGHAM. Then I will propose one. I move that my learned and noble friend (Campbell) shall be at liberty to bring forward any measure he may think proper on this day six months.

The motion having been lost without a division, the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Communication with America.

SIR VALENTINE BLAKE rose to bring forward his motion on the subject of communication with America. The Hon. Baronet proceeded to say that his plan would be a very simple one. (*Hear.*) He should propose to cut a canal for ships through the land, and then carry a railway over the sea, so that vessels might navigate the earth, and railway

trains traverse the broad Atlantic. (*Hear, and a laugh.*) He might, perhaps, be taxed with being too sanguine, and he might be told that the inequality of the waves would present an obstacle to his plan, on account of the alleged difficulty of finding a level. (*Hear.*) Well, he (Sir Valentine Blake) had thought of that—(*a laugh*)—and he would meet the objection with the scientific fact, that water—and he believed he was right in applying the word water to the Atlantic Ocean, which was water in the very broadest sense of the word—he repeated he would meet the objection with the scientific fact that water always finds its own level. (*Cheers.*) Besides, had not England the power to reduce the foaming billow to the undulating ripple? (*Hear.*) He (Sir Valentine Blake) would call upon Britannia to fulfil her proud prerogative and rule the waves of the broad Atlantic. (*Great cheering.*)

SIR R. PEEL wished to know whether Sir Valentine Blake really proposed to cut a canal through Ireland; for this, instead of bringing us nearer to America, would be, in fact, cutting a connexion with it. (*Hear, and a laugh.*)

SIR VALENTINE BLAKE explained.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE was glad of an opportunity of expressing his concurrence in the proposed measure. He had himself once intended to move for a bill to cut a canal through Waterloo Place, and throw a railroad over the Thames, so as to form a continued line of communication between the Bull and Mouth and the Houses of Parliament. He (Colonel Sibthorpe) was averse to railroads, but if they were to be erected any where, he thought they were more adapted for crossing the sea; and indeed there was a precedent (*hear*), for he had heard several naval friends of his talk of having crossed the line—which he (Colonel Sibthorpe) believed must be the southeastern line—on their passage to India. (*Hear, hear, and cheers.*)

SIR VALENTINE BLAKE having again risen to explain, the House immediately adjourned.

MR. JOSEPH MUGGINS begs to inform his old crony, PUNCH, that the report of Sir John Pullon, “as to the possibility of elevating an ass to the head of the poll by bribery and corruption” is perfectly correct, provided there

is no abatement in the price. Let him canvass again, and J. M. pledges himself, whatever his weight, if he will only stand "one penny more, up goes the donkey!"



CANDIDATE AT THE HEAD OF THE POLE.

THE HEIGHT OF GRANDEUR.—A writer in a provincial paper, in an outburst of enthusiastic loyalty, declared the other day that "our beloved Queen sits on the highest throne in Europe." This must be very inconvenient, considering that her Majesty has not the longest legs,—which, in order to sit at ease on the highest throne would certainly be required.

The *United Service Gazette* informs its readers that "*Her Majesty's 4th Foot at present suffers severely from sickness.*" The nation will be much shocked to hear that her gracious Majesty is a *quadruped*.

COURT COMPLIMENT.—At the last Drawing-room, the ladies paid the most delicate compliment to the KING OF THE BELGIANS, nearly all of them wearing his own Brussels lace. The wife of the PREMIER was especially fine in the foreign article. This conduct on the part of the peeresses and the wealthy women of England is indicative of the most cultivated taste. Indeed, what can the rough-handed English

manufacturer produce worthy of VICTORIA's court ? Nothing—yes, *one* thing—Taxes !

VERY AMUSING.—The Royal Stables at Windsor have just been completed at an expense of—"say 30,000*l.*"—Who dare maintain, after this, that Prince Albert is not a munificent patron of the *Mews* (*Muse*) ?

"RENTS collected," as the darning-needle said to the poet's pantaloons.

"SUCH a bed as this is a perfect luxury"—as the pig said when he rolled amongst the tulips.

"THIS is a difficulty that can't be got over"—as the bull said when he tried to leap the five-barred gate.

THE PENNY-A-LINER.

THE rearing his fortunes (such as they are) upon misfortunes ; spinning out his days by the sudden termination of those of a neighbour ; boarding and lodging upon accidents and offences ; finding fire from an inundation, and light from a source whence "the vital spark had fled ;" what a juggling paradox, what a strange career is the life of a penny-a-liner ! He seeth his way through the world best when the fogs of November come on ; and when a gentleman disappeareth under the water, it keeps the penny-a-liner above it. He breakfasts on a "curious coincidence ;" dines on a murder ; is enabled to have his glass of grog because a reputable householder hath quaffed one of laudanum ; and by the help of a conflagration which burns a street down, the inhabitants out, and every thing else up, he passeth his "other shirt" through the unwonted ceremony of the wash-tub.

Mark him as he passeth along the Strand—the coat is seedy, but it fits close, and yet—to the hunchback Bean doth he owe it—the trousers, are they not relics of — ? and the four-and-nine goss above, and the high-lows below, would still have been reposing where they had their birth, had not the doings of the miscreant—summoned them from their parent shelves.

A thunder-storm "visits" the metropolis, and thus the penny-a-liner is enabled to visit Gravesend—on the way a "catastrophe" is melted into a bottle of stout, and a something "strange but true" is the cause from which a plate of cold meat resulteth.

When the wind blows a hurricane, the devil is proverbially busy ; but the penny-a-liner outstrips him. He knoweth by unsailing instinct where a stack of chimneys have fallen ; and as soon as the removal of the three tons of rubbish allows him a view of an old lady's head with a fractured skull he pulls out his note-book, and questioneth her minutely as to her name, what she was doing, and how she felt when the chimneys came through the roof.

A vague whisper of a railway accident is heard, and straight the penny-a-liner is thrown, in his own words, into a "state of the greatest excitement." Visions of "further particulars," of "another account" rush upon him. He thinks upon indefinitely adjourned coroners' inquests, and his heart is glad.



SHUTTING HIS EYES TO THE CONSEQUENCES.

With the increasing glare of a fire his prospects brighten. Another house catches—an oilman's—back ! What a blaze ! He can pay the tailor now surely—Ha ! what did you say ? a gent. broke his neck out at the two-pair back ! Hooraay, independent for a fortnight—run for a pot of half-and-half !

A meeting of a ward or a parish is called to consider some topic of popular interest of the day. The penny-a-liner is there, of course. Two of the leading morning papers (equally of course) take up different views of the momentous subject, and the penny-a-liner inditeth two separate and veracious accounts. Thus they begin.

For the Times.

"A gathering of the riff-raff of the classic vicinitudes of Finsbury and Moorfields, for the laudable purpose of spouting and hastening to sedition, came off last night in a low public-house, called the Magpie and Stump. The principal orator (!) was (as we understood) a person named Johnson Jackson Smith, who in a long and rambling tirade, destitute of sense and grammar, and proving nothing but the ignorance of the speaker, endeavoured to argue," &c. &c. &c.

For the Chronicle.

"A numerous and highly respectable meeting of the influential inhabitants of Finsbury and Moorfields was held last night, for the purpose of hearing an eloquent exposure of the evils and fallacies of the Fudge system, by that indefatigable, able, and celebrated advocate of the rights of the people, Johnson Jackson Smith, Esquire. Mr. S., in a speech glowing with eloquence, replete with information, and as argumentative as brilliant, triumphantly established," &c., &c., &c.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,"

—or, at least, the uses to which adversity is put by the penny-a-liner. Some misguided wretch commits an offence of the first magnitude. "Poor good-for-nothing miscreant!" quoth the innocent public. "Good-for-nothing, indeed!" echoes the penny-a-liner—"good for three quarters of a column, I should say!"

"What was done at the inquest yesterday, Jack?" "Oh, thirty lines only—a regular do. Walked from Chelsea to the Commercial Road in the rain, and back, and spent twice what I made, on the way, in grog."

But, gentle reader, after all, think not too ill of the craft. They undergo much labour of the body, and some of the mind. Theirs is a hard and a precarious life—a life of unremitting exertion and deep anxiety; and many there be among them, with spirits ground down with toil, and sick with hope deferred, who might well become a loftier sphere. They commit faults indeed; but they must eat—their wives and children must eat. Do not, then, think too ill of them, and let not your lip habitually curl when the name is mentioned of that unfortunate class yeclpt Penny-a-Liners.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FOR THE HEBDOMADALS.

J. H.—5 times 6 is thirty.

HISTORICUS.—Was Queen Charlotte ever Prince of Wales ?—[No.]

THESPIS.—Mr. Harley never played Pollio to Miss Kemble's Norma.

We do not know how Mr. Widdecomb concealed himself in the Ark, unknown to Noah.

We have not heard that Persiani is engaged at White Conduit House for the summer season ; but we know that Lablache has refused six pounds a week at the Eagle.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Who wrote Cock Robin ?—[Sir E. L. Bulwer.]

J.P.—How far is it from the Surrey foot of Blackfriars Bridge to Michaelmas Day ?

[Multiply half the distance by two, and the product will be the answer.]

What relation is the Old Lady Day to the firm of Day and Martin ?

[We have answered that question before.]

MUSICUS.—Mr. Harper never played a solo on an ear-trumpet, nor have we seen Mr. Grattan Cooke perform on a pottle of hautboys, but we think it possible.

E. H.—We should rather think that Prince Esterhazy's braces are elastic India-rubber ; but we cannot undertake to say that they are not doe leather with swivels.

O. A. F.—“ Is there either a Swiss cottage or a conservatory at the Coliseum at Rome ? ” We believe not.

QUERY.—The Lord Mayor has *not* a seat in the House of Lords.

P. U. M. P.—The natural history of the wild horse affords no explanation of the phrase “ A mare's nest.”

S. A. P.—“ Is a certain distinguished baronet called ‘ a great count,’ by courtesy ? ” We should say, not by *courtesy*, decidedly. In our opinion, the title cannot be meant for an honorary one.

A GENT.—“ How many buttons of his waistcoat does His Royal Highness Prince Albert usually button ? ” We imagine,

from four to six. Opera ties are not very much worn at the opera.

F. L. A. T.—The Usher of the Black Rod will not, so far as we know, have to assist in the education of the Prince of Wales.

W.—What are the politics of the artist who makes Prince Albert's boots we are unable positively to state. Most probably he is attached to the Wellington interest, and consequently a Conservative. His Royal Highness's tailor, we believe, does business, like the generality of his professional brethren, on Liberal principles.

PUNCH'S LEGAL INQUIRER.

A SERGEANT in the Grenadier Guards was ordered to be reduced to the ranks for a year. At the expiration of that period, the commanding officer refused to restore him. Is the colonel of the regiment liable to be indicted for keeping him as a *private still*?

When a prisoner has been sentenced to be whipped, is it necessary that there should be a presentation for acceptance previously to the endorsement?

In case of a refusal to accept (in the above mentioned case) can the holder of the instrument administer?

Is it compulsory on a juror to receive a challenge, though he may have "registered a vow" not to go out; and would it be contempt of court for a juror to measure the foreman for a pair of gaiters, on retiring to consider the verdict?

An innkeeper having but a small leg of lamb in his house, sets it before three hungry guests, at eighteenpence a head. Has he a contingent reversion, or a conditional remainder in the lamb; or does his right amount to more than a bare possibility?

Where a person is told by a bootmaker's apprentice, in reply to an order for a pair of Clarence-Bluchers, that they cannot be delivered without the money, should the answer be referred to the master for impertinence, or could it be excepted to as scandalous?

A. and B. are joint-tenants at sufferance of the crossing at Cockspur-street. A. (being an infant without guardian assigned) is collared by the beadle, whilst B. is suing in *forma pauperis*.—Now—which is seized?

SIBTHORPE ON AFRICAN GEOGRAPHY.—Just previous to his vote on the West-African-Expedition-Grant, Sibthorpe, determined to get well “up” in African topography in time for the debate, pencilled on a leaf of his pocket-book the following query, which he passed over to the Commodore :—“ Whether the Bight of Benin was more dangerous than the bite of the centipede ?”—The answer was lost in thundering cachinnation.

THE CITY ARTICLE.—In consequence of the late rain, umbrellas rose, and pattens were in demand. Consols were down at 90 ; and so was our reporter, at the White Horse Cellar, by a Jew who sold pencils. We don’t know much about India stocks, but we have been induced to invest a little capital in India handkerchiefs. We lately had an interview with a broker about a week’s rent in arrear, and found him a regular “Bear.” Tartans look lively, and broadcloth is flat, so is small beer. Feathers are buoyant, and tallow is low, especially at evening parties. We offered to make a purchase of sugar, but, tin being scarce, our offer was declined. This changeable weather, and the pressure of leather, affects our corn to some extent. The only time bargain we have lately made was with a cabman, and he had the best of it.

LORD LYNDHURST’S CHARGE TO THE PYX JURY.

[*From our own Reporter.*]

A COMMITTEE of the Goldsmiths’ Company, appointed to try the coinage, assembled at the Privy Council Chamber, when the Lord Chancellor addressed them nearly as follows :—

“ Gentlemen,—You are assembled here to-day to try the value of the coinage ; and, as the coal merchant is said to have remarked that ‘ Coals is coals,’ it will be for you to say if money is really money.

“ Gentlemen, there is no pleasure in life without some alloy, and money, which is one of the greatest of earthly delights, has also its alloy ; but you will have to take care there is not too much of it. Formerly, every gold watch weighed so many carats, from which it became usual to call a silver watch a turnip ; but this will not, at present, form a branch of your inquiry. Troy weight, gentlemen, is derived from the heavy responsibility the Trojans were under to their creditors. The Romans were in the habit of tossing up their

coins in the presence of the legions, and if a piece of money went higher than the tip of the ensign's flag, it was pronounced to be above the standard. You, gentlemen, will not be required to do this. It will be sufficient if you ring the money on the mahogany dining-table that you will find prepared for you.

"The early Italians used cattle instead of coin, and a person would sometimes send for change for a thousand pound bullock, when he would receive twenty fifty-pound sheep, or perhaps, if he wanted very small change, there would be a few lambs amongst them. The inconvenience of keeping a flock of sheep at one's banker's, or paying in a short-horned heifer to one's private account, led to the introduction of bullion.

"To return, however, gentlemen, to the duty that will devolve upon yourselves. You will be called upon to examine into the unhealthy custom of sweating sovereigns; and, with regard to this point, will do well to recollect that Charles the First was, perhaps, the earliest sovereign who was sweated to such an extent that his immediate successor, Charles the Second, became one of the lightest sovereigns ever known in this country.

"With these remarks, gentlemen, I leave you to the discharge of your important duties. There are weights and scales in the next room; and while British honesty holds the beam, I am sure that British wealth can never suffer; for it is the boast of our blessed nation, that the merchant may hold his head as high as the noble—*(aside)* if his washerwoman has put sufficient starch in his shirt-collar." The learned lord's speech was so much applauded when he arrived at the beautiful little figure of the merchant and the noble, that the concluding words, spoken aside, were not audible.

The foreman of the Pyx jury, in the enthusiasm of the moment, asked the whole of the Privy Council to a banquet, to be given the same evening in the Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company.

The Lord Chancellor, in the name of the Privy Council, observed, that they were all indisposed, and all their medical attendants had said, that by all means they must all keep quiet, and therefore could not accept the Pyx jury's polite invitation. The jury then amused themselves by tossing up,

weighing, breathing upon, biting, and otherwise experimentalizing with the coin of the realm, which they declared to be honest and satisfactory.

PUNCH'S DOMESTIC COOKERY.

THE following valuable hints are the result of a lengthy experience in one of the first Metropolitan kitchens. A life of painful research into the mysteries of the culinary art has however been well repaid if one social or jestive moment is sweetened by one of the dishes which we have given instructions for preparing.



FRAMED AND GLAZED.

TO DRESS COCKLES.

PURCHASE your cockles, and throw them rather smartly into a saucepan. Place it on the fire, and gently agitate by shaking it about, so as to get out the liquor from the fish, when having flavoured with common salt, you may serve up in a salad bowl.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

FIRST take your bubble and place it in a frying-pan. Now throw in your squeak, and stir gently with a rolling-pin. When the whole is done, you may serve up with the usual concomitants.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL.

TAKE your gooseberry, and having carefully pared off the stalk and the husk, wash it gently for four hours in cold water. Having done this with the gooseberry, the fool is perfect.

HOW TO COLLAR SALMON.

WHEN you have chosen a salmon of a fishmonger at your door, be careful that he does not substitute an inferior fish for that which you have selected. Now is the time to place your hand firmly round the gills, and you will find that you have collared your salmon.

HOW TO DRY A HERRING.

TAKE your herring and wipe it with a coarse cloth, but if the object should not be achieved, hang the fish before a brisk fire ; and if you permit it to remain there long enough, you will have dried your herring.

**FOURTH MEETING OF THE BRIGHTISH ASSOCIATION
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EVERY THING.****SECTION A.—MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.**

PRESIDENT.—CAPT. SEACOCK, R. N.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.—PROFESSOR CYCLOYD AND MAJOR FORK.

“ON THE PRESENCE OF PRISMATIC COLOURS IN POTATOES.”

BY DR. SPECTRUM.

THE author had been led to investigate this subject from observing a flash of prismatic colours suddenly presented to his eye, on its being forcibly impinged upon by a potato. His curiosity led him to examine the projectile which had produced an effect so extraordinary, and, on investigation, he distinctly discovered traces of the red rays, and soon perceived that the purple and blue had been communicated to his skin, in the immediate vicinity of the eyelid. He had proposed various modes of accounting for this prismatic colouring, the most satisfactory of which was, that one extremity of a rainbow had rested on the spot where the potato grew, and had imparted some of its colours to the plant: this theory receives further confirmation, from the fact that the wicked urchin who hurled the potato at him, exclaimed, in so doing, “Smell that !” which phrase, it occurred to the Professor, might be in allusion to the old popular idea that the rainbow imparted to the dew on which it rested “a most sweete smelle ;” which, by absorption, might have been communicated to the potato.

Mr. C. Sharpe laid before the Section a pair of spectacles

belonging to a short-sighted friend of his, who, in looking very hard across the street at a person he fancied he ought to recognise, was suddenly startled by one of his glasses violently cracking. This was brought forward as an argument in favour of the tangibility and force in impact of the visual ray.

The President remarked, that the cause of the fracture was evidently in the short-sighted gentleman's eye.

Mr. Alfred Bunn read the report of the Committee for the Reduction of Stars on a method of Hypothetical Representation, as applied to Impossible Results, by Professor Muddlewitz.

It is well known, that if a series of ordinates be taken to denote the approximate formulæ of diverging axes, the corresponding abscissæ will denote the respective values of the variable, upon which the negative equation depends; but if, under these circumstances, infinitesimal media be substituted for the polarisation of reflected vibrations, the physical hypothesis merges the elasticity of the oscillating medium in the angle of incidence, and the solution resolves itself by an analytical transformation into a molecular equivalent, whose arithmetical mean, with a subordinate maxim superposed, the rectilinear intersection of which must be equal to the area of dynamic fluctuation, will be the calculus of the atomic difference required.

The President from the abstruse nature of the very important and valuable paper just read, hoped he might be allowed to explain it, in a more familiar way, to those who might not be so conversant with the higher mathematics as his learned friend, Professor Muddlewitz. He then proceeded thus :—

Let E = a constituency.

I = its real opinions.

R = its hypothetical representative.

B and I = bribery and intimidation.

and X = an impossible result, namely, honest legislation.

Then 1st, $C = Y \times B + I$

$\frac{B + I}{-----} = R.$

2d, $C - Y \times B + I = R \times B + I.$

3d, $R = C - Y.$ And from the prevalence of $B + I$ in all the equations of C , the value of I is known

quantities is unobtainable, the result being invariably, $R = C - Y$. From the same inseparable union between $B + I$ and R , in connexion with C , the value of X cannot be expressed in known quantities. Thus is the representation merely hypothetical, and its application can only be to an impossible result.

IN answer to numerous inquiries, we beg to state that there is no truth in the report that Vauxhall Gardens will be opened this year. This rumour must have originated from the quantity of rain that has fallen lately.

COTEMPORANEOUS OCCURRENCES.

" COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

AMERICAN Repudiation repudiated.

Completion of Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square.

Discovery of Perpetual Motion.

Repeal of the Union.

Throwing open Waterloo and Vauxhall Bridges.

Refunding of the *Rent* received by O'Connell.

Restoration of the Whig Government.

Abolition of the Income Tax.

Success of the Patent Theatres.

First Trip of the Aerial Carriage.

Death of George Robins, Auctioneer.

Publication of the last Number of *Punch*.

Pacification of Ireland.

Payment of the National Debt.

Fortifications of Paris finished.

Last Shot fired at Louis Philippe.

Season satisfactory to Farmers.

Native Talent patronised.

Doomsday.

QUESTIONS

**TO BE ANSWERED AT THE CLASSICAL EXAMINATION OF THE
HOOKHAM-CUM-SNIVEY UNIVERSITY.**

THE following points are to be offered to the solution of those students who desire the degree of Bachelor of Arts in

the Hookham-cum-Snivey Institution ; and in addition to the Bachelorship for Boys, it is intended to establish a Widowership of Letters for Adults :

1. Whether the Groves of Academus were on the site now occupied by the Groves of Blarney ?
2. Whether the small band that accompanied *Aeneas* on his wanderings in Italy was a quartett band ; or whether, in consequence of the expected length of march, it was a band adapted for Promenade Concerts ?
3. Whether *Arcadia*, so remarkable for “ the happy and simple life of its population,” was on the same plan as the Lowther and the Burlington ?
4. Whether the two horses represented as drawing *Aurora* were so broken-winded, that a spavined jade has been called *A-roarer* ever since ?
5. Whether *Bias*, one of the seven wise men of Greece, was always *un-biassed* when he gave an opinion ?
6. Whether the hundred hands of *Briareus* were ever known to strike at once ?
7. Whether *Cerberus*, the dog who had three heads, found himself undecided when he wanted to wag his tail ?
8. Why *Cicero* was called by the English name of *Tully*, and whereabouts were his *offices* ?
9. Whether *Clotho*, who spun the thread of life, ever dealt in such long yarns as the Member for Kilkenny ?
10. Whether *Diana's* partiality for the chase rendered her so chaste ?
11. Whether the fact of the cynic *Diogenes* living in a tub, caused him to try and make a butt of every one ?
12. Whether the *Dryades* ever got wet ?
13. Whether *Hannibal* really cut his way through the Alps, as it has been alleged, by pouring *vinegar* over them —whether he *peppered* them, or carried them by *assault* ?
14. Whether *Hebe* was really the daughter of Jupiter and Juno, and if so, how could *She-be* ?
15. Whether *Hesiod*, described as a *very early* Boeotian poet, was really so very early ; and if so, at what hour did he generally turn out on a winter's morning ?
16. Whether *Homer*, who wrote *Homeri Opera*, ever heard any of his *operas* performed ?
17. Whether the *Lycæum*, where *Aristotle* taught, was a

good spec ; and if so, what is the difference between the *Lycaœum* and the English Opera ?

18. Whether *Mæcenas*, so highly famed for his countenance of Virgil, ever drew the Latin poet's portrait !

A DECIDED CARD.

THE annexed is so completely in *Punch's* way, that he tenders his best thanks for the marked consideration of his old and esteemed friend :

“ DEAR PUNCH,—As I cannot conscientiously recommend myself for this situation, I have taken the liberty of proposing you, and trust you will think it deserving of your merits,
“ Yours, J——.”

Recommended to the attention of Mr. Punch, by a member of the Anti-poking-your-nose-into-other-people's-business Society.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY

BY THE ABOVE INSTITUTION, A FEW PERSONS OF GOOD CHARACTER,

Age or Sex immaterial,

AT A SALARY OF £500,

With a yearly increase, until permanently fixed at £1000 per annum, who will be required merely

TO MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS,

AND TO LEAVE OTHER PEOPLE'S ALONE.

Applications, with Testimonials, to be made to the Secretary of the “ Neglected Home Department.”

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A BILIOUS PATIENT AND A PHYSICIAN.

PATIENT.—Good morning, Doctor. DOCTOR.—Good morning, Sir. Will you be seated ?

P.—Doctor, I have called to consult you. D.—Ye-a-a-a-s!

P.—I have such a swimming in my head. D.—Ah !

P.—And such a singing in my ears. D.—Oh !

P.—Such a dizziness in my eyes. D.—Um !

P.—And I am so troubled with a pain in the shoulder.
D.—Right or left?

P.—Right. D.—Hah!

P.—Then I have a creeping in the skin. D.—The skin!

P.—In short, I feel very ill all over. D.—Any pain in the head?

P.—Violent. D.—So I thought. Pain in the stomach?

P.—Sometimes. D.—At night or in the morning?

P.—At all sorts of times. D.—Precisely! just what I expected. Pains in the limbs?

P.—No. I have no pains in the limbs. D.—No; of course: I knew you would have no pains in the limbs.

P.—Sometimes I have a twinge, though in the great toe.

D.—Just so; you would be likely sometimes to have twinges in the great toe.

P.—I cannot sleep well at nights. D.—Disturbed by dreams—eh?—nightmare—eh?

P.—No, not particularly. D.—Not particularly, no! Put out your tongue. Ah! Let me feel your pulse. Oh!

P.—What sort of a pulse do you call mine, Doctor. D.—A little accelerated. How is the appetite?

P.—Middling. D.—Humph! Thirsty at all, eh?

P.—Rather. D.—Rather thirsty! I see! Allow me to feel your side. Does that hurt you?

P.—Oh! Oh! D.—Aha!

P.—Now what do you think is the matter with me?

D.—Bile.

P.—Bile! D.—Bile, decidedly.

P.—My head shakes very much of a morning; what is that owing to? D.—To bile.

P.—I am troubled with a sensation of sinking at the stomach before meals; what is the cause of that, now?

D.—I should say, bile.

P.—You should? Well, then, after dinner I feel such a fulness. What is that from? D.—That is from bile, too.

P.—I have an itching sensation occasionally at the end of the nose, and a burning of the tips of the ears, a soreness of the chest when I go to breathe, a trembling at the knees, and a sensation of cold, like water poured down the back. D.—All owing to bile, Sir.

P.—Don't you think the nerves have something to do

with it ? D.—Certainly ; but the nerves are affected by the bile.

P.—What is bile ? D.—A derangement of the biliary organs.

P.—The biliary organs. What organs are those ? D.—The hepatic viscera.

P.—Whereabouts are they ? D.—Here, in the right hypochondrium.

P.—Medicine is a wonderful science. But now, do you think, Doctor, you can do me any good ? D.—Not the least doubt of it, Sir. I will just write you a little prescription, which will soon bring you round again.

P.—Is there any thing particular that I ought to eat or drink ? D.—Nothing very particular. I would not take carrots, I think.

P.—I never eat carrots. D.—That's right. And I would avoid green pea-soup.

P.—Green pea-soup ? Oh ! That's bad for the bile, is it ? A glass of wine or two won't hurt me, will it ? D.—No ; only avoid Madeira.

P.—About beer ? D.—Don't take more than a pint of ale at dinner ; and it shouldn't be too old.

P.—I'll attend to all your directions, Doctor. And now, perhaps, you will give me the little prescription. D.—There, Sir. Take the pills at night, and the mixture the first thing in the morning.

P.—When shall I call again ? D.—The day after to-morrow.

P.—And now, Doctor, what am I indebted to you ? D.—Our fee is one guinea.

P.—There it is, Doctor. Good morning ; thank you.

D.—Thank you. Good morning.

THE MARKETS.

APPLES were freely offered on the Duke of York's Steps, at a halfpenny the large handful, and pies (made of tariff meat) were so little in demand, that the holders were obliged to resort to the tossing system, in order to get rid of them. This shows an unhealthiness in the market, and is evidence of a frightful decline in the public appetite.

The toffy treacle continues dull, but the real Everton, which was neglected for a time by the dealers, was caught up with some eagerness by a party whose transactions are all of the same hazardous and enterprising character.



'INVESTING HIS CAPITAL IN A DOUBTFUL SPEC.'

The new tariff has had a good effect upon the itinerant sandwich trade, and a good deal is now done in this popular luxury. Baked potatoes, with the coupons to insert the butter, were freely offered at old rates, and a great deal was done in cat's meat, at the former quotations. Dealers who had been steady in the morning, and kept up through the day, came down at night, and there was a frightful fall of various kinds of merchandise in different quarters.

The news from Barcelona had not the expected effect on nuts, which maintained their old prices. If Espartero should eventually triumph, and Spain become tranquil, there is no saying what effect it may produce on Spanish liquorice.

CITY ELECTION.

The disgraceful conduct of the Returning Officer for the City of London election has been the subject of animadversive conversation in our own particular circle. The manner in which our name has been kept out of the poll list, savours of such shameful partiality, that we shall move for a Parliamentary Inquiry into the matter early in the ensuing Session. The following should have been the statement :

	NINE O'CLOCK.
Punch	1,408
Pattison	1,308
Baring	1,042.

At this hour we received the following note from Baring :

"DEAR PUNCH,—Would the Governor-Generalship of India be at all in your way? "Yours,
"BARING."

To which we replied :

“ DEAR BARING,—We understand you ; but what is to become of the rest of the universe. “ Yours,
“ PUNCH.”

	TWO O'CLOCK.	
Punch		5,930
Pattison		5,820
Baring		5,691

On this announcement being made to us, we pulled out our frill, and was proceeding to the front of the husting to address the constituency, when a note, enclosed in an envelope of the most delicate lace-work, was put into our hands by one of her Majesty's special messengers. The royal *billet* ran as follows :-

“ DEAR PUNCHY—(We allow Her Majesty a little familiarity)—as Peel cannot get over a week of the next session, do not trouble yourself to continue the present contest. We shall want you for Premier.

“ Your gracious Mistress,
“ VICTORIA.”

“ Have you seen Albert's new Regulation Hat ? If so, would you like to have one ? I think it would become you admirably.—Dinner at eight.

“ V. R.”

What effect this gracious intimation had upon us may be gathered from the

	CLOSE OF THE POLL.	
Punch		Resigned.
Pattison		6,532
Baring		<u>6,367</u>
Majority		165

THE FREQUENT ROBBERIES OF PLATE have induced Birmingham, Brothers, & Co. to manufacture a New Metal for those families who intend to do without it. It cannot be detected from Pewter by the keenest observer ; and from its wonderful property of turning to a permanent yellow after a short time, may be considered as a perfect substitute for gold. It is made into all sorts of articles, but is best adapted for spoons.

PUNCH'S PHRENOLOGY.

PHRENOLOGY is a subject upon which the opinions of scientific men have always been so unanimous, and upon which so little has been said, either by the lecturer or the disputant, that *Punch* does not hesitate to record his own original notions concerning this much-neglected branch of science. He is aware that there are many shops in London where human heads are examined and disposed of upon phrenological principles; and he is also aware that upon the same principles a murderer has been sometimes distinguished from a philanthropist—when the difference in their characters is previously known. But this is not enough—*Punch* cannot help regretting that so interesting a subject has never been properly considered, and he is therefore desirous of reducing the science to a few natural elements, which may always be relied upon by the student. If the following rules should have the effect of promoting the slightest difference of opinion amongst professional men, or of convincing them that there is more in the human head than they have yet found out, *Punch* will be sufficiently rewarded for his discoveries.

Amativeness is an organ very largely developed in persons



who are confined in the Queen's Bench, and are anxious to borrow money from a friend to effect their liberation.

Adhesiveness is a faculty possessed in a strong degree by a criminal who has told a lie, and has come to the resolution of sticking to it.

Combativeness shows a "tendency to fighting and disputa-

tion," and is by no means moderately developed in friends and relations who chance to be present at the reading of a will.

Destructiveness is supposed to be "indispensable to animals which live upon flesh," and is possessed to a remarkable extent by lawyers.

Benevolence is an organ which "produces kindness, benignity," &c., and in gentlemen who subscribe to public charities its development is found to be *very small*.

Veneration "prompts to respectful feelings for ancestors, benefactors," &c., and we may add, for individuals possessed of power or money.

Hope.—This faculty "leads us to build castles in the air," and is possessed to an immoderate extent by the *Syncretics*. In barristers who have been at the bar upwards of twenty years without once holding a brief, and yet live in the expectation of becoming Lord Chancellor, it may be said to be *rather full*.

Wonder is largely developed in play-goers who have seen Mr. Charles Kean in *Hamlet*, and are acquainted with the fact that he receives £50 per night.

Ideality is strongly marked in the imaginative gentlemen who live by reporting the "accidents and offences" in the daily papers.

Wit or mirthfulness "disposes the mind to view objects and events in a ludicrous light," and is more fully developed in *Punch* than it was in Sheridan.

Imitation is the property of half the authors and actors of the present day, who have the credit of originality amongst those who are ignorant of their prototypes.

Locality "enables the beings who are endowed with it to



A bonnet of goodly steel he wore,
 A brighter none could find ;
 And the hilt of his sword stuck out before,
 While the point stuck out behind.

Sir Winifred Willibald Walter White
 Did love a high-born dame;
 And whether 'twas morning, noon, or night,
 His heart was always the same.

So he sent a Page to the castle gate
 Where the dame did dwell (God wot) ;
 And he bade the faithful urchin wait
 For an answer on the spot.

The lady, she was rich and fair,
 And tall and portly too ;
 So she eyed the Page with disdainful air,
 Saying, " Save us ! Who are you ? "

And the little Page, in a sudden fright,
 Did timidly reply,
 " I come from Sir Winifred Willibald White,
 And his faithful Page am I."

" Go to, go to !" said the high-born dame,
 " I love a bolder knight and a betterer
 Than he that bears the ugly name
 Of Winifred Willibald Walter *et cætera.*"

So the Page, like a hunted fawn, flew back,
 And his message told to the stalwart knight ;
 Oh, never did yeoman look half so black
 As Sir Winifred Willibald Walter White !

He gave a stamp, and he gave a roar,
 Then his Roman nose in the air did toss ;
 Oh, quotha, how he raved and swore !
 While the little Page his breast did cross.

He roll'd his eye to the left and the right,
 And he look'd at his quaking Page—
 Gramercy ! the bold and stalwart knight
 Is in a thundering rage.

He call'd for his helmet thick and strong,
 Of quaintly-figured metal ;
 And seizing his falchion, six feet long,
 " My rival," quoth he, " I'll settle !"

So he sought him east, and sought him west,
 And sought him north and south,
 And swore till he found him he'd never rest,
 Nor a morsel take in his mouth

He went with a hop, and he went with a bound,
 And he went with a loud halloo !
 And the valleys and mountaings echoing round,
 Seem'd roaring and bellowing too.

He came to an old baronial hall,
 In an ivy-eaten state ;
 And he plunged through a hole in the crumbling wall,
 For he could not find the gate.

In the court-yard he raved and stamp'd and cried,
 Till an aged menial came,
 Who, when the stalwart knight he spied,
 Said—" Gallant Sir Yeoman, thy name ?"

But the old retainer got no reply
 From the brave and valiant knight—
 Except a tremendous crack in the eye
 From Sir Winifred Willibald White.

" Thy master,"—quoth he—" to see I would fain"—
 And the valiant knight did frown ;
 Then smote the old menial thrice again,
 Kicking him eke when down.

Sir Winifred Willibald Walter White
 To the winds did roar and howl,
 When a figure came upon his sight
 In a friar's robe and cowl.

" Gramercy, good father,"—the knight did cry,—
 " My rival I came to find ;
 Then count thy beads and tell me why
 I am left to howl to the wind."

But the friar from beneath his gown
 Did draw a falchion bright—
 “Thy rival am I,”—said he,—and struck down
 Sir Winifred Willibald White.

To the earth the stalwart yeoman fell’d,
 The ground with his fingers pick’d;
 Gramercy, how he roared and yell’d!
 While the dust his hot tongue lick’d.



DESCENDED FROM THE CONQUEROR.

And there in the court-yard he was laid
 Until the approach of night,
 When a hole was dug, and no fuss was made,
 Pitch’d in was Walter White.

And over the grave a stone they raised,
 And his epitaph did write :
 “Here lies—(for the riddance goodness be praised)—
 Sir Winifred Willibald Walter White.”

DEATH OF A PIER.

We are sorry to read in the Morning Papers (late edition) the decease of the well-known Pier at Greenwich. The deceased had been long in a sinking state, and had been subjected to water on the head, as well as other ills of a very distressing character. The allusion sometimes made by the sailors to their legs when invoking a coolness in the lower extremities was frightfully realized in the case of the late Pier, whose timbers were completely shivered between 7 and

8 on Thursday morning. The Pier of Greenwich had the second title of Barren of Dividends ; and though never known to be in hot water, was on several occasions nearly swamped in the cold element. The Pier, which had been proceeded against for a nuisance, has left no issue, but the several issue, which it pleaded to a declaration served upon it when in *extremis*. Father Thames—the mortgagee in possession —has carried off several of the timbers, and invested this, the only property of the deceased, in a bank of all sorts of deposits.

EXAMINATION PAPERS

FOR THE DEGREE OF B.A. IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

- I. Had the first Pearl Fishery, established at Ceylon, anything to do with the Early Purl House in the Knightsbridge Road ?
- II. State the histories, and contrast the characters, of Alexander the Great, Alexander the oculist, and Alexander the coppersmith.
- III. What is the difference between being out on leg-bail, and being out for leg before wicket ?—between Magna Charta and Carter of the Lyceum ?—between the Bill of Rights and that of your tailor.
- IV. Mention what you know of the life and adventures of the famous Dog Billy. Did he bear any, and what, relationship to the Dog Bill, just kicked out of Parliament ?
- V. Trace accurately the steps by which the invention of pickled cucumbers is referred to the reign of King Jeremiah.
- VI. Write a short essay upon club feet, club legs, the knave of clubs, and Mr. Joshua Jones Ashley.
- VII. Has Mr. Henson, the inventor of the "Aerial," any pretensions to the title of the modern Diddle-us ? Show, if you can, wherein the wit of this question consists ; and state the difference between a pun spoken and a pun-dit.
- VIII. The whole is equal to all its parts. How do you apply this rule to the case of a blockhead (Joseph Hume, for instance) who has no parts at all ?

- IX. Reconcile the expressions, "flat blasphemy," and "swearing roundly." Will squaring the circle assist you in the process?
- X. Compare the Persæ of Æschylus with the Percy Anecdotes, and the Pindar of Thebes with the Pinder of Wakefield. What and where was Lob's Pound?
- XI. Refute the calumny that there is something sheepish in the degree of "B. A." conferred by this University. Consider whether its utter inability to take up a position of any elevation is, or is not, owing to its want of wings. Or whether its sickly state can be in any way laid to the charge of the patients in the hospital opposite. Give a sketch of its history, and present prospects; including in the former the speech of Colonel Stanhope; and in the latter, the North London and Grafton Street, East.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT CORK.

As a drowning man sometimes catches at a straw, this sinking Association shows its tact in trying to hold on at Cork. Cork is also well adapted for the meetings of this Association, on account of the ancient castle of Blarney being in its immediate neighbourhood. We understand that another inducement to the Association to pitch its tent this year at



THE COVE OF CORK,

Cork, was the hope that the well-known Cove of that place might perhaps be induced to attend some of the meetings.

Among the earliest papers to be read at the Society, one will be devoted to an Essay on the Ruins of Blarney, including a plan for its restoration. If Blarney is to be restored at Cork, the best way of effecting the object is to allow the British Association to be permanently located there.

There is also a Cave in the neighbourhood, so deep that no



PRIVATE OPINIONS.

Gents.—"Did you ever see such a rhinoceros! —
Rhinoceros." Pitt, "I never seed such monkeys!" —

one has found the end. We trust the Association will explore this cave, and need hardly say we shall be glad to hear of the whole Association being at the bottom of it.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about Cork is the vast number of lumps of stone, vulgarly called David's Altars. The London public saw something of them last year in the opera of *Norma*; and it is said that the lessee of Covent Garden, has in the handsomest manner, placed some of the flats on which they are painted at the disposal of the Association who have declined the offer on account of their having already more flats than they know how to accommodate.

We understand that Professor Wollops has prepared a paper on the eccentric motion of the common jack-towel round the ordinary roller, and he hopes to follow it up next year with a dissertation on dust, preceded by a few facts on flue.

The authorities of Cork are doing all they can to meet the wishes of the Association, and one of the corporation has already sent round cards containing the terms of his "Evening School for Adults." The station house will be open at any hour.

Professor Spooney's Prize Essay, on "The Phenomena of Fixed Weathercocks," will be read on an early day; and in the course of the week, the same Professor's paper on "Suspended Animation, in connexion with Suspended Payments," is expected to follow.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY RIDDLES.

SIR,—Sometimes after business hours in our establishment we while away the evening with social converse and harmless laughter. Some of our young gents, are then fond of proposing riddles, and considerable applause has been excited by the following, which, perhaps, may be suited to the columns of your entertaining miscellany.

When may the late celebrated Doctor Jenner (whose memoirs I have perused with unfeigned delight) be compared to a certain kind of potato?

When its "a vaxy natur."

When, on the contrary, does the same favourite vegetable resemble the girl of my heart?

When its A-mealier.

But what the *other* name I will never reveal.

Your most obedient servant,
A YOUNG GENT. AT JOWELL AND HAMES'S.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—It is whispered in literary circles as well as in fashionable squares, that Mr. Knowles's "*Secretary*" has suggested to Jenkins the propriety of publishing a work to be called "**THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.**"

THE BUDGET—MONDAY.

ON the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer the House resolved itself into a committee on ways and means, and Mr. Greene, selected probably on account of his name, was voted into the chair.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then rose and said,— "In bringing forward the present motion, Mr. Greene, I am anxious to explain how the country stands, or rather how it is going on. The last year I thought there was a deficiency, I ventured to hope much from industry, and I am happy to say that such has been the industry of the tax-gatherers, that we have a surplus instead of a deficiency. I am glad to say that there has been an increase upon the customs, which have been augmented by an unexpected consumption of corn, tea, and sugar. In my last calculation, I took forty millions of cups of tea, and allowing two lumps of sugar to each cup, which is above the average,—but I speak in round numbers—the duty would have been so much; but as I did not calculate that those cups might some of them be breakfast-cups instead of tea-cups, the surplus, on these articles is very naturally accounted for. (*Hear.*) With regard to the Post Office, I can only speak in round numbers, for I have not yet received all the returns. The Hounslow Mail of to-night must be added to the receipts in this department, in which I am glad to announce a decided improvement. (*Cheers.*) But while I have undercalculated the income, I must confess that I have also undercalculated the expenditure, which is more than I thought; and I will thus explain my error. (*Hear, hear.*) The Indian Government and the state of matters in the East, added to the decrease of particular items, and the

falling off in special sources of revenue, have altogether acted in the fiscal condition of this country so as to make an excess of outlay. I hope the house sees what I mean ; and as there is a surplus on the whole, I think it would be very hard to call on me to explain the *minutiae* on which a deficiency has arisen. (*Cheers.*) I have had letters calling on me to take the taxes off every thing ; but as I cannot do this, I think the better way to deal with the surplus is, to pocket nearly the whole of it. (*Hear.*) Let us hope for a continuance of this excess of revenue over expenditure, and we are sure that this declaration will be satisfactory to a great, a free, a generous, and an enlightened people. (*Loud cheers.*) Some reductions may, however, be made, and the first article I propose to deal with is glass, which must be delicately touched, lest we should cut our fingers. (*Hear.*) The vast distinction between flint glass and bottle glass seems to be a remnant of that aristocratical feeling which is fast fading away, and I am anxious to place the bottle on the same footing as the decanter, though I know there may be some opposition to the project, particularly in the upper House of Parliament. (*Hear, and cries of Cardigan.*) I propose, therefore, to equalize bottles and decanters, and though I cannot offer the poor man a cheap glass of wine, I can give him a cheap wine-glass. (*Hear.*) From wine we naturally come to vinegar—and in dealing with vinegar, I beg that the learned member for Bath will favour me with his attention. (*Hear, from Mr. Roebuck.*) I propose to repeal the entire duty on that delicious acid ; so that the salads of the poor may henceforth enjoy that dressing which high duties had hitherto denied to them. (*Cheers.*) I propose, in the next place, to deal with marine insurances, which will be reduced as a boon to the people, who, being interested in the maintenance of the grand principle that Britannia rules the waves, will, I am sure, regard as a blessing any reduction which enables the ship-owner to keep up, cheaply, the great allegory alluded to. (*Loud cheers.*) The next reduction I propose is in currants. I am sure the House will agree with me, that the roast-beef of Old England is one of her bulwarks ; and, perhaps, after the roast-beef, comes the plum-pudding. (*Hear.*) Currants, I need not inform the House, are of vital importance to the latter, and if I can give the people of England a clean

and cheap currant, at four-and-a-half, for which they have hitherto been paying seven, I am sure at the festive period of Christmas, blessings—mixed with currants—will be in the mouth of all who experience the boon that is offered them. (*Hear.*) There is only one more article I propose to deal with, and that is wool, the duty on which will be altogether repealed. On the advantage of cheap wool, I need not dilate; and at all events, if it does nothing else, it will enable certain aspirants to the Chancellorship to indulge in the luxury of a cheap woolsack at their own homes, where they may practise in private those judicial qualities of which they are not allowed to give the public the benefit. (*Hear.*)

Col. Sibthorp merely wished to ask, whether, in dealing with marine insurances, there was any intention of insuring the lives of the marines, who were often exposed to much danger. As the marines frequently got shot, or died off, the policies of course would become due, and then he (Col. Sibthorp) would be glad to know what was to be done with the money?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied, that when the money from that source came in he should be prepared to tell the gallant Colonel how he meant to dispose of it.

Sir Valentine Blake, in allusion to the reduction of the duty on tumblers, would be glad to know if the clowns, in pantomimes, who were a very deserving class, would be allowed the benefit.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer did not see what he had to do with the benefits of clowns; but he should be happy to satisfy Sir Valentine Blake if possible.

After some other business was disposed of, the House adjourned.

READINGS IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

BY JACOB DRYASDUST, F. S. A.

A PROVINCIAL paper, lately, in giving an account of some public dinner at Cheltenham, very much astonished me. The fun appears to have waxed fast and furious indeed, as it informs us “the Duke of Sussex was then drunk amidst long-continued cheering.” I have a great hereditary respect for the Royal Family—my taxes are punctually paid—and my

hat is invariably taken off when "God save the Queen" is played, although on a street organ—still, I cannot consider this conduct of his Royal Highness as either decorous or praiseworthy ; in fact, it appears to me, he could not have been quietly drunk ; he could not have sunk under the table in a respectable, gentlemanly way—there would then have been nothing to attract attention ; but I fear this "long-continued cheering" must have been called forth by some uproarious merriment on his part—such as dancing a hornpipe on a china plate, or crowning himself with a bottle-stand. And if my good feelings were horrified by this recital, what must I have experienced when, on reading a little further, I found that "the Bishops and the rest of the Clergy being drunk, the Rev. Mr. Holwell returned thanks." This was really too bad ; and I was much pleased to see that it elicited no cheering. I am rather puzzled to guess why the Rev. Mr. Holwell returned thanks because the Bishops and the rest of the Clergy were drunk—respect towards his own cloth should have induced him to say nothing about it.

The "*appropriate singing*," as the paper terms it, was rather curious. After the health of the Duchess of Kent had been proposed, Mr. Maitland sang "A jolly full Bottle;" and after a similar honour had been paid to the Bishops and Clergy, he performed "Here's a Health to all good Lasses." The Bishops, when fully robed, have certainly an appearance somewhat similar to that of old women ; and this may account for Mr. Maitland's mistake, especially as he no doubt indulged in the festivities of the day.

We are frequently informed "The Queen, last night, went in state to the Opera, in six carriages." I am anxious to know how this operation is performed, and why she should then require such extraordinary accommodation ; but I entertain a dislike to crowds, (having two very bad corns,) and therefore have never been able to satisfy myself on this point by ocular inspection. "Bell's Life," about a month ago, in giving an account of some race, said "Milo was first, Cart-wheel second, and the other horses were *nouchere*"—what could have become of them ?

We hear that Cerito danced the Cachuca "like an angel," a very useful piece of information, as I was not previously aware (never having seen angels dance) that they are in the

habit of standing on one toe, and twirling round until their garments have assumed the shape of an expanded umbrella ; it also proves that Gentlemen of the Press have some knowledge of beings of a higher order than their own. The "City article" assures us, "money is a *drug* in the market," "cotton is looking up," "lead is heavy and won't go off," and "there was little done in sugar." A morning paper, in mentioning the late wreck of the convict-ship, said, "it *pleased* Providence to order that all, but ten, should be destroyed." The *Globe* contained "an *interesting* case of poisoning ;" and that affair of Woolley and Briers was described as "highly romantic."

The titles adopted by those who write letters to the News-



SECURING A FRIEND IN THE PRESS.

papers on various subjects, are frequently classical and grand, rather than appropriate.—"Junius Brutus" lately assured the *Times*, that the Marylebone Vestry had committed a shameful job, relative to wood-paving.—"Cato" of Covent Garden, complains indignantly of the annoyance he experiences in walking down Holywell-street; the Jews there pertinaciously insisting that he must have made his appearance, either for the purpose of buying *their* old clothes, or disposing of *his own*.—"A lover of truth," sees no reason why the Public should not be admitted into St. Paul's Cathedral, without payment of the twopenny fee.—"Fiat Justitia" mentions the gross inattention of the police, in permitting little boys to trundle hoops in the streets,—and "a Friend to his Country and a Constant Reader," inveighs in bitter terms against the proceedings of certain scavengers, who persist in sweeping the

dust and mud to *his* side of the street, because he gives them no Christmas boxes.

It must gratify the bridegroom's feelings, when he finds his account of the "Marriage in High Life" "solemnized in the presence of a numerous assemblage of the bon ton," and departure of the "happy couple to spend the honeymoon at their seat, Grove House, Camberwell," appearing in the *Times*, with the unexpected heading of "Advertisement,"—and still more delightful is it for a modest author to discover his paragraph, descriptive of the "powerful sensation" to be created by the forthcoming novel, entitled, "Delicious Moments, or the Man in the Pastry Cook's Shop;" its tremendous delineations of "various celebrated Personages," and its "erudite and soul-entrancing moral vein," inserted immediately after very similar praises of "Mechi's Magic Strop," and followed by a pathetic exhortation to "Persons about to Marry."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.—Accounts state that Mount Vesuvius lately gave signs of a terrible eruption, when a box of Morison's pills was emptied into the crater, and the very next day all was—*still as death*.

GOOD REASON TO BE ALARMED.—There has been a deal of speculation about the cause of the sudden disappearance of the French Princes: but it is not much to be wondered at, when it is known they were invited to hear the Queen's Speech on the prorogation of Parliament.

LITERARY RIDDLE.—Who are the two favourite authors of Lord W. Lennox?—*Steele* and *Borrow*.

LIFTS TO LAZY LAWYERS.

Q. What are First Fruits?

A. Rhubarb and little green gooseberries.

Q. How are seamen impressed?

A. By the cat-o'-nine-tails, or one of Father Mathew's sermons.

Q. When is it necessary to commence a fresh suit?

A. When the other has become too ventilating or seedy.

Q. What is a release?

A. To exchange the society of your ugly aunt for that of your pretty cousin.

Q. What is a Clerical Error?

A. Preaching a three hours' sermon.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—We understand that the accomplished and lettered Waterman at the Charing-cross Stand, is about to publish a *Guide to all the Watering Places*, for the use of cabmen and others. It will discuss the antiquity of the subject, and show how the Egyptians were nearly brought to a stand by coming to a watering-place. We understand that a celebrated naturalist is preparing a new edition of the *Book of British Birds*, distinguishing carefully those which may be caught with chaff, from those who are not likely to be captured with that delusive material.

CUTTING AT THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.—“Good heavens, Sir Peter,” said Hobler, confidentially, to our dearly beloved Alderman, “how could you have passed such a ridiculous sentence upon Jones, as to direct his hair to be cut off?” “All right, my dear Hobby,” replied the sapient justice; “the fellow was found fighting in the streets, and I wanted to hinder him, at least for some time, from again



COMING TO THE SCRATCH.”

VESUVIUS AND ETNA EXTINCTION COMPANY.

NEAR the city of Naples is situate the volcano, or burning mountain of Vesuvius; and, in the romantic Island of Sicily, that of Etna. These volcanoes have, from time immemorial, constituted a great nuisance to their respective neighbourhoods. Most persons must be aware, that in the latter part of the first century, an eruption of Vesuvius engulfed the large and populous towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii in lava; and proved



GRATIFYING INTELLIGENCE.

*Enter Captain Percussion - There I am, old fellow - all right.
See to-morrow morning - Wimbledon brought the bakers
- come to keep you company, and scoop some lint, while you
make your little arrangements in case of accidents, as do your first dud.*

fatal to that eminent naturalist, Pliny. Etna, in 1669, as the celebrated geographer, Guthrie, informs us, destroyed fourteen towns and villages. Minor eruptions of both these volcanoes have since been, and are still, continually occurring; at one time overwhelming a village; at another, a farm; and at all times, involving more or less damage to person and property. It may seem wonderful that no steps should have at any time been taken by the Neapolitans and the inhabitants of Sicily to protect themselves and their families from such ruinous visitations; but this circumstance is to be ascribed to the debasement of the national mind, occasioned by the influence of superstition and priestcraft. It was reserved for British Enterprise and Capital, availing themselves of the resources of modern Science, to supply the desideratum, and to project a

GIGANTIC UNDERTAKING .

—which, when completed, will surpass all the wonders of the world. The object of the above-named Company is no less than the **EXTINCTION** both of **VESUVIUS** and **ETNA**, to form the first in a proposed series of operations for the Quenching of Volcanoes.

The districts adjoining both to Etna and Vesuvius are well known to be extremely fertile. Owing, however, to the insecurity of life and property occasioned by the contiguity of those sources of devastation, the value of the land is so greatly impaired, that it does not let for one-half of what it would fetch otherwise. It is, therefore, calculated, that could the danger attending its occupancy be removed, a gain of at least fifty per cent. would accrue to the landlord, which in a few years would remunerate a very enormous outlay. The Sicilian and Neapolitan landlords will be too widely awake to their own interests not to join cordially in a speculation which will prove so beneficial to themselves.

Vesuvius will first be operated on. It is advantageously circumstanced for the introduction of sea-water into its crater; an object which will be accomplished by an

Enormous Pump,

of the magnitude of which some idea may be formed when it is stated that it will be worked by what may truly be denominated a

MONSTER STEAM-ENGINE,

the piston of which will exceed in height and dimensions
THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN.

Pipes, communicating with this pump, will be laid down along



the coast to the foot of the mountain ; extending up the side of it into the crater. By this contrivance

Ocean will be Pumped up,

(without the slightest hyperbole or exaggeration of expression)

FROM THE BAY OF NAPLES :

Thus bringing to bear upon the burning bowels of the mountain

The Cold Water Cure,

which has long been recognised as the remedy most effectual in cases of combustion.

Arrangements will be entered into with the Neapolitan Government and Proprietors, for the purpose of securing an adequate remuneration to the Company, which, at the lowest computation, would amount to the interest of

Three Millions Sterling Annually.

But this is the least promising part of the speculation. There can be no doubt that beneath Vesuvius lie

Mines of Exhaustless Wealth,

which could be explored as soon as they were cool enough, independently of the labours of excavation. At all events, the quantity of sulphur which would be found, would be infinite; and as where there is fire there must necessarily be fuel, and since Vesuvius has often been known to throw up cinders, it is by no means unreasonable to expect, that with its other mineral treasures will be combined

NO END OF COAL,

of a quality, at any rate,

Rather superior to the Tulaere.

To realize these advantages, it will in the first place be necessary to purchase Mount Vesuvius on behalf of the Company. No doubt it is to be had cheap; perhaps for nothing, conditionally on putting it out. However, since funds will be required not only for this purpose, but for the fabrication of the necessary machinery, it is requested that persons desirous of becoming shareholders will as speedily as possible come forward with their contributions. The smallest will be gladly received, and for the present may be left at *Punch's* Office.

T. FIREWOOD, (HON. SEC.)

A SEQUITUR.—We understand that during the burning of King William's College, the Irish housekeeper, who was in attendance, ran off immediately for a Sheriff's officer to arrest the flames. The porter went off in another direction, to get somebody to come and bail the water out.

A DOSE OF CASTOR.—Peter Borthwick, late of the Royal Surrey Nautical, having had the honour of "deep damnation" conferred upon his "taking off" the character of Prince Henry, upon that occasion, to appear in unison with the text of the Immortal Bard, "dressed" the part in a most elaborate "neck-or-nothing tie." Upon being expostulated with by the manager, he triumphantly referred to the descrip-

tion of the chivalrous Prince in which the narrator particularly states—



I SAW YOUNG HARRY WITH HIS BEAVER ON.

PUNCH'S PANORAMA OF THE

PROCEEDINGS UPON LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

HERE's a capital description of what took place at the Royal Exchange the other day;

The pictures ain't done by Mr. Stanfield, nor Mr. Grieve, nor Messrs. Pitt and Tomkins ; but you'll admire them, we dare say.

We only wish they'd been published before the ceremony's celebration,

And we've not the least doubt the Right Honourable Lord Mayor would have sent us, as he did the *Times* reporter, an especial invitation.

Which we should have accepted at once ; but, as it's over, we don't mind it ;

Though Prince Albert has sent a card to us since to come down to Windsor and see him, but we've declined it. But, *apropos de bottes*, we'll at once commence our descriptive panorama,

Which, if set to music by Mr. J. H. Tully or Mr. Johnny Blewitt, would be worthy the attention of Chappel, Lavenu, Duff and Hodgson, D'Almaine or Addison, Beale and Cramer.



This is Prince Albert, who really display'd
 Such a wondrous genius for spreading the mortar,
 You'd have thought he was wedded for life to the trade,
 And not, as he is, to the Duke of Kent's daughter.



This is the architect, great Mister Tite,
 Who walk'd upright, as well he might,
 With extreme delight, that this beautiful sight,
 Through Mr. Tite was now all right.



This is the Mayor who provided the feast,
 Which was sung in the rhymes of some Portsoken poet,
 And was quoted by Ripon in Scotch—or at least
 'Twould have been so had Ripon but happen'd to know it.



These are the Alderman—Laurie's compeers,
Judges and *gourmands*—the mace and the myrtle,
Who are versed in the laws of “Hip, hip, and three cheers!
And love equity nearly as well as their turtle.



These are the Sheriffs, who, with every dish,
Put in a distress for the goods of the belly;
And Mr. Recorder, who tries all the fish,
Then proceeds to pass judgment on ven'son and jelly.



These are the Deputy Sheriffs, who are
Intent on the duty—of cramming their maws;
At the Mansion-House greater than Red Lion-square,
Being much better judges of dinners than laws.



This is a Marshal, upon “a cock-horse,”
And would give half-a-crown to be safe on his feet;
if the danger he braves, for a Marshal, of course,
't Ducrow, would be far from complete.



Then next come the Beadles, who're pretty well fed,
And seem deeply impress'd with the pride of their state ;
Then follow the Bargemen, bedizen'd in red,
And looking like lobsters prepared for the fête.



These are the Charity Boys, who appear
To have sniff'd of the turtle and dined upon pea,
And having been blown out with anthems and beer,
Were all made as happy as paupers should be.



This is the Policeman mark'd 10—letter Z ;
Who, anxious to prove that the peace he maintains,
Sets to work with his staff on an old woman's head,
And silenced her by the loss of her brains.



These are the little Boys shouting " Huzza !"
With their faces begrimed, and their feet all bemiry,
And fancying this is a new Lord Mayor's day,
Cry, " Long live the Queen, and Alderman Pirie ! "

NEW PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS.

We have been informed, on authority upon which we have reason to place much reliance, that several distinguished members of the upper and lower houses of Parliament intend moving for the following important returns early in the present session :—

IN THE LORDS.

Lord Palmerston will move for a return of all the *papillote* papers contained in the red box at the Foreign Office.

The Duke of Wellington will move for a return of the Tory taxes.

The Marquis of Downshire will move for a return of his political honesty.

Lord Melbourne will move for a return of place and power.

The Marquis of Westmeath will move for a return of the days when he was young.

The Marquis of Wellesley will move for a return of the pap-spoons manufactured in England for the last three years.

IN THE COMMONS.

Sir Francis Burdett will move for a return of his popularity in Westminster.

Lord John Russell will move that the return of the Tories to office is extremely inconvenient.

Captain Rous will move for a return of the number of high-spirited Tories who were conveyed on stretchers to the different station-houses, on the night of the ever-to-be-remembered Drury-lane dinner.

Sir E. L. Bulwer will move for a return of all the half-penny ballads published by Catnach and Co. during the last year.

Morgan O'Connell will move for a return of all the brogues worn by the barefooted peasantry of Ireland.

Colonel Sibthorpe will move for a return of his wits.

Peter Borthwick will move for a return of all the kettles convicted of singing on the Sabbath-day.

Sir Robert Peel will move for a return of all the ladies of the palace—to the places from whence they came.

Ben D'Israeli will move for a return of all the hard words in Johnson's Dictionary.

SIBTHORP'S CORNER.

Why is a man taken ill while looking at the sun setting like a retired place?—Because he's sick-wester'd (sequestered.)

Why is a drown'd ratj like a horse doctor?—Because he's a vet and hairy un (*a veterinarian.*)



(H)OSS-IFICATION.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE scarcity of money is frightful. As much as a hundred per cent., to be paid in advance, has been asked upon bills; but we have not yet heard of any one having given it. There was an immense run for gold, but no one got any, and the whole of the transactions of the day were done in copper. An influential party created some sensation by coming into the market late in the afternoon, just before the close of business, with half-a-crown; but it was found, on inquiry to be a bad one. It is expected that if the dearth of money continues another week, buttons must be resorted to. A party, whose transactions are known to be large, succeeded in settling his account with the Bulls, by means of postage-stamps; an arrangement of which the Bears will probably take advantage.

A large capitalist in the course of the day attempted to change the direction things had taken, by throwing an immense quantity of paper in the market; but as no one seemed disposed to have any thing to do with it, it blew over.

The parties to the Dutch Loan are much irritated at being asked to take their dividends in butter; but, after the insane attempt to get rid of the Spanish arrears by cigars, which, it is well known, ended in smoke, we do not think the Dutch project will be proceeded with.

A QUEER QUERY.—Who was the man who first introduced *salt provisions* into the Navy?—Noah; for he took *Ham* into the Ark.

RIGHT AND TITE.

LAURIE declares the Lord Mayor's feast
Possess'd a new delight,
For Tite was so o'erwhelm'd with joy
They had a *happy-Tite*.



GEOLOGISTS INSPECTING QUARTS.

THE PUNCH CORRESPONDENCE.

IN presenting the following epistle to my readers, it may be necessary to apprise them, that it is the genuine production of my eldest daughter, Julia, who has lately obtained the situation of lady's-maid in the house of Mr. Samuel Briggs, an independent wax and tallow-chandler, of Fenchurch-street, City, but who keeps his family away from business, in fashionable style, in Russell-square, Bloomsbury. The example of many of our most successful literary *chiffonniers*, who have not thought it disgraceful to publish scraps of private history and unedited scandal, picked up by them in the houses to which they happened to be admitted, will, it is presumed, sufficiently justify my daughter in communicating, for the amusement of an enlightened public, and the benefit of an affectionate parent, a few circumstances connected with Briggs's family, with such observations and reflections of her own as would naturally suggest themselves to a refined and intelligent mind. Should this first essay of a timid girl in the

thorny path of literature be favourably received by my friends and patrons, it will stimulate her to fresh exertions ; and, I fondly hope, may be the means of placing her name in the same rank by those of Lady Morgan, Madame Tussaud, Mrs. Glasse, the Invisible Lady, and other national ornaments of the feminine species.—[PUNCH.

Rusel Squear, July 14.

DEAR PA,—I nose yew will be angxious to ear how-I get on sins I left the wing of the best of feathers. I am appy to say I am hear in a very respeckble fammaly, ware they keeps two tawl footmen to my hand ; one of them is cawld John, and the other Pea-taw,—the latter is as vane as a P-cock of his leggs, wich is really beutyful, and puffickly streight—though the howskeaper ses he has bad angles ; but some pipple loox at things with only 1 i, and sea butt their defex. Mr. Wheazey is the ass-matick butler and cotchman, who has lately lost his heir, and can't get no moar, wich is very diffy-cult after a serting age, even with the help of Rowland's Madagascar isle. Mrs. Tuffney, the howsekeaper, is a proud and oyster sort of person. I rather suspx that she's jellows of me and Pea-taw, who as bean throwink ship's i's at me. She thinks to look down on me, but she can't, for I hold myself up ; and though we breakfists and t's at the same board, I treat with a *deal* of *hot-tar*, and shoes her how much I dispeyses her supper-silly-ous conduck. Besides these indyvidules, there's another dome-stick, wich I wish to menshun particlar—wich is the paige, Theodore, that, as the poet says, as bean

“ — contrived a double debt to pay,
A paige at night—a tigger all the day.”

In the mornink he's a tigger, drest in a tite froc-cote, top-boots, buxkin smawl-closes, and stuck up behind Master Ahghustusses cabb. In the heavening he gives up the tigger, and comes out as the paige, in a fancy jackit, with two rose of guilt buttins, wich makes him the perfeck immidge of Mr. Widdycomb, that ice sea in the serkul at Hashley's Ampitheatre. The paige's bisiness is to *weight* on the ladies, wich is naterally *light* work ; and being such a small chap, you may suppose they can never make enuff of him. These are all the upper servants; of coarse, I shan't lower myself by notusing the

infear your crechurs, such as the owsmade, coke, *edcett rare*
 but shall purceed drackly to the other potion of the fammaly,
 beginning with the old guv'nor (as Pea-taw cawls him), who
 as no idear of i life, and, like one of his own taller lites, has
 only *dipped* into good sosity. Next comes Missus :—in fact,
 I ot to have put her fust, for the grey mayor is the best boss
 in our staybill, (Exkews the wulgarism.) After Missus, I
 give persedince to Mr. Ahghustuss, who, bean the only sun
 in the house, is natrally looked up to by every body in it.
 He as bean brot up a perfick genelman, at Oxfut, and is con-
 sekently fond of spending his knights, in *le trou de charbon*,
 and afterwards of skewering the streets—twisting double
 knockers, pulling singlebelles, and indulging in other fashion-
 able diversions, to which the low-minded polease, and the set-
 tin madgistrrets have strong objexions. His Pa allows him
 only sicks hundred a-year, wich isn't above & enuff to keep
 a cabb, a cupple of hosses, and other thinks, which it's not
 necessary to elude to here. Isn't it ogious to curb so fine a
 spirit? I wish you see him, Pa ; such i's, and such a pear
 of beautifull black musquitoes on his lip—enuff to turn the
 hidds of all the wimming he meats. The other membranes
 of this fammaly are 3 dorters—Miss Sofiar, Miss Selinar, and
 Miss Jorgina, wich are all young ladyes, full groan, and goes
 in public characters to the Kaledonian bawls, and is likewise
 angxious to get off hands as soon as a severable opportunity
 hoffers. It's beleaved the old guv'nor can give them ten
 thowsand lbs, a-peace, wich of coarse will have great weight
 with a husband. There's some Qrious stoaries going—Law!
 there's Missuses bell. I must run up-stairs, so must conclewd
 obroply, but hope to resoom my pen necks week.

Believe me, my dear Pa,

Your affeckshnt

JULIA PUNCH.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF SERJEANT WILDE.

SERJEANT WILDE, whose dictatorial manner of arguing a point of law is well known, was once engaged in a rather curious case, where the plaintiff and defendant were possessed, one of a male and the other of a female dog of a very rare species. In order to preserve the breed, it was agreed by the parties, that the progeny of these two animals should be di-

vided equally between them ; but subsequently the owner of the female dog refused to give the other his share of the litter of puppies which had been produced. Serjeant, then Mr. Wilde, who was for the defence, thundered forth several times in the course of his speech—" I lay it down as an *axiom*." At last, the counsel on the opposite side, watching his opportunity, leaned over as Wilde in his most imperative tone had repeated " I lay it down as an *axiom*," and whispered to him in a voice loud enough to be heard by the bench and bar— " Pray lay it down as a *dog-ma* the next time." The joke told,—a suppressed laugh ran through the court; Wilde, for the first time in his life, lost his self-possession, and consequently his cause ; and all through having his *axiom* destroyed by a *dog-ma*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Newcastle Street, July —.

MR. PUNCH,—Little did I think wen i've bin a gaping and starin' at you in the streats, that i shud ever happli to you for gustice. Isntet a shame that people puts advurtusmints in the papers for a howsmaid for a lark, as it puts all the poor survents out of plaiice into a dredfool situashun.

As i alwuss gets a peep at the paper on the landin' as i takes it up for breckfus, i was unfoughtunite enuf to see a para—thingem-me-bob—for a howsmaid, wanted in a nobbleman's fameli. On course, a young woman has a rite to better hurself if she can; so I makes up my mind at wunce —has i oney has sicks pounz a ear, and finds my own t and shuggar—i makes up my mind to arsk for a day out ; which, has the cold mutting was jest enuf for mastur and missus without me, was grarnted me. I soon clears up the kitshun, and goes up stares to clean myself. I puts on my silk gronin-napple gownd, and my lase pillowrin, likewise my himita-shun vermin tippit, (give me by my cussen Harry, who keeps kumpany with me on hot-dinner days), also my tuskin bonnit, parrersole, and blac bag ; and i takes myself orf to South Street, but what was my felines, wen, on wringing the belle, a boy anser'd the daw, with two roes of brarse beeds down his jacket.

" Can i speek a word with the futman ?" says i, in my ingaugingist manner.

" i'm futman," says he.

"Then the cook," says i.

"We arn't no cook," says he.

"No cook!" say i, almose putrifide with surprise; "you must be jokin'"—

"Jokin'," says he; "do you no who lives here?"

"Not exactly," says i.

"Lord Milburn," says he.

i thort i shud have dropt on the step, as a glimmerin' of the doo shot a~~p~~ my mine.

"Then you don't want no howsmaid?" says i.

"Howsmaid!" says the boy; "go to blazes: (What could he mean by



GOING TO BLAZES?

"No; i've toled fifty on ye so this mornin'—it's a oaks."

"Then more shame of Lord Milborn to do it," says i; "he may want a place hisself some day or other," sayin' of which i bounsed off the doorstep, with all the dignity i could command.

Now, what i wants to no is, whether i can't summons his lordship for my day out. Harry sais, should i ever come in contract with Lord Milborn, i'm to trete him with the silent kontempt of Yours truly,



AN INDIGNANT HOUSEMAID.

A REGULAR BUST-UP.—Croker, on being asked by poor Twins at the Athenaeum, what could have induced Sir Robert Peel to invite Sir Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, to the dinner lately given by him to the King of Prussia, replied, “From a very national feeling to be sure. It was to show him that, however great a man his Majesty might be in his own country, we had one gentleman amongst us at least, who could cut him out.”

More work, and less noise—as the lady's watch said when it beat St. Paul's.

After you—as the tea-kettle said to the dog's tail.

Why are debtors like the best beds?—Because they are down, and confined by tick.

Here's a sinking capital—as the earthquake said to the city of Lisbon.

WHO WOULD HA' THOUGHT IT OF THESE FUST FLOORS.

TWO LETTERS FROM MISS ADELAIDE FITKIN, IN TOWN, TO HER BROTHER, IN THE COUNTRY.

Martlett's Buildings, Dec. 26,

DEAR TOM,—At the request of our mutual parent, which is mother, I take up my pen to inform you of the state in which we are a-going on; and I am certain you will rejoice to hear that we are all as full as we can be, though there has been some tuggerversations and changes, which you will learn what they was by reading this. In the first place, the parlours, as was occupied by the mustachios and long hair, is turned out



A LIGHT CHARACTER,

and went away in debt two weeks and a long milk score, which the milkman says, as he served the house, the hoddie

must pay for, which, as mother is situated, the house will naturally come very heavy on her ; besides the milk, there's some toeing and heelng, which we kicked the cobbler out, and don't recognise at all. However, the parlours now is a broad-brimmed hat and green spectacles, quite a gentleman, and finds his own plate and small linen, which is two Britannia-metal spoons and a jack towel.

The drawing-rooms is a elderly dowager and two nice young ladies, likely to stop the quarter ; they hires their own piano, and all three of them sings duets like nightingales. The atticks is very slap-up—single young man, with dressing-gown and one uncommon sweet-cut slipper ; he dines out, but we do for him in the breakfast and tea department. Mother pays his bills, and lays it on pretty thick, as he says he shall shortly have no end of five-pound notes. We are rather short of room ourselves, having only the back kitchen and the run of the coal-cellars, where the attic cleans his boots ; but the parlours is frequently out, when we teas there, and to save trouble uses his caddy and sugar ! On Sundays the drawing-rooms visit their aunt at Highgate, when we have a concert ditty on the piano, and sometimes manage a sandwich off their cold meat.

The atticks, though very genteel, is not much profit in the larder line, as he never brings home any think but an ungracious brother and a red herring, so we can't get much out of their back-bone and head, which is all they leaves. However, we musn't grumble, as we take it out in bear's-grease, tooth-powder and blacking. We are pretty well let, take us altogether. There's the old parlours at 12*s.* the drawing-rooms 1*l.* 1*s.*, the atticks 5*s.* ; there attendances, boot-cleaning, and kitchen fires, which pays the forty pound a year for the whole house, and rather more. So now I remain, dear Tom, yours truly, in haste,

ADELAIDE FITKIN.

P. S.—Excuse this scraul, and the paper ; I can't stop, as the parlour is calling out for his kettle.

Marlett's Buildings, Jan. 7.

DEAR THOMAS,—Oh, these parlours, and them first floors ! and the cussed attick !—but let me compose myself. Oh, Thomas, there has been such goings on. I always thought

the dowager drawing-room daughters was no good, with their decoys and duets, and own hired piano! But this is a digressing. Well, Thomas, you must know that the broad-brim in the parlour was always shufflin about and leaving his door agar to look out at them two young drawing-rooms, which was everlasting a running up and down stairs and sniggering through the cranny at the green specks—in fact, playing at



HOOP AND HIDE

with him. Well, the parlour had inted to me a order for two for the play; and, would you believe it, he sends up a seated note and a private box to the drawing-room, and off they goes, who but they, as smart as horses! Well, we mentions this to the attick, and the attick commences whistling, and says he'll be blowed if he don't punch the parlour's head, and tell his mind to the first floors. "Mary, come up," says mother. "What are they to you?" "That's my business," says he. "And very well you do it," says I. With that, mother meets the drawing-rooms coming in, just after she had been to the public-house to see what the right time was; and somehow she slipped agin the scraper and upset the youngest of the drawing-rooms, which naturally flabbergasted mother—the more so as the eldest accused mother of being a "tipsy creetur." So with that mother ups and asks who drank the seventeen quarterns stuck up behind the Red Lion, and served to the first-floors. They all then came it strong with magnifying a cruet of vinegar into gallons of Old Tom, and flared up and fired away with wonderful volleybility! With which the parlours interferes, and states as he will protect the drawing-rooms; when all of a sudden the atticks calls Miss Louisa a perfideous vallet: and, my! didn't he give the parlours a knock in the pit of his stummick! The parlours was up like a man, that I must say; and away they both goes pegging,

squaring, and swearing ;—the tallest drawing-room holding on by the ground-floor's coat-tail, and the shortest one tugging like a vice at the atticks's long hair and false collar. Mother she faints right off, and I screams murder ! and would have gone off too had there been any one to catch me, or even a chair to fall upon. In about ten minutes the atticks cuts up stairs with his nose all a-bleeding. The parlours lights a lucifer to look for his eye-tooth—and the drawing rooms flops themselves down on the sofa and takes it in turns to finish out their sham fainting. Well, the parlour, after calling the atticks a blackguard, finds his tooth, pays his rent, and off he goes—after mother had put down the mustachios' milk to his broad-brim—which forgets his spoons and jack-towel. Mother bolts up to the drawing-rooms, gives them their week's notice, and sets a boy in the passage to serve them out by plaing on a frying-pan—when the villiny of mankind was manifested by the atticks cutting away with a bran new pillow-case—two sheets, all his own luggige, and our carpet-bag ! So here we are all at sixes and sevens, and Heaven knows when we shall let again. Write soon and console us.

Truly your afflicted sister,
ADELAIDE FITKIN.

8th P.S.—The drawing-rooms is gone, Tom ! gone, and left nothing but their unpaid bill, with a written notice that they wish we may get it ; they took advantage of the fog and aint been seen since.

A FIRST FLOORER.—“ How old Parker knocked John Chinaman's batteries about his ears at Amoy,” said an old naval veteran to Wilson Croker a few mornings ago, “ depend upon it he's the man to raise the glory of England.” “ I don't at all think so,” said Croker drily, “ for 'tis very clear he is



{ A FELLOW OF LEVELLING PRINCIPLES }

THE THAMES.

In contemplating the entire fluvial system of Great Britain, we shall find the Thames its most important member, whether we view it as a picturesque arena for rowing matches, or as a huge gutter for the emptying of London slops.

Its shores from Vauxhall to London Bridge consist entirely of coal-barges, which leave just room enough in the middle of the stream for pleasure parties to be run down by steam-vessels. That this operation may be performed the more readily, long narrow boats are so made as to be upset with moderate exertion; but if that should fail, the rowers frequently quarrel concerning the best method of steering under the arch of a bridge, and thus get driven against a pier; there to await the coming of one of the steamers. The latter, not being allowed to travel slower than twenty miles an hour, has no time to avoid the smaller boat, and swamps it with the utmost dexterity.

Large inlets or bays indent the sides of Old Father Thames. Wherever these occur the navigation is extremely dangerous; the violence of the wind and waves has been known to overturn a two-oared skiff with remarkable promptitude. Sometimes the surges run so high that persons not actually belonging to the Thames navy have a violent internal motion communicated to them, causing the unpleasant sensation which has given these dreaded bays their name—that of “reaches.” Chelsea Reach is not so formidable as is sometimes represented by voyagers, though in some winds it is difficult to keep one’s hat on upon the open deck. Erith Reach is positively not navigable in a sow-sow-east wind.

The water of this river has been celebrated in all ages, and has mainly contributed to that immense increase in the China trade which it now enjoys. For the decoction of the “gossip’s shrub,” the Thames water is far superior to that even of the river Tees; whilst from this circumstance, and from our city being built on a chalky soil, London has become universally famous for the manufacture of milk.

When analysed Father Thames is found to consist of

Pure water,	4 parts.
Miscellaneous,	96

This water is considered by the inhabitants of London a most delicious beverage, and they all pay certain companies (who lay it on uncommonly thick) for the privilege of drinking it.

The river is provided with floating baths, floating hospitals, a floating chapel, and a floating police. The duties of the last consist in seeing that the steamers keep up to their regulation high pressure speed ; to take all little boys before the magistrates who are found fishing, and all felonious persons found drowning. The Lord Mayor is the conservator of the river Thames, and goes "swan-hopping" when the weather sets in fine.

The chief attraction of the Thames is, however, to be found in its navy, and it is calculated that there are no less than three hundred coal barges always available at a moment's notice, in case of a descent by a foreign enemy on the coast of Rotherhithe, which is, perhaps, the only point where the attempt would be made ; for the Tunnel would be a safe and commodious harbour of refuge. The chief ports on the Thames are so well known that they do not require mentioning ; but there is a fine natural harbour at Millbank, which is formed by the occasional rushing of the tide over the Horse-ferry Road, and into the public-house cellars, thus saving the landlords the trouble of going through a very dilatory process of mixing.

VOCAL EVASION.—Lady B—— (who, it is rumoured, has an eye to the bedchamber) was interrogating Sir Robert Peel a little closer than the wily minister *in futuro* approved of. After several very evasive answers, which had no effect on the lady's pertinacity, Sir Robert made her a graceful bow, and retired, humming the favourite air of—



"OH! I CANNOT GIVE EXPRESSION."

PUNCH'S PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

“This is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of the reckoning.”—SHAKSPEARE.

CHESTER. *Remarkable Occurrence.*—During the severe galé on Wednesday last, a great flight of umbrellas passed over this city. It is conjectured that in the late hurricane, they were carried out of a shop at Derby in a thorough draught of air, and being all put up, took this direction in their supposed migration to the Isle of Man.—*Cheshire Recorder.*

BRENTFORD. Mr. Isaac Bowers, tailor of this town, is in possession of a starling, that exhibits the annexed wonderful powers; the bird whistles in perfect tune and time the whole of the airs of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*.

Mr. Bowers cannot comprehend how the bird could obtain even the outline of the tunes, excepting that at one period a Mr. Barclay (a bass member of the chorus of various theatres), once lodged in his house for a month, when the tailor's bird, it is presumed, took Mr. Barclay's measure.

That which renders this detail still more curious, is the fact, that this starling is an Albino, with white plumage and red eyes.

BELVOIR CASTLE. His Grace the Duke of Rutland has commenced his series of Archery Fêtes for the Season.

A new spring costume has been adopted by the ladies who draw the long bow, consisting of three-cornered crimson hats, trimmed with gray fur: crimson spencers, and white book muslin skirts, with small targets embroidered down the dress, interspersed with bull's eyes, which produce a very striking effect.

Light-blue gloves, and red morocco boots, with silver heels, complete this truly novel, chaste, and elegant archery-costume, which it is reported was designed by the ingenious Sir Frederick Trench.—*Leicester Advertiser.*

GRANTHAM. *Sporting Extraordinary.*—An unprecedented event took place on the downs northwest of this town. A game-keeper in the service of Lord Grantham was returning

from Stamford, and he distinctly saw a brace of hares in close chase of a greyhound ; the dog appeared much distressed, and endeavoured by every means in his power to evade his pursuers. The gamekeeper watched this strange chase until the animals were out of sight ; but from circumstances, he has very little doubt but the hares would attain their object, and capture or destroy the dog.

The greyhound, which was a valuable one, was the property of Lord Alfred Paget.—*Stamford Free Press.*

SHREWSBURY.—There is no truth whatever in the paragraph (which has gone the round of the papers), that the highly-respected Mayor of this town, has become blind of the right eye, and deaf of the left ear. We unreservedly contradict the report, having made the most careful inquiries ; nor has such a misfortune happened to either of the twelve aldermen, the recorder, the twenty-four common councilmen, or the town-clerk.—*Salop Statesman.*

BIGGLESWADE. *Elopement.*—A singular elopement took place from the premises of Mr. Samuel Belton, boot and shoemaker, of this place. No less than thirty pair of pattens walked out of the shop on Tuesday last, and have not since been heard of.

It is conjectured that they have taken umbrage at the introduction of a number of pairs of French clogs, recently imported by Mr. Belton, under the new tariff. Should this meet the eye of any of the absentees, they are requested instantly to return to their disconsolate owner.—*Bedford Chronicle.*

WAKEFIELD.—A great addition can be made to the edible game of this country. We hasten to publish a communication we have received from an intelligent correspondent, who professes himself to be an able chemist.

The common crows (*corvinae*) are abundant over every part of Great Britain, but it is well known that its flesh never hitherto, could be used as an article of food, (rooks in pies excepted).

Our correspondent proceeds to state, that if the birds are properly picked and trussed, taking great care not to break the galls, and then immersed in water in which sal-ammonia has been melted, to the amount of one pound weight to a gallon of the fluid, there they are to remain a fortnight ; then

take them out of the pickle, dry, flour, and roast the crows, and we defy the most profound *gourmand* to distinguish them from grouse.

Our correspondent's letter is dated from " *York Lunatic Asylum.*"

A Hrr.—The other day, as a Bavarian gentleman and an English one were walking arm-in-arm through Piccadilly, their conversation was disagreeably interrupted by a harsh screeching sound from the road.

" What a noise," exclaimed the Bavarian, " from dat cart-wheel !"

" Ah, I don't wonder you dislike it," said the Englishman.

" Why not, sare ?"

" Because it's calling out for a *Revolution in Grease.*"

ROYAL NURSERY CIRCULAR.

THE Prince of Wales was safely delivered of a tooth one day last week, when Sir Charles Ross, the miniature-painter, received instructions for drawing it.

Prince Albert walked for some time on the Slopes ; but it is not true that he has been upon the decline since his arrival at Windsor. When descending the Slopes, he is, of course, to a certain extent, going down hill, which may account for the rumour.

The Prince of Wales was rather fretful on Thursday last, and Black Rod was ordered to be in attendance. The aid of Black Rod was, however, dispensed with.

The Princess's Royal clean pinafore was taken for an airing on the horse usually occupied for similar purposes.

On the anniversary of the Queen's marriage an entertainment was given in the royal nursery. Lollipops were laid for two, and in the evening there was an exhibition of the magic lantern.

No SUCH HOPE.—The *Britannia* has carried out 200,000 sovereigns to America. We wonder if Jonathan's republican ardour will induce him to send them back again. We rather " guess" not.

WHY is the present century like an old maid?—Because it's on the other side of forty.

THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

THE last meeting of the Antiquarian Society was devoted to a very patient investigation into the origin and meaning of the phrase "Give him the sack," as applied to the ejection of an individual from some position he had previously occupied.

MR. POKEABOUT observed, that he had devoted nearly the whole of his life to a deep and solemn research into this very curious question. He begged leave to produce a portion of a sack ; which, on being compared with the garb of a monastic penitent, was found to be of the same cloth as the sackcloth which the early martyrs were accustomed to rig themselves out in when they started on an expedition for the purpose of doing penance.

MR. DIGAWAY was strongly of opinion that this sackcloth was given to the martyrs when they set off on their pilgrimages ; and thus it was said of them that they had the sack on their departure. PETER of Putney, who was the father of the old parochial pilgrims, had left behind him a remnant of an old ballad ; but fortunately only two lines of it had been preserved. He (MR. DIGAWAY) said *fortunately*, for if the whole ballad were as poor as the two lines that have been handed down to us, it was as well for the reputation of PETER of Putney that only a single couplet remained. (*Hear.*)

MR. GRUBEMUP, knowing that this discussion was about to come on, had provided himself with a sack-but, which he begged leave to produce.

The CHAIRMAN did not exactly see the relation between the sack-but and the act of giving up the sack.

MR. GRUBEMUP would not press the suggestion, and begged leave to withdraw the sack-but, which was unanimously agreed to.

The CHAIRMAN said that the woolsack was a curious instance of giving the sack without sending a person away. He hoped the meeting understood him. (*Cries of "Hear."*) When LORD BROUGHAM had the sack, that is to say, the woolsack, he was not dismissed ; but when he was dismissed, the sack, that is to say, the woolsack, was taken away from, instead of being given to him.

A gentleman observed, that the expression " Give him the sack" is probably as old as the Saxons. (*Cries of "Who are you?" and "Turn him out!"*)

The gentleman here hastily left the room ; and thanks having been voted to the hall-porter for his able conduct in the passage, the meeting was adjourned.

THE BEST WAY TO ASCERTAIN IF A DOG BE MAD.—If a dog be mad he will not take water. To ascertain this, offer him some London milk, and if he lap it, you may be sure he is perfectly safe.

HOW TO EVADE THE INCOME-TAX.—Invest all your money in Pennsylvanian Bonds.

THE MARKETS.—Butter, which has been languid during the recent close weather, has become firmer since the temperature has diminished. Pigs went off slowly, and some which were taken by the leg hung very much on hand ; and eggs, of which a large parcel formed the subject of a heavy transaction, suffered materially from the pressure. Potatoes with the jackets were freely quoted at the old rates ; and greens were done exactly as usual.

**A FURTHER ESSAY ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE
OF ADVERTISEMENTS AND ADVERTISERS,**

WITH SOME MORE CRITICAL REMARKS THEREON.

BY JACOB DRYASDUST, F. S. A.

PERMIT me to state that the individual who so unmercifully finished the last essay is no friend of mine, but an enemy stained with the blackest treachery and ingratitude ; and I now give him notice that, unless he immediately repays the 12s. borrowed of me and returns the green-cotton umbrella which he carried off when he last took tea here, I will see whether there is any justice to be had in Kingsgate Street—whether the strong arm of the law cannot arrest such a miscreant in his nefarious career, and teach him, in a voice of thunder, that his conduct has been contrary to every clause in Magna Charta, the Habeas Corpus, and Waste Lands Improvement acts.

A class of advertisements to which I would particularly direct attention is that for wives ; and here the intelligent reader will not omit to notice a curious fact, namely, that all the gentlemen seeking partners in this way are “good-looking,” “young,” “of amiable dispositions,” and “in easy circumstances.” I regret to say, I found no difficulty what-

ever in getting married ; although justice towards myself compels me to own that I possessed all those qualifications—my wife seldom reads, and therefore I may venture on this statement. With a view to suit the tastes of these solitary individuals, Mr. Green advertises “the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general,” that he has established a “Matrimonial Office” in Frith Street, Soho ; conducted, I am happy to say, “on principles of the strictest honour and secrecy, and Mrs. Green waits on Ladies.” When Mrs. Dryasdust was very ill a short time ago, I called at the “office” promiscuously, and was shown a series of photographic portraits, with the owners’ fortune inscribed below. However, I regretted to find that the only likeness which could have tempted me belonged to a widow, with twenty-eight pounds a year and six children ; and even she might have had red hair.

To enable the gentlemen to look handsome and the ladies amiable, Mr. Howard advertises to furnish “teeth without springs, wires, or other ligatures,” to replace those lost ; and “mineral succedaneum” to stop those which the sufferer would be glad to find gone. Mr. Fox has “*Vegetable Cream*” to produce hair, whiskers and eyebrows ; and I can vouch for the efficacy of it, although it has caused a growth of decidedly *carrot* appearance. This, however, proves the correctness of its name.

I need only mention “The Washable Patent Fronts,” “Unparalleled Curling Fluid”—a mixture which looks and smells amazingly like ox-tail soup,—“Paris Fixture,” “Tyrian Hair Dye,” “Olden’s Eukeirogenion,” “Rowland’s Odonto,” “Pearl Powder,” and “Sicilian Bloom,” to prove that ugliness will soon be eradicated.

I am sometimes extremely puzzled to define the exact difference between the “original,” “the old original,” and “the real old original;” or to guess why “Earls, Lords, and Bishops” should all “rush to Lombard Street to buy the 11s. Doudney.” Nor can I clearly understand why “Mrs. Johnson’s American Soothing Syrup is a blessing to the human race”—perhaps she will have the goodness to prove it in a plain and practical way by sending me a bottle. “Fanny Kemble and Pandora Tulips” must be as delightful as “Stirling’s Stomach Pills” are detestable, although “they are now strongly recommended in consequence of the new

Tariff, which will cause a great consumption of American pork, hams and beef :" what a pleasing anticipation !

There is something very edifying in the study of Literary Advertisements. "Softness" by the author of "Hardness" is, I presume, to find its parallel in "Fatness" by the author of "Leanness;" the mind is pleasantly occupied in guessing whether "Kidd's Art of Pleasing and being Pleased" is different from that of other people—or in wondering what can be the "One Fault" which Mrs. Trollope has committed to the press. "The Diary of a Physician" has given birth to "The Memoirs of a Monthly Nurse," "Reminiscences of a Medical Student," and "Diary of an Upper Housemaid, where a Footman is kept." The TIMES occasionally says—"we are credibly informed the brilliant authoress of the Disgusted One has another novel in hand;" whilst Mr. Colburn avers, on his veracity, that "the forthcoming work, entitled 'The Comical-struck Cook; or Love and Trigonometry,' is not the production of Sir E. L. Bulwer, but of a lady distinguished in high life for her literary attainments and acuteness of observation." I do not very clearly see how the public can have mistaken the author of a book which it is plain they never heard of.

Advertisements of eatables are delightful reading before dinner. "Baillie's Bilious Breakfast Bacon" alliterates itself into our favour. "Parfait Amour" means I am surprised to find something good to drink. "Smith's Aniseed Cordial" enables respectable ladies to get tipsy *secundum artem*; and "Cream of the Valley" and "Milk of Canaan" are but refined methods of talking about gin and bitters. An advertisement of "Parkinson's Aperient Gingerbread" has made me studiously avoid that delicious article of food, for fear of getting hold of the wrong sort by mistake. "A fresh arrival of Maraschino de Drioli at Morel and Co.'s," does not mean, as some country people imagine, that a new Italian singer or dancer has landed at that abode of mysterious and incomprehensible-looking pies, but announces a liqueur which is particularly nice when you can drink it at another's expense.

Almost every horse advertised is of "grand action," "well-bred," "rides very superior," "without vice," "a clever fencer;" and it is curious to find that the vendor always parts with his stud "because he is going abroad." "The Pro-

prietor of the Repository, Bury-Place, Bloomsbury-square, *retiring from the Canine World*, offers to the Public *Dogs of superior fashion and character*" —and "will sell a Brougham a decided bargain, or change it for a Stanhope."

The *Kentish Herald* lately contained the following notice : "Ranelagh Gardens, Margate—last night of Mount Vesuvius, in consequence of an engagement with the Patagonians." This is tragical enough; but the *Times* outdoes it in horror, by informing us that "The Nunhead Cemetery is now open for general interment;" and immediately afterwards comes an advertisement of "The London General Mourning warehouse, Oxford Street;" and then, to crown all, Mr. Simpson, of Long Acre, declares himself ready to make "Distresses in Town and Country, so as to give general satisfaction."



SERVING A FRIEND.

I should like to draw a moral from these facts, which is, I believe, the usual and proper course; but my pen is getting extremely bad, and my wife has already twice told me to go to bed, as it is washing night. If any observations of mine have served, as a handkerchief, to wipe away one tear from the eyes of care—as a "Daffy Elixir," to soothe one pang of a man with the toothache—or as a stick to stir up one generous emotion—I have not been without my reward.

IN SUSPENSE.—The *Illustrated News* says—"The cold weather has set in so sharp at Paris that all the public buildings are suspended." If a similar frost were to set in at London, what a capital thing it would be for the Hungerford Suspension Bridge.

A CARD.—The person who advertises the horse-hair gloves which are said to be adapted for promoting *circulation*, is requested to apply without delay at the office of the *Morning Post*.

THERE is a dramatic author in Paris of such prolific powers, that every morning whilst he is shaving, he *brings out a new piece*.

WHAT periodical paper has the greatest circulation?—The Income-Tax Paper.

THE BRIGHTISH ASSOCIATION.

SECTION C.—GEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

PRESIDENT.—SIR GREY WHACKIE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.—PROFESSORS HAMMER AND TÜNGS.

MR. SAPPY read a paper, proving the impossibility of being able to see into the middle of next week, from known facts with regard to the Equation of Time. He stated that, supposing it possible for a person to ascend in a balloon sufficiently high for his vision to embrace a distance of 700 miles from east to west, he would then only see forty minutes ahead of him; that is, he would see places where the day was forty minutes in advance of the day in which he lived. Thus he might be said to see forty minutes into futurity. It has also been proved that, in sailing round the world in one direction, a day's reckoning is gained; so that the sailor, on his return, finds himself to be “a man in advance of his age” by one day. This one day is, however, the farthest attainable limit; and it is, therefore, impossible to see into the middle of next week.—Q. E. D.

“ON THE RUSSIAN STEPPE.”

BY GEN. CLOKOFF.

The principal information to be gathered from this paper was, what every one knew before, except those who resemble the said steppes, in being great flats. They are inhabited by tame Boors and wild horses. The north wind occasionally acts as housemaid, and sweeps these steps quite clean.

“REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON EARTHQUAKES IN IRELAND.”

The Committee state that, during the whole of the present year, great agitation has been felt throughout Ireland. The most serious shocks had been felt at the Hill of Tara, and

Conquer Hill, near Dublin ; it was feared by many that an irruption would ensue at the latter : this, however, did not take place. Should the internal fires break forth there, the hill will form an interesting link in the volcanic chain connecting Hecla with the southern ranges.

"ON THE GEOLOGY OF HEARTS."

BY MR. COLE VANE.

The author stated, that his attention had been attracted to this subject from frequently hearing the phrase "stony-hearted."

His endeavour had been to determine the variety of stone formed in different situations. As far as he had yet extended his investigations, he found that the heart of a lawyer was of the trap formation, with strata much contorted, and the surface of the rocks exceedingly slippery.

The heart of an habitual drunkard was changed entirely into quartz.

The heart of a policeman appeared at first to consist entirely of flinty substances ; but, on the application of a gold test, some particles of soft clay became perceptible.

The author had not yet been able to carry his researches farther, except in the instance of the heart of a philanthropist ; from which he inferred that the heart of a good man in its purest state, would be beautifully crystalline, spangled with dust of gold, and containing rich veins of virgin silver.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—The Society of Antiquaries have just given forth that artillery was known long before the battle of Cressy. Mr. Cob Webb has routed up an old Saxon chronicle, in which he finds it stated that "the canons of Edgar were brought out to restrain the clergy."

WARM WORK.—A correspondent of the *Times*, who is very angry with the bakers for keeping up the price of bread, adopts the signature of *One who has been in the Oven.*



LEADING THE OPPOSITION.

This naturally accounts for the extreme crustiness which he exhibits. We presume there is something to be very proud of in having "been in the oven;" and we should not be surprised—as the ovenite has clearly a literary turn—if he were to advertise, "Notes taken during his abode in the very warm climate he professes to have visited." There might be an amusing chapter on the geology of bread, and its crustaceous qualities, with other matter, which, as we have never "been in the oven," we cannot exactly anticipate.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.—It is not generally known that the new medicine "Morphine," so fashionable now with the faculty for its narcotic qualities, is extracted from Files of the *Morning Post*, boiled down to a pulp, and subjected to a strong chemical process. In consequence of these virtues, it is rumoured that the name of the journal in question will shortly be changed to "The Morning Morpheus," and that its readers, for their better sleeping accommodation, will, in future, be provided with two "sheets" instead of one.

WHEN is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down.

Why is a cos lettuce like a cabbage?—Cos it is.

Why is a railroad like a bug?—Because it runs upon sleepers.

Why is a man who has too many servants like an oyster?—Because he's eaten out of house and home.

WHIMS OF THE WIND.

Among other freaks, the wind passed a boy's cap toll free through the carriage gate of Waterloo Bridge. So much poorness was enforced by the wind, that all persons put their heads to their hats on meeting it. The raising of the wind had a great effect on bills, particularly play-bills, and no billers of sufficient weight and substance could be found for them. The whole business seemed to partake in a great degree of what is called kite-flying.

Why are washerwomen the greatest navigators of the globe?—Because they are continually crossing the line, and tanning from pole to pole.

THE MARKETS,

DONE INTO VERSE BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

BARLEY is very dull,
 And wheat is rather shy ;
 Oats keep their prices full,
 But there's a fall in rye.

In oil, the chief transaction
 Has been confined to flasks
 Sugar gives satisfaction,
 Some has been sold in casks !

There have been strange devices
 Pepper to sell in bags ;
 But all the trade in spices
 Materially flags !

The cotton-trade lies fallow ;
 Nothing is done in bales ;
 Th' attempt to get off tallow
 At present sadly fails.

Hyson is getting higher ;
 Of rice they've sold one lot ;
 And there has been a buyer
 For—porter in the pot.

DES IDIOTISMES FRANCAIS,

Traduits en Anglais, par un élève de Monsieur Fenuoù Porquet, à la sixième leçon.

“ *La vie n'est qu'un passage*”—as the beadle said passed his life in Burlington Arcade.

“ *Ces habits montrent la corde*”—as the Old-Clothes said to Jack Ketch.

“ *C'est bien piquant*”—as the Cockchafer said when ran a pin through his tail.

“ *Vous me déchirez les entrailles*”—as the Native sa the Oyster-knife.

“Je crève de chaud”—as the Spanish-chestnut said on being roasted.

“Ce n'est pas nécessaire de tant crier”—as the Sprats said to the lady from Billingsgate.

“J'ai tiré de grands services de cet homme”—as the pick-pocket said of the Banker's Clerk.

“Si vous lui donnez un pied, il en prendra deux”—as the Sailor said of the Shark.

“Ils m'ont traduit en ridicule”—as Scribe said of the Dramatic Authors.

“Il cherche midi à quatorze heures”—as Prince Albert said of the Lord Provost.

“Vous prenez feu de suite”—as the Flint said to the German-tinder.

“Ils nous ont coupé tout court”—as Messrs. Fitzjames and Gladstone said of the Dover Magistrates.

“Cela ne vous coûtera qu'un coup de chapeau”—as the Thimble-rigman said to the bashful ‘bonnet.’

“Attendez-moi, je ne fais qu'aller et venir”—as the Tax-collector said to the Tenant.

“C'est une maison où je ne mettrais jamais le pied”—as Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer said of the House of Commons.

GRAND RAILWAY FROM ENGLAND TO CHINA.

THE Provisional Committee appointed to superintend the preliminary arrangements connected with this great undertaking, beg to submit to the public the following statement, with the view of forming a Company to carry out this vast national concern, by shares, to consist of an unlimited number.

In consequence of the extreme difficulty at present experienced in making the voyage to China and India, together with the delay and chances of shipwreck, it has been proposed, under the advice of an eminent engineer, to construct a Railway from hence to the Celestial Empire.

The plan suggested for the end in view is to

**PENETRATE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH THROUGH THE
MEDIUM OF A TUNNEL FROM LONDON TO CANTON,
PASSING THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE GLOBE,**

thus obviating altogether the enormous expense usually in-

curred in the purchase of land, and avoiding the opposition likely to be encountered from hostile nations.

From the Report made to the Committee by Sinko Shaft, Esq., the engineer, who has descended some of the deepest wells and sewers in and about the metropolis, and has sounded the earth in various places at the outskirts, there is every reason to believe that the centre of the globe consists of a mass of softest soil, except where intersected by

**SOLID ROCKS OF GOLD AND SILVER, AND CAVERNS
OF PRECIOUS STONES ;**

and that, from his examination, there is no reason whatever to believe, as some have conjectured, that the earth is a mere crust, filled in the interior with *nothing at all*—a state of things which would have rendered the cutting of a tunnel through it an expedient of some difficulty. As it is, however, the cutting will be exceedingly easy, except where the masses of precious metals and jewels interpose an obstacle; but inasmuch as this material, when extracted, will be immensely valuable, and, according to the most moderate calculations of our engineer, will be many hundred times more than sufficient to cover the entire expense of the undertaking, but little fear need be apprehended upon this point.

It is intended that the *Terminus* in England shall be upon the present site of

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON,

which, for the purposes of this undertaking, is to be pulled down. With this view, the Bishop of London has already been applied to for a grant of the land upon which it stands, with which application it is confidently expected his lordship will readily comply; should he, however, object to the proposal, an application will immediately be made to Parliament on the subject, when, of course, the church will at once be placed at the disposal of the Company.

It is calculated that the journey will be accomplished as soon as the passengers get from one terminus to another. As the Railway will pass immediately under

MOUNT VESUVIUS,

a station will be erected there, at which trains will stop for

the purpose of taking in coals and lava, or *Cyclops*, should there be any residing in those parts. Another stoppage will be made under the

MEDITERRANEAN,

with the view of getting a supply of water, which will be drawn down through a pipe from the sea above.

From the calculations made by the Committee, of the probable returns from the traffic, the most gratifying results may be anticipated ; and as the Company will doubtless convey all the Government troops, and as the war in the East will in all probability be everlasting (if not longer), and the annual consumption of soldiers incalculable, the company may expect to derive a handsome income from this source alone.

As regards the intermediate traffic between the two termini, there is, from the recent investigations into the subject by the learned members of the University of Nhowher, strong reason for believing that the population, swallowed up at various periods by earthquakes, as at Lisbon, Port Royal, &c. &c., have only disappeared from the surface of the globe to colonize and people the interior. Should this be proved to be the case, the most interesting results are likely to follow, upon the establishment of this undertaking, which may be the means at once of opening a market for our manufactures, and a passage for

THE INHABITANTS OF THE INTERIOR REGIONS OF THE EARTH,

of the most profitable and advantageous description. In addition to which, it is confidently expected that most of the Continental nations will establish

BRANCH TUNNELS,

running into that of the Company, which will be both a most advantageous source of revenue, and be the means of establishing an immense field of commercial enterprise.

The works will be commenced as soon as a sufficient number of shares shall have been taken, and immediately on obtaining possession of St. Paul's the shaft will be sunk, when every effort will be made to bring the *whole* of the undertaking into a sinking condition.

Further particulars will be announced as soon as the Company is formed, for which purpose the public are earnestly solicited to enter their names as shareholders, and pay a deposit of five pounds to the secretary of the committee, Mr. Stumpy, at the office of "*PUNCH*," who will give a receipt for the same, entitling the party, should the undertaking be abandoned, to obtain it back again whenever they can.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY QUITE “ABROAD.”

A *WEEK* had scarcely elapsed from the first appearance of *Punch*—from the hour of his condescension to letter-press—when a man with something of the exterior of a gentleman presented himself at the office of the great humanizer, in Wellington Street. We regret to state all the facts; but a recent publication compels us to speak out. The individual, assisted by the plausibility of a five-pound note, overcame the stern principle of “our boy,” who lent to the man with the bribe our very best suit of Sunday motley, our hat, our *baton*—in fact, our every thing that makes up the mere outside of *Punch*. The stranger who thus tampered with the fidelity of our puerile servant—who, by the subtle inducement of bank paper, turned the honesty of a ten-year old infant inside out—was—

“C. W. VANE, MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, G.C.B., &c.”

We had been ignorant of the circumstance, but for the politeness of one of the custom-house clerks at Calais, who sent us a letter, for the subjoined translation of which we are indebted to a very celebrated dramatist:—

“Monsieur,—With this you will receive what I believe to be your hat, doublet, and jerkin. They were seized in the travelling trunk of an individual who, from the extreme silliness of his words upon every occasion, convinced us that he was not *Punch*, but had by some means possessed himself of the livery of wisdom the more safely to play the fool in it. Being strongly pushed upon the point, the individual confessed himself to be only a peer of England, and after due interest being made for him by the British consul here, was permitted to proceed to Paris.

"I have thought it my duty to return your habiliments, and to inform you of the ambitious, yet unprincipled intention, on the part of a 'K.C.B., &c.' to make *Punch* as contemptible out of England, as he is justly adored and celebrated in it.

Receive the assurance of my consideration,

"FRANCOIS GABELLE."

This letter was kindly intended ; and although we considered it our duty to discharge "our boy,"* we nevertheless felt no indignation against the Marquis of LONDONDERRY. He had before tried his own character abroad, knew its worth, and very wisely threw himself upon *Punch*. He was certainly despoiled of our clothes, but with a fine tenacity of purpose, he endeavoured to talk and write quite in our spirit. If *Punch* be not popular at Constantinople, it is not the fault of the Marquis of Londonderry, but of destiny. The Marquis did all he could with his *roo-too-toot* before the Sultan.

We, however, hasten to the pleasing duty of laying before the enraptured reader extracts from—

"A Steam Voyage to Constantinople, by the Rhine and the Danube; and to Portugal, Spain, &c. By C. W. Vane, Marquis of Londonderry, G. C. B. &c. To which is annexed the Author's Correspondence with Prince Metternich, Lords Ponsonby, Palmerston, &c. 2 vols. Colburn, London."

Our readers are aware that we seldom use the reviewing quill. Nothing less than a book by Londonderry, or by *Punch* himself, could induce us to break a determination laid down by ourselves on our first appearance in type. However, Londonderry writes : "Orson is endowed with reason," and we cannot but duly chronicle the wonder.

The intention of the noble Marquis is to show the peculiar treatment which fell to his lot abroad. In no place, according to his own showing, did he thrust his nose, that his nose was not pulled. We subjoin an extract. Imagine the noble Marquis at the railway of Brussels and Liege :—

"I, of course, being a nobleman, and brother to the lamented Castlereagh, arrived late at the station ; it was only

* It is but justice to the Marquis to state that he has, with his customary liberality, received the child into one of his coal-pits, for the sanctity of which from the intrusion of Lord Ashley's bill he made so humane a stand in the House of Lords.

due to my dignity to do so. I called out lustily for six places, at the same time poking my elbow in the ribs of a *tall spectacled merchant*, who poked again ; such poking being followed up by a clerical personage, who *poked* his long shovel-hat into my face. After a sturdy fight, and with no other injury than a bleeding nose and a blackened eye,—for I say nothing of the abuse dealt out on both sides,—I succeeded in seating my party in safety.”

If any thing could shed an additional lustre on a Waterloo hero, (and Londonderry cuts his mutton at Apsley House on the great national anniversary), it must have been the combat at the Railway Pass. Londonderry therein showeth himself hot Cocles.

The Marquis puts up at an Hotel de Russie. Mark what follows :—“One of our party recorded our entertainment in the *Livre des Voyageurs* as *detestable*, AFFIXING OUR NAMES THERETO.”

The consequence of this may be easily foreseen. No sooner do the Marquis of LONDONDERRY and party quit the Hotel de Russie, than an earthquake swallows up the whole establishment. Nothing escapes the general calamity, save and except a waiter’s napkin, and the identical *Livre des Voyageurs* which called down destruction on the devoted tavern.

The Marquis is now at Lisbon :—

“The Duc de Palmella would not meet me, because when he was in London, on an important state occasion, I jocularly placed my thumb and finger to my nose ; which harmless and sportive gesture, the Duke, with a feeling that did no honour to his heart or head, entirely misinterpreted. Thus I was in Lisbon a whole fortnight—I, the brother of the never-to-be lamented Castlereagh—and nobody—no, not even the little boys in the streets—took the slightest notice of me.”

The Marquis is now on his road to Munich, and wishes an audience of the King of Bavaria.

“I felt cock-sure,” says the Marquis, “that his Majesty would do the right thing, inasmuch as when he was Crown Prince in 1814 and 1815, he and I were—to speak metaphorically—thick as thieves. However, put not your trust in princes ; always be it understood, excepting from the rule Russian princes, with Prince Metternich in particular. Well, can it be believed ! the King refused to receive me, unless I

appeared in full uniform and high mustache. My uniform had been sent on in a trunk to Munich, and I could not wait a month for a decent growth of mustache: I, therefore, came to the unalterable determination of writing a tremendous letter in reply; and was not at all surprised to hear that the King of Bavaria was confined to his bed for at least three weeks afterwards."

The Marquis is now at Constantinople: more, he obtains an audience of the Sultan!

"I thought, of course," says the noble author, "that I should be received in an apartment flaming with topazes and carbuncles: judge my surprise when I was shown into a small wainscotted chamber, covered with a Kidderminster carpet. The sovereign of this great empire was—*sitting cross-legged!* On beholding me, he manifested not the *least surprise!* I approached the Sultan, and drawing back my left leg, and extending my right arm, (the reader will of course remember my usual deportment in the House of Lords,) gave in French my birth, parentage, and education. I reminded the Sultan that at a very early age I showed extreme precocity of intellect, having, when only ten years old, counted how many white and black beans would make five; and had, moreover, at the same early period of life, discovered the father of Zebedee's children. I then spoke of the blood I had lost in the cause of legitimacy—of my famous 'too bad' letter to the Earl of Liverpool—and of the other achievements which have given me an European reputation. I had talked for about half-an-hour, when, to my surprise, I discovered the Sultan to be in a profound sleep! I was then desired by Reshid Pacha to leave the room, and to make as little noise as possible."

The Marquis obtains an audience for Lady Londonderry, whereupon he thus moralizes!—

"It will be a curious fact IN AFTER TIMES (say the year 5000) if her ladyship's introduction at the Oriental court should be dated as the forerunner of ONE STEP of civilization. Already, it is thought, knives and forks will force themselves into the Harem!"

The Marquis has news from England:—

"It was after a short stay at Naples that I received from England the sad news that the Almighty had thought fit, in

his wisdom, and for purposes alone known to an inscrutable Providence, to allow my residence at Wynyard Park, in the county of Durham, to be utterly and entirely destroyed by fire."

This, it must be allowed, was a heavy visitation ; nevertheless, the Marquis bore it like a Christian and a man, for he proceeds in the following beautiful tone of consolation :—

" I was, it is true, bent to the earth by this intelligence. It was, indeed, *too bad* that my residence at Wynyard Park should be destroyed by fire ; I however had this comfort wherewith to console myself : if *I* had been in London, it might have been—*the Thames !*"

Here the Marquis concludes : but there are parts of this truly national work which, it is not at all unlikely, we may in our next return to.

A HUMOROUS FOOL.—It will be seen by a paragraph in the papers that the smallest horse in the world has been presented to Her Majesty. We understand that Mr. Hume has offered his services to the Sovereign, which, if accepted, will place not only the smallest horse, but the greatest ass (by his own confession), at the disposal of Royalty.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FOUR-WHEELED CHAISE.

FORTUNE smiled upon my birth ! " I was, born," said the wheel, who, of course, was spokesman, " in Long-acre, and christened after one of the heathen gods, known to ostlers and grooms as ' Fee—aton.' Having got my body painted green, and my inside well lined with yellow, I was packed up in Russia matting, and sent off by the carrier to Ealing-common, where my first master resided.

" The man to whose charge I was handed over was a smart-looking fellow, in a quiet livery, consisting of a dark surtout, white buckskins, and top-boots. He looked like a gentleman, and acted as such ; for he hired a man to clean me, and groomed the horse by deputy.

" My first journey was to Hounslow Barracks, whither my master—a retired Colonel—went to see an old friend. My occupants were his daughter, and George the servant ; and

when my master alighted, the conversation between the remaining couple was as follows :

“ ‘ George, love.’

“ ‘ Yes, my hangel.’

“ ‘ I wish you would brush your hair up on the left side a little more.’

“ ‘ My everlasting, on course I will ; but as I walets myself ——’

“ ‘ For the present, George.’

“ ‘ For the present I hopes my love will excuse me, if I’m not quite—quite—’

“ ‘ *Comme il faut*, George.’

“ ‘ I don’t mean that, love—not quite the cheese.’ And then George took a mane-comb from his pocket, and arranged his sidelock to the satisfaction of his young and adoring mistress.

“ You can guess the next great event of my existence. One moonlight night I found myself in a green lane, the bearer of a hair-trunk, three bundles, and a bonnet-box. In my driving-box was a piece of bread and cheese, with a large onion, and a quartern of Geneva in a ginger-beer-bottle. George handed in my young mistress, and then jumped in himself. Off we went lumping and bumping till my springs ached again ; and I have no doubt a very interesting elopement would have been the consequence, if a moral lynchpin, attached to the fore off-wheel, had not thought proper on a point of principle to withdraw itself, and a capsizé was the consequence. My young missus fainted of course ; but after George had rubbed her nose with the onion, and compelled her to taste of the Geneva, she recovered just in time to see her father kick her adored into a ditch, and discover that she was sitting on her best bonnet.

“ George was sent to the hospital, and on the following day I was consigned to the Pantechnicon. In the course of the ensuing week I was bought by an ambitious tailor, whose wife had talked him into a *veella*, and made him ashamed of carrying a bundle. Here was a change for a delicate-bodied phaeton ! The tailor had a large progeny, and a fat sister, with something in the $3\frac{1}{2}$ reduceds ; so, for the first month, I was never empty, except at night. My interior was degraded into a chandler’s shop ; for I was the conveyance for every thing

required at the *veela* down to the bath-brick and hearth-stone.

"Fortune, I thought, had stood my friend when she directed my master to drive me between a coal-wagon and a stage-coach ; for, though I fractured my axle-tree, my master broke the bridge of his nose, and sent me the next day to the 'Repository,' to 'bring what I could fetch.'

"I was knocked down for a trifle to a bow-legged man, in top-boots and a belcher handkerchief, who bought me, as he said for the "hold hiron," and I gave myself up as a lost phaeton. Would that he had kept his word !

"I was sent to have my damage repaired by a *common* blacksmith—even the consolation of a regular coach-maker was denied me, and in a few days I found that I was destined to be hired by the day, and to be drawn by animals with whom I should formerly have blushed to have been found in connexion. Three years have I been engaged in this painful occupation. I have been driven by the desperate of all trades and professions, now groaning with the weight of ten grown-up people to Hampton Wick—now whirling along under the guidance of a drunken haberdasher."



THERE is such a powerful actor at the Pavilion Theatre, that every time he speaks he *brings the whole house down!*

THE WRONGS OF THE STOMACH.

By the "Wrongs of the Stomach," PUNCH does not mean

"The whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's *wrong*, the proud man's contumely
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes;"

nor the Income Tax, nor the new Poor Law, nor the thousand and one other grievances which we are obliged to swallow,

and which stick so plaguily in our gizzards. He speaks literally, intending, by the word STOMACH, that musculo-membranous bag or cavity which is the principal organ of Digestion—the prime agent in the transubstantiation of Meat into Man.

That he may bespeak due attention for his subject, let him, in the first place, assert its dignity. “*Magister Artium Venter;*” “the Stomach, *the Master of Arts,*” not “*a Master of Arts*” as the title has been incorrectly translated. The Stomach is thus designated because the Arts owe their cultivation to the necessity of living, that is to say, of eating. Man derives his boots from his neighbour’s belly. From this source, also, proceed not merely the Mechanical, but also the Fine Arts. Composition is the parent of Cookery, and the purveyor of mental delicacies labours in his vocation from the love of viands. Handel, when he wanted to hit on something good was wont to indulge in some good thing. Dr. Johnson wrote at one time for his daily dinner, and always with a prospective view towards provender. He is reported to have said, “Sir, a man who will not take care of his belly, will hardly take care of any thing else !”

But the Stomach is more than a mere task-master. It is quite certain that no books can be written without brains, though some are with very little. Now, the brain, like the rest of the body, is built up of food. From the Stomach, therefore, the soul derives its instrument; and thus beef and mutton are converted into the organs of thought. There is no doubt that Shakspeare *ate*, and perhaps an extract of pork chops assisted in the excogitation of Ariel.

Be it observed, in illustration of the preceding remarks, that the Rookery, so to speak of Literature, was known in former times, by the name of *Grub-street*.

The especial office of the stomach is to eliminate, from the matters consigned to it, the substance of nutrition ; which, “**PUNCH**” may inform his readers in general, is denominated *chyme*, and now they know about as much respecting Digestion as the College of Physicians—or that of Health. For the maintenance of the human body in its due bulk and condition, it is requisite that the Stomach should make a certain regular quantity of this stuff, so much, and no more, according to individual exigencies, out of what is put into it daily.

It is therefore like a manufactory (except that it works but little on the raw material), which, from a given amount of goods ought to furnish a stated product.

Now the "Wrongs of the Stomach" are threefold. It has generally either too much, or not enough, or bad work to do. Thus is it as well the fittest emblem, as the most cherished organ, of JOHN BULL. Let us at present consider it as being overworked—as the victim of ruthless oppression.

"There is figures," says Fluellen, "in all things." As it is in the body politic so is it in the body natural. Oppression is begotten of luxury. The great tyrants of the Stomach are the Aristocracy, especially the Aristocracy of Mammon. Nothing, probably, would more extensively redress the grievances of the Corporation than Corporate Reform. Of all the oppressors thereof, the most flagrant are indisputably the Court of Aldermen. What drudgery, to be sure, it has to undergo on Lord Mayor's Day!

Observe the career of a civic gourmand, "*ab ovo usque ad mala* ;" from soup to dessert. His outrages upon his poor paunch are almost systematic. He commences, probably, by administering to it a flogging in the shape of a dram; and this, most likely, ere it has yet half recovered from the lashes of a dinner pill, which it received an hour ago. How ungrateful! It has grown old and feeble in his service; and instead of giving it that gentle work to which alone it is competent, and now and then indulging it with a holiday, he treats it as a cabman does his horse—who establishes a raw in the animal's flank, and mercilessly whips it up hill.

Having thus made his Stomach mighty to suffer, our Citizen proceeds, with cruel deliberation, to inflict upon it the utmost it will bear. He literally subjects it to the *peine forte et dure*, though it *pleads* loudly enough, and with bitter murmurings, against the savage injustice. In the first place, he inundates it with a flood of turtle soup, which he compels it, by means of strong-iced punch, to dispose of. He then loads it with as much turbot or salmon as it will bear, 'and more;' whereunto, with anchovy, soy, and cayenne pepper, he forces it hardly to submit. Here, as the North American savages use in tormenting a prisoner, he for a season intermits with

THE GREAT PRIZE ALDERMAN SHOW.



mercy his inhumanities ; nerving, by the stimulus of a
or two of sherry,



HAVING A STANDING AT THE BAR.

ini for the renewal of suffering. And now, its ener-
ving been resuscitated by a brief repose, he heaps upon
any pounds of venison as he dares ; nor is it a little,
that he *does* dare. He cheats it, moreover, into the
endurance of this burden, by the insidious blandish-
of currant jelly ; just as Sir Robert Peel devised the
tariff to get down the aforementioned Income Tax.
ust the little make-weights of bread, potatoes, turnips,
gus, beans, broccoli, and other vegetable matters, which
many his more substantial mouthfuls, be omitted, because
intity of them which he consumes would dine a mode-
nily.

cond time the wretched Stomach has reached the acme
rance, but its cries are drowned in an ocean of some-
“Entire ;” its injuries are washed down : it must bear
re. It has now to put up with an oyster patty or two
h its tyrant calls “beginning over again.” It next
beneath a weight of capon ; but is humbugged into
tion by champagne. After this, the whole or greater
a partridge, with a ladle full of bread sauce, is forced
t : succeeded by a ponderous mass of plum-pudding,
lly, blanc-mangc, and custard. On this mountain of
is piled bread and cheese enough for a labourer’s
on, and another Atlantic of ale or beer is infused upon
ormous mass. The whole huge hodge-podge is crowned
uit and walnuts, and saturated throughout its immen-
ponds of port ; the poor suffering Stomach being thus
d into a helpless insensibility which deprives it of the
of rebellion.

, what is the consequence of all this misuse of the
sh ? The next day it strikes work—becomes a disturbed

district, and is with difficulty dragooned into obedience. And, after all, it is subdued greatly at the expense of the whole bodily estate, if not with serious detriment to the constitution; which becomes replete with disorders.

LIFTS TO LAZY LAWYERS.

Q. What is a Feme Sole?

A. Don't know, but think it may be a mermaid.

Q. What are appurtenances?

A. Trimmings to a leg of mutton.

Q. What is Summary Process?

A. Bathing and eating ices.

Q. What is a rejoinder?

A. It is when any one asks you "If your mother has sold her mangle?" and you reply, "Yes, and bought an euter-paeon."

Q. What is understood in law by the term "Mystery?"

A. That Lord Brougham should ever have been Chancellor.

Q. What is a maxim in law?

A. "Do, and don't be done."

IMPROVEMENT IN LITHOGRAPHY.—A copper-plate engraver, at Rome, has discovered a method of fixing on stone the images obtained by the Daguerreotype. If this can be done upon stone, it will really be possible to make an impression upon the heart of a Poor-law Commissioner.

LEAVES FROM THE LIVES OF THE LORDS OF LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PADDINGTON AND ITS PEOPLE," "THE GREAT NECROPOLIS," ETC. ETC.

BLESSINGTON, The Countess Marguerite of.—The author may be a proud man whose work commences with such a name as that of the above distinguished scion of the aristocracy. Sir Joshua Lawrence's portrait of her ladyship, which has been engraved several times, has rendered her form and features familiar to the British public, and therefore I need give no portrait of them here—suffice it to say, that both are (as far as poor human nature can be, and indeed which of us is?) faultless. Her ladyship's style of writing is ditto; and her works, both of history and fiction, are ornamented

with a great number of phrases both in French and Italian, which sparkle through her English like gems in the night. To the merits of these works the whole British Press bears witness. "Brilliant, charming, elegant, graceful," are expressions, I may even say epithets, rung out in the fair countess's praise by every critic in these dominions. Those gents who bestow such *laudatory compliments* upon her ladyship's productions are, I observe, rather shy of quoting any thing from them. And why?—from envy to be sure, as I have often found in my own case; the reviewers being afraid lest their criticisms should appear stupid and uninteresting by the side of the writer's delightful text.

My avocations as a member of the press, and a leader of public opinion, have prevented me from reading any of her ladyship's works; and as I know nobody who has, I am not enabled to furnish the reader with a catalogue of them.

Her ladyship's house is at Kensington, and is named, I understand, after another fair authoress, who shall be mentioned in her place. I do not visit there, and therefore of course cannot describe the contents of the mansion: need I say I should be happy to do so?

The Countess is a Peeress in her own right, and was elevated to that dignity upon presenting one of her delightful and successful novels to his late lamented Majesty George IV. Kneeling at the royal feet to receive the Countess's Coronet, (which is always placed on the head of the nobleman or lady at their investiture) the fair Countess dropped one of her gloves; on which his Majesty, picking it up, observed to Mr. Bentley, the respected publisher, who attended with a copy, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" This was the origin of the Guelphic order. I have this story from undoubted authority—from a gent indeed, who has written a good deal in Mr. B.'s Miscellany, where I should be very glad to furnish articles at the usual remuneration per line.

Her ladyship, to conclude, is Editor of the well-known "Book of Beauty," of which I cannot help remarking that the Beauties of late years seem *rather* used up. Is it so indeed? Perish the thought, I say. And the idea of the "Book of Beauty" naturally brings us to—

BROUGHAM, LORD HENRY.—His lordship is, as the world very well knows, a political, or what the admirable *Morning*

Herald calls a lego-political gent. He was educated at Edinburgh, where he became acquainted with little Jack Horner, Judge Jeffries, Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Admiral the Reverend Sir Sydney Smith, of whom more anonymously. Having finished his studies, he was brought to the bar in London, where he has distinguished himself in various ways ever since. Being born and bred in the North, his accent has stuck to him like a burr, and he has used that tongue of his to more purpose than any gent of the long robe. During the session, as the *Times* has remarked of him, his labours are tremendous. You may see him in the morning at the House of Lords, or in the Privy Council, the eagerest among the Judges there; and all the time writing off articles for the *Edinburgh Review*. In the evening, he is at the Lords again, backing up his friend Lord Monteagle, to whom he is tenderly attached. At night, I have myself enjoyed the pleasure of his company many times at the Garrick's Head, in Bow-street, where he astonishes the world by his eloquence. Such is only a part of the life of this restless though brilliant genius!

His fatal attachment for Queen Caroline in early life, is well known; and his duel with Mr. Canning, another ardent admirer of that fascinating, though unfortunate Princess. Hence his Majesty George IV. could naturally never abide him.

King William IV. was passionately fond of him. When Lord Brougham was Chancellor, he and his Sovereign corresponded regularly by the post: both shed tears when obliged to part, especially Lord Brougham, whose susceptible nature has, perhaps, never recovered the shock since.

But it is as a literary man that we are called upon to judge him; and as such he has been at every thing. "His lordship is a bird that has hopped upon every branch of the tree of knowledge," as Goethe observes; as Mr. S—m—I R—g—rs remarks, rather coarsely, he has been at every thing in the literary way, from p—tch and t—ss to mansl—ghter. A politician, a theologian, an historian; on classics, optics, physics, metaphysics, he has wrote, and with unbounded applause. All his works are to be had on all these subjects, and at immensely reduced prices.

He is a corresponding member of three hundred and ninety-

six philosophical societies. He is the inventor of the Brougham carriages, for which every man that uses a cab may thank him. In fact, an equestrian statue of him is to be set up in St. Martin's-lane, in a Brougham carriage, as soon as any body will subscribe for the purpose.

Coming to London with nothing on but a common stuff gown, he rose himself to be Lord Chancellor—a lasting monument of genius ! He is a member of the Beef-steak Club, which he founded in conjunction with Mr. Wilberforce.

He is equally distinguished in France (about which country, its capital, Paris, and its people, Messrs. Saunders and Ottley have just published a remarkable work). In France he is a member of the National Institute, and also Drum-Major of the National Guards. King Louis Philippe has had a portrait of him put up at Versailles. He has in that country a château at Cannæ, where Bonaparte landed, and where Cannibal the Carthaginian was defeated by Scipio (no doubt another African) in the Roman service ; and there he cultivates the olive branches which he is in the habit of presenting to King Louis Philippe and our gracious Sovereign.

Lord Brougham, unlike other great men, has no envy, no uncharitableness ; no desire to get his neighbours' places, or to oust his friends. Indeed, his very enemies admire him more than any body else ; and, can there be a greater proof of his disinterestedness ? There is no truth in the report that, jealous of Mr. Macready's popularity, he proposed to take an opposition theatre, and play the principal tragic parts there. His talents are not dramatic. He once wrote a little comedy of intrigue, called "The Queen has done it All," but it was miserably hissed off the stage. And finally, to speak of him as a literary man, he has been so constant a contributor to *Punch*, and has supplied the inimitable H.B. with so many designs, that every lover of humour must admire him.

BROWN, SIR THOMAS.—I know nothing of this titled gent, except that he is secretary of the Society of Baronets of England, of which I know nothing too. This society, or this secretary, has discovered the rank of Baronetess, the right of the Baronets to wear the Ulster Badge, and what is called the collar of SS.

Sir Thomas Brown has wrote a book upon the above interesting subject, which brings him into our literary category

and which, whenever her Gracious Majesty shall please to call me to the order, I shall read with pleasure.

It is not generally known, that when the meeting of Baronets applied to our beloved Sovereign for permission to wear the collar of SS., she graciously granted the privilege, with the addition of A (the first letter in the alphabet) to be worn before the SS in question. I have not heard whether the collars have as yet been worn ; but—speaking of Baronets—come naturally, as well as alphabetically, to the celebrated

EDWARD, EARL LYTTON BULWER, who is the next noble on my proud list of fame. As an Earl—and his title was actually conferred upon him at his baptism—he could not sit in the House of Commons, and therefore relinquished the vain rank of an hereditary aristocracy to serve his country in Parliament, which he did as member for Liskeard. He was made a Baronet for his services there ; in compliment to which he wrote his eminent work, “*The Last of the Baronets.*” Messrs. Saunders and Ottley will, I dare say, be happy to supply any of my readers with a copy of that performance at the usual moderate charge.

Sir Edward’s labours as an author have been multivarious. He has written history, poetry, romance, criticism, politics, the drama. He has had detractors—what great man has not ? I can speak myself from bitter experience ; but as long as he can get his present price, which I have no doubt is a guinea per page per novel, I think he may afford to laugh at envy. There’s many a gent, I know, would undergo a deal of similar persecution for a precious deal less money.

Among the celebrated authors in this family may be also mentioned His Excellency Lord Henry Bulwer, the Ambassador to Madrid, whose work on Paris and the Parisians is, however, altogether inferior to a late work, published by Messrs. Saunders and Ottley ; viz. “*Paris and its People;*” and which that admirable journal, the *Morning Herald*, says is to be found on every Englishman’s bookshelf.

The English reader having it on his shelf, of course there is no need to recommend him (unless he wishes to present it to a friend) to purchase another copy, which he is at liberty to do. The rest of Europe, however, had better give their orders early, as above. And this information, I believe, is all that I have to give of the celebrated author of “*Pelham,*”

"England and the English," &c. In person, I may add, he is stout and swarthy. He wears a blue coat and brass buttons; boots named after the celebrated Prussian partisan, Prince Blucher; silver spectacles, and drab trousers, very much crumpled at the knees. He is about sixty-nine years of age, and lives in Tibbald's Row, Holborn—at least a gent going into a chambers there was pointed out to me as this above-named pride of our country.

MEDICAL EDUCATION COMMISSION.

QUESTIONS FOR CIRCULATION AMONG MEDICAL STUDENTS.

1. What are the comparative attractions of an evening lecture, and an evening at the Grecian Saloon?
2. How many beds can a ward contain without inconvenience to the patients, and how many students may assemble in a nurse's room without the interference of the matron?
3. What amount of medical knowledge is derived from a pot of half-and-half?
4. Scientifically speaking, what are the advantages of a game at billiards over an anatomical demonstration?
5. Practically speaking, what are the odds in favour of a student who spends his mornings in bed, and his evenings in the neighbourhood of Bow-street, passing the College of Surgeons?
6. What treatment is prescribed for the boy who cleans the boots, when he comes into a student's apartment (the said student entertaining a party of friends) with a message from the landlady to make less noise?
7. With what velocity can said boy be made to descend three pair of stairs?

MICHAELMAS TERM—LEGAL EXAMINATION.

INTRODUCTORY QUESTIONS.

Q. MENTION some of the principal law books which you have studied?—**A.** Hoyle's Laws of Whist, Cribbage, &c. The Rules of the Cricket Club; ditto of the Jockey Club.

Q. Have you attended any, and what law lectures?—**A.** I have attended to many legal lectures, when I have been

admonished by police magistrates for kicking up rows in the streets, pulling off knockers, &c.

COMMON LAW.

Q. What is a real action?—*A.* An action brought in earnest, and not by way of a joke.

Q. What are original writs?—*A.* Pothooks and hangers.

EQUITY AND CONVEYANCING.

Q. What are a bill and answer.—*A.* Ask my tailor.

Q. How would you file a bill?—*A.* I don't know, but would lay a case before a blacksmith.

Q. What steps would you take to dissolve an injunction?—*A.* I should put it into some very hot water, and let it remain there until it was melted.

Q. What are post-nuptial articles?—*A.* Children.

CRIMINAL LAW AND BANKRUPTCY.

Q. What is simple larceny?—*A.* Picking a pocket of a handkerchief, and leaving a purse of money behind.

Q. What is grand larceny?—*A.* The Income-tax.

Q. How would you proceed to make a man a bankrupt?—*A.* Induce him to take one of the national theatres.

Q. How is the property of a bankrupt disposed of?—*A.* The solicitor to the fiat, and the other legal functionaries, divide it amongst themselves.

MEDICAL HINTS.

WHEN troubled with the headache pay a visit to a Union workhouse, which will transfer the affection to your heart. Next read through the last number of PUNCH, and the ache will first be driven to your sides, and as soon as the remedy has operated, will be expelled altogether.

A large appetite is an alarming symptom; it is a precursor of consumption. Take a sheet of white paper, whereupon set down, in a column, your rent, land-tax, window-tax, poor's-rate, church-rate, water-rate, and your other rates and taxes, not forgetting your income-tax. To these add your butcher's bill, baker's bill, tailor's bill, and other bills, particularly any bill that you may have accepted, and which is on the point of

coming due. Add up and contemplate the sum total, which will very probably take away your appetite.

Somnolency may be removed by involving yourself in a Chancery suit endangering your whole property. So long as your case remains undecided, you will have little disposition to sleep.

A dry skin results from obstruction in the pores. If ablation and abstersion fail to relieve you, and running a mile in a great-coat prove ineffectual, write an after-piece, and get it played for the first time on some night when the theatre is sure to be full. Go in with the public when the doors open, and wedge yourself into the middle of the pit. You will soon have no occasion to complain of a dry skin.

TO POLITICAL WRITERS,

AND TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES" IN PARTICULAR.

MR. SOLOMONS begs to announce to reporters of newspapers, that he has constructed, at a very great expense, several sets of new glasses, which will enable the wearer to see as small or as great a number of auditors, at public conferences and political meetings, as may suit his purpose. Mr. Solomons has also invented a new kind of ear-trumpet, which will enable a reporter to hear only such portions of an harangue as may be in accordance with his political bias; or should there be nothing uttered by any speaker that may suit his purpose, these ear-trumpets will change the sounds of words and the construction of sentences in such a way as to be incontrovertible, although every syllable should be diverted from its original meaning and intention. They have also the power of larding a speech with "loud cheers," or "strong disapprobation."

These valuable inventions have been in use for some years by Mr. Solomons' respected friend, the editor of the *Times*; but no publicity has been given to them, until Mr. S. had completely tested their efficacy. He has now much pleasure in subjoining, for the information of the public, the following letter, of the authenticity of which Mr. S. presumes no one can entertain a doubt.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

It is with much pleasure that I am enabled, my dear Solo-

mons, to give my humble testimony in favour of your new political glasses and ear-trumpet. By their invaluable aid I have been enabled, for some years, to see and hear just what suited my purpose. I have recommended them to my *protégé*, Sir Robert Peel, who has already tried the glasses, and, I am happy to state, does not see quite so many objections to a fixed duty as he did before using these wonderful illuminators. The gallant Sibthorp (at my recommendation) carried one of your ear-trumpets to the House on Friday last, and states that he heard his honoured leader declare, "that the Colonel was the only man who ought to be Premier—after himself."

If these testimonials are of any value to you, publish them by all means, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,
JOHN WALTER.

Printing House Square.

Mr. S. begs to state, that though magnifying and diminishing glasses are no novelty, yet his invention is the only one to suit the interest of parties without principle.

LITERARY RECIPES.

THE following invaluable literary recipes have been most kindly forwarded by the celebrated Ude. They are the produce of many years' intense study, and, we must say, the very best things of the sort we have ever met with. There is much delicacy in M. Ude leaving it to us, as to whether the communication should be anonymous. We think not, as the peculiarity of the style would at once establish the talented authorship, and, therefore, attempted concealment would be considered as the result of a too morbidly modest feeling.

HOW TO COOK UP A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.—Take a consummate puppy—M. P's preferable (as they are generally the softest, and don't require much pressing)—baste with self-conceit—stuff with slang—season with maudlin sentiment—hash up with a popular publisher—simmer down with preparatory advertisements. Add six reams of gilt-edged paper—grate in a thousand quills—garnish with marble covers, and morocco backs and corners. Stir up with magazine puffs—skim off sufficient for preface. Shred scraps of French and

small-talk very fine. Add “superfine coats”—“satin stocks”—“bouquets”—“opera-boxes”—“a duel”—an elopement—St. George’s Church—silver bride favours—eight footmen—four postillions—the like number of horses—a “dredger” of smiles—some filtered tears—half-mourning for a dead uncle (the better if he has a twitch in his nose), and serve with anything that will bear “frittering.”

A SENTIMENTAL DITTO. (*By the same Author.*)—Take a young lady—dress her in blue ribbons—sprinkle with innocence, spring flowers, and primroses. Procure a Baronet (a Lord if in season); if not, a depraved “younger son”—trim him with écarté, rouge et noir, Epsom, Derby, and a slice of Crockford’s. Work up with rustic cottage, an aged father, blind mother, and little brothers and sisters in brown holland pinasfores. Introduce mock abduction—strong dose of virtue and repentance. Serve up with village church—happy parent—delighted daughter—reformed rake—blissful brothers—siren sisters—and perfect *dénouement*.

N.B. Season with perspective christening and postponed epitaph.

A STARTLING ROMANCE.—Take a small boy, charity, factory, carpenter’s apprentice, or otherwise, as occasion may serve—stew him well down in vice—garnish largely with oaths and flash songs—boil him in a cauldron of crime and improbabilities. Season equally with good and bad qualities—infuse petty larceny, affection, benevolence, and burglary, honour and housebreaking, amiability and arson—boil all gently. Stew down a mad mother—a gang of robbers—several pistols—a bloody knife. Serve up with a couple of murders—and season with a hanging-match.

N.B. Alter the ingredients to a beadle and a workhouse—the scenes may be the same, but the whole flavour of vice will be lost, and the boy will turn out a perfect pattern.—Strongly recommended for weak stomachs.

AN HISTORICAL DITTO.—Take a young man six feet high—mix up with a horse—draw a squire from his father’s estate (the broad-shouldered and loquacious are the best sort)—prepare both for potting (that is, exporting). When abroad,

introduce a well-pounded Saracen—a foreign princess—stew down a couple of dwarfs and a conquered giant—fill two sauce tureens with a prodigious ransom. Garnish with garlands and dead Turks. Serve up with a royal marriage and cloth of gold.

A NARRATIVE.—Take a distant village—follow with high-road—introduce and boil down pecciar, gut his pack, and cut his throat—hang him up by the heels—when done enough, let his brother cut him down—get both into a stew—pepper the real murderer—grill the innocent for a short time—then take them off, and put delinquents in their place (these can scarcely be broiled too much, and a strong fire is particularly recommended). When real perpetrators are *done*, all is complete.

If the parties have been poor, serve up with mint sauce, and the name of the enriched sufferer.

EGERTON MS.

MR. PUNCH,—It is not necessary to eat the whole of a leg of mutton to be sure that it is tainted; but the same test cannot always by analogy be applied to an author's work. Before you passed judgment on the “New Edition of Shakspeare's Works,” you should have waited a little longer. Had you seen *Hamlet*, you would, doubtless, have thought more highly of the Egerton MS.

Surely the following sample of its merits would have changed the tone of your criticism:—

“KING—Let the Kettle to the trumpet speak.”—Act V.

So, in all the editions—no one of the commentators presuming to touch it—a blunder in the text so palpable, especially when ascribed to the Poet of Nature. Well, what says the Egerton MS.? Why, with irrefragable truth, it reads:

“Let the Kettle to the Trumpet sing;”

adding, “a kettle *sings*, but it never *speaks!*”—Eg. MS. Let PUNCH maintain his ancient character, and give the *devil* his due.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ARMS.—Among the items of extravagance for the past year is one of 55*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* for altering

the Prince of Wales's Arms. We presume this must refer to the necessary enlargement of the sleeves of all His Royal Highness's frocks. It is a curious fact, that as the sleeve comes down only an inch below the shoulder, His Royal Highness is literally out at elbows.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE OPERA-DANCER (*H. capernicus*—CERITOE).

So decidedly does this animal belong to the Bimana order of beings, that to his two legs he is indebted for existence. Most of his fellow bipeds live by the work of their hands, except indeed the feathered and tailor tribes, who live by their bills; but from his thighs, calves, ankles, and toes, does the opera-dancer derive subsistence for the less important portions of his anatomy.

Physiology.—The body, face, and arms of the opera-dancer present no peculiarities above the rest of his species; and it is to his lower extremities alone that we must look for distinguishing features. As our researches extend downwards from head to foot, the first thing that strikes us is a protuberance of the ante-occipital membranes, so great as to present a back view that describes two sides of a scalene triangle, the apex of which projects posteriorly nearly half way down the figure. That a due equilibrium may be preserved in this difficult position (technically called "the first"), the toes are turned out so as to form a right angle with the lower leg. Thus, in walking, this curious being presents a mass of animated straight lines that have an equal variety of inclination to a bundle of rods carelessly tied up, or to Signor Paganini when afflicted with the lumbago.

Habits.—The habits of the opera-dancer vary according as we see him in public or in private life. On the stage he is all spangles and activity; off the stage, seediness and decrepitude are his chief characteristics. It is usual for him to enter upon his public career with a tremendous bound and a hat and feathers. After standing upon one toe, he raises its fellow up to a line with his nose, and turns round until the applause comes, even if that be delayed for several minutes. He then cuts six, and shuffles up to a female of his species, who being his sweetheart (in the ballet), has been looking savage envy

at him and spiteful indignation at the audience on account of the applause, which ought to have been reserved for her own capering—to come. When it does, she throws up her arms and steps upon tiptoe about three paces, looking exactly like a crane with a sore heel. Making her legs into a pair of compasses, she describes a circle in the air with one great toe upon a pivot formed with the other; then bending down so that her very short petticoat makes a “cheese” upon the ground, spreads out both arms to the *roués* in the stalls, who understand the signal, and cry “*Brava! brava! !*” Rising, she turns her back to display her gauze *jupe élastique*, which is always exceedingly *bonfante*: expectorating upon the stage as she retires. She thus makes way for her lover, who, being her professional rival, she invariably detests.

It is singular that in private life the habits of the animal differ most materially according to its sex. The male sometimes keeps an academy and a kit fiddle, but the domestic relations of the female remain a profound mystery; and although Professors Tom Duncombe, Count D'Orsay, Chesterfield, and several other eminent Italian-operatic-natural historians, have spent immense fortunes in an ardent pursuit of knowledge in this branch of science, they have as yet afforded the world but a small modicum of information. Perhaps what they *have* learned is not of a nature to be made public.

Moral Characteristics.—None.

Reproduction.—The offspring of opera-dancers are not, as is sometimes supposed, born with wings; the truth is that these cherubim are frequently attached by their backs to copper wires, and made to represent flying angels in fairy dramas; and those appendages; as far from being natural, are supplied by the property-man, together with the wreaths of artificial flowers which each Liliputian divinity upholds.

Sustenance.—All opera-dancers are decidedly omnivorous. Their appetite is immense; quantity and (for most of them come from France), not quality, is what they chiefly desire. When not dining at their own expense, they eat all they can, and pocket the rest. Indeed, a celebrated sylphide—unsurpassed for the graceful airiness of her evolutions—has been known to make the sunflower in the last scene bend with the additional weight of a roast pig, an apple pie, and sixteen

omelettes soufflées—drink, including porter, in proportion. Various philosophers have endeavoured to account for this extraordinary digestive capacity ; but some of their arguments are unworthy of the science they otherwise adorn. For example, it has been said that the great exertions to which the dancer is subject demand a corresponding amount of nutriment, and that the copious transudation superinduced thereby requires proportionate supplies of suction ; while, in point of fact, if such theorists had studied their subject a little closer, they would have found these unbounded appetites accounted for upon the most simple and conclusive ground ; it is clear that, as most opera-dancers' lives are passed in a *pirouette*, they must naturally have enormous twists !

The geographical distribution of opera-dancers is extremely well defined, as their names implies ; for they most do congregate wherever an opera-house exists. Some, however, descend to the non-lyric drama, and condescended to "illustrate" the plays of Shakspeare. It is said that the classical manager of Drury Lane Theatre has secured a company of them to help the singers he has engaged to perform Richard the Third, Coriolanus, and other historical plays.

MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE.

THE demand for hands has been flat. Rings have been heavy, and so were not fingered. Acceptances were at a discount—offers fluctuating. "Yes's" were in plenty, but no takers. Kisses were literally showered on new visitors. Hearts that were to be had for love went off unsteadily, and, in some cases, at considerable risk ; those with high interest eagerly sought for, though, in many cases, at a great risk to happiness.

Banns might have been had with asking for ; but licences kept their prices—there were very few transactions in this stock. Smiles and squeezes were unchangeable at par, and one gentleman who speculated boldly in foot touches, met with favourable returns. Sighs latterly were heavy, but small-talk continued brisk throughout the season. Bright eyes looked up occasionally, but soon fell again. Though business continued to be done in blushes, silly looks were not

in demand ; but free-and-easies rose to a high premium, and drove genuine modesty almost out of the market.

Maternal frowns were in considerable quantities, and prevented, it is thought, many imprudent bargains from being finally settled. Scandle kept its usual high ground ; and more transactions occurred in that line than in the three others put together. Serenades—particularly of



WIND INSTRUMENTS,

were in great demand during the equinox. Slights were complained of by many dealers. On the whole, at the close of the season and markets, the single per cents. were not much reduced, as compared with the proceedings of former years ; and there was a sluggishness in even improper flirtations, which had no doubt its share in casting a gloom and monotony over the general course of the Exchange.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"Is this a liberty?"

"Yes."

"Then let me have the last number of Hemily Fitz-Hosborn."

It is not true that the hero of Sir E. L. Bulwer's new novel is, as usual, a portraiture of himself. The report arose from a notion that the title of the work is the Italian form of the word "Zany," or "Za-niny."

We learnt, while having our hair cut at Truefitt's the other day, that that illustrious dealer in fictitious hair had received an immense order from Boz, originating in his desire to gratify the seventeen thousand American young ladies who had honoured him with applications for locks from his caput. Two ships have been chartered to convey the sentimental cargo, and will start from the London Docks on the first day of April.

Inspector Jones, of the Q division has nearly completed

his work on "the right of search." The extensive knowledge he has acquired on this subject at the station-house, warrants us in supposing his works will completely settle the differences now unhappily existing between the cabinets of England and France in this delicate matter.

It is with pleasure we announce that a new and spirited translation of the tragedies of Euripides may be shortly expected, from the pen of the dramatist to the Eagle Tavern. His intimate connexion with the Grecian Saloon eminently fits him for the classical task.

The new and elaborate theory "On the Differential Calculus, founded on Newton's method of prime and ultimate ratios, with a few words on the residual analysis and vanishing fractions," is not by Lady Morgan.

WERE YOU EVER in Holland? Yes; when I wore pinafores.



FLYING DUTCHMAN.

AWFUL CASE OF SMASHING!—FRIGHTFUL NEGLIGENCE OF THE POLICE.—Feargus O'Conner passed his word last week at the London Tavern.

BOB BARRINGER'S BEST.

WELL, reader, we don't know whether you knew Bob Barringer or not; if you did, you must have heard our story from him; if not, we shall have the pleasure of enlightening you. In any case, Bob was six feet two of as ugly humanity as you'd wish to knock up the good looks of a double quadrille. But Bob was a staunch, three-bottle man—an old soldier, a traveller, and, like most of that kidney, one who had "seen strange sights," of which Bob chiefly delighted to relate the following:—

" You see, lads, when I was in the West Indies, I saw many queer things—things you'd little expect : black niggers, and sharks, and oceans of land-crabs that will eat the toes of you out of your boots—and, for the matter of that, pick their teeth with your spurs, as I've often witnessed. But rum beasts as they are, they are nothing to the birds—especially them cockatoos ; for you must know, boys, you that haven't been there, that in the West Indies they've whole powers of parrots and parroquets and the devil knows what, instead of the sparrows and chaffinches, and tomits you see hopping about here. Well, one morning I took a stroll into the skirts of the wood ; and as I was walking along, thinking of nothing, but just smoking a real Havanna, who should come up but Luke Rion, that formerly belonged to the dirty Irish, but joined ours just before we sailed ; so I gave him the time of day, and he, as a matter of course, said, ' How d'ye do, Bob Barringer'—as I was always called Bob, though I believe I was christened Robert—"How d'ye do, Bob Barringer?" says he ; and then we both diverged different ways, and no more we said. Well, I had a mighty nice walk ; and about a week after I took the same little turn again ; and just at the very spot, as plain as you please, out comes the same question, ' How d'ye do, Bob Barringer?' Well, I looked round naturally to make answer, but divil a ha'porth of Luke Rion could I clap eyes on. ' It's hiding you are, Luke,' says I, ' and much good may it do you.' 'How d'ye do, Barringer?' screamed out about a thousand voices. You may think I stared at that ; but again and again I heard the question, and not a Christian to be seen ; at last I looked up in the air, and then among all the branches of the trees I saw such a squad of cockatoos and macaws as bothered me out of my parts of speech ; but here's the wonder,—them things was in the wood when Luke gave me the time of day, and every mother's son of 'em recollected me and my name, and from that hour till the one I left I never went to the place without the whole set of them singing out like mad, ' How d'ye do, Bob Barringer?'" "Fusbos."

CONS BY OUR OWN COLONEL.—Why is a loud laugh in the House of Commons like Napoleon Buonaparte?—Because it's an *M. P.* roar (an Emperoar).

Why is a person getting rheumatic like one locking a cupboard-door?—Because he's turning *achy* (a key).

Why is one-and-six-pence like an aversion to coppers?—Because its *hating pence* (eighteen pence).

EXTRAORDINARY INQUEST.

An unfortunate man was found dead with a copy of *Punch* in his hand. It was proved that he had been reading a Number of that publication, when he was seized with a fit of laughter, followed by a splitting of the sides, which soon terminated fatally. Medical aid was immediately called in, and the sufferer was wrapped in sheets of the *Morning Herald*, which are generally recommended in such cases as equal to wet blankets; but the unhappy subscriber gave his last laugh, and expired with a convulsive grin upon every feature. A long investigation took place as to the treatment the patient had been submitted to, and the coroner thought that if the application of the *Herald* had been earlier, it might have saved the man's life; while some of the jurors seemed to think that if the particular Number resorted to was one in which Grandmama had been pathetic on the Income Tax, strong hysterics and violent cachinnatory exhaustion must have ensued rapidly. The jury, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of *Justifiable Split-the-side*, with a deodand of threepence on the number of *Punch* that occasioned the accident.

The proprietors pay for the funeral, provide for the widow, and will bring up all the children.



PAYING THE PIPER.

CONNUBIAL HOOKS-AND-EYES.

MR. PUNCH, I married Simcox eight years ago ; at which time my gowns were fastened by eight hooks and eyes. Now, Sir, you will readily conceive that no woman can completely hook-and-eye herself. Whilst a spinster, she obtains the aid of her sister, cousin, mother, or Betty the maid. When she becomes a married woman, the hook-and-eye duty naturally devolves upon the husband.



HUSBANDRY.

For the first year of my marriage, Simcox, like an affectionate husband, hooked-and-eyed the whole eight : the second year, he somewhat peevishly restricted his attentions to seven ; the third, to six ; the fourth, to five ; the fifth, to four ; and so on decreasing, until this morning—the anniversary of our eighth wedding-day—when you would have supposed him possessed by the dearest and fondest recollections, he dropped another hook-and-eye, intimating to me, that for the term of his natural life he should restrict himself to one—the hook and-eye at the top !

As I know, Mr. Punch, you have a crowd of female readers, I thought it a duty I owed to my sex to warn them, through the medium of your columns, of the craftiness, and—I must say it—the selfishness of man. They will, I hope, take warning by my condition, and, ere they enter matrimony, stipulate for a due performance of toilette attention on the part of their husbands. Whilst in our pride we women remember that marriage has its bonds, let not the men forget that it has also its *Hooks-and-Eyes*.

Yours, AMELIA SIMCOX.

RELATIVE GENTILITY.—Two ladies of St. Giles's disputing lately on the respectability of each other's family, concluded the debate in the following way :—“ Mrs. Doyle, ma'am, I'd have you know that I've an uncle a *bannister* of

the law." "Much about your *bannister*," retorted Mrs. Doyle; "haven't I a first cousin a *corridor* in the navy?"

HINTS TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

TO HUSBANDS.

KEEP up the practice of reading the paper during the whole of breakfast time; of allowing yourself to be spoken to half-a-dozen times before you answer, and then of asking your wife what it was that she said. Upon her telling you, make some reply that is nothing to the purpose, as if you were thinking of something else.

Having been out over night at an evening party, which your wife was prevented from going to by indisposition, entertain her the next morning by a minute description of the young lady you danced with, descanting on every point as enthusiastically as possible.

Take frequent opportunities of praising features and personal peculiarities which are as different as possible from your wife's. For instance if she has blue eyes, say how you like black; if dark hair, how much you admire light; if she is tall, remark that you prefer a moderate height; and if short, be constantly quoting Byron, to the effect that you "hate a dumpy woman."

Some wives are very particular about their fenders. Should this be the case with yours, always use it for your footstool. When fresh drugget has been laid down on the stairs, particularly if it is a rainy day, invariably forget to scrape your shoes.

Discover, frequently, on a cold raw morning, that the room is close, and insist on having the windows open. On the other hand, be as often, during the height of the dog-days, affected with a chilliness, which shall oblige you to keep them shut.

Very often order dinner punctually at five, and very seldom come home till a quarter to six. Occasionally, however, return at the appointed hour, and, not finding things ready, complain that you are never attended to.

If your fish, your joint, or your vegetables, should happen accidentally to be a little under or over done, never smother your disappointment like some people, but express it as

markedly as you can, and remain in an ill humour for the rest of the evening. Be never quite satisfied with what is set before you ; but, if possible, find some fault with every dish ; or if not, quarrel with the arrangements of the table. If you can find nothing else to grumble at, think of something that you would have liked better than what has been got for you, and say so.

Wives occasionally make pies and puddings, with a view to a little approbation. Never bestow this, on any account ; but always say you wished these things were left to the cook.

Knowing that there is nothing but cold meat in the house, bring home, every now and then, half-a-dozen men, unexpectedly, to take pot-luck with you. Your wife will probably sit at table flurried and uncomfortable ; in which case, amuse them by joking at her expense.

Should you chance, after dinner, to be affected by a slight drowsiness, never resist it because your wife wishes to chat with you : do not mind her, but go quietly to sleep.

When you have an evening party at your house, come home to dress just as the company is beginning to arrive.

Should you find yourself at eleven o'clock at night among a set of bachelor friends, and be offered a cigar, always stay and smoke it, and another after it if you like, and, if you please, another after that ; in fact, as many as you find agreeable ; never troubling yourself for an instant about keeping your wife and the servants up.

In short, on all occasions consult studiously your own inclinations, and indulge, without the least restriction, your every whim and caprice ; but never regard your wife's feelings at all ; still less make the slightest allowance for any weakness or peculiarity of her character ; and your home will assuredly be as happy as you deserve that it should be.

MY WIFE'S DIARY.

KNOW, PUNCH, I am a married man. Yesterday I found a little note-book in the passage. It turned out, on inspection, to be my wife's ; and to contain—what think you ?—a journal ; which that woman has been keeping, I dare say, ever since our marriage. The ensuing is an extract therefrom. *Punch*, you are a gentleman ; and, therefore, I hope you will

insert it. If you were a lady, indeed, I imagine you hardly would ; besides, I should wish no lady to take a leaf out of my wife's book. Here, however, sir, is one, at your service :—

“ *Sunday.*—Charles out *late* last night ; not up this morning till *twelve* : breakfast not over till *one*. Wished *particularly* to go to *church* ; my new lilac bonnet with pink trimmings came home yesterday. Couldn't *go*, of *course*. The Walkers and the Hutchinses there, and *all* ! Very *angry* with Charles ; wouldn't *talk* to him at *dinner* : went up afterwards into the *dressing-room*, and there sat by *myself*. When I came down again found him smoking and reading the paper. That Edwards called this evening. Knew Charles would ask him to stay to supper. Slipped out directly after *tea* ; locked the *larder*, and took the key of the *cellar*, and went to *bed* : hope they were *comfortable* !

Monday.—Charles very *cross* this morning about *last night* ; but coaxed him over, and made him promise me that dear *shawl*. Paid for *week's housekeep*. *Mem.*—to get those open-work *stockings*. Charles out at half-past ten—Mrs. Saunders called. How well she manages Saunders ! *Mem.*—not to forget her hint about the *save in sugar*. Charles home again, for a wonder, at four ; said he had been for a walk with Bradshaw. Steaks for dinner. Charles never asked me what *cut* I would like ; contradicted me about the horse-radish, when I knew I was *right* ; and would eat spring onions with his cream-cheese when I told him *not*.

Tuesday.—Charles up in his little room, writing all day. Went out shopping with Susan and the baby. Ordered the *brown sugar* instead of the *lump*, and put by the difference for *sundries*. Got the dear *shawl*. Met the *WELLESSES*, and heard that *Mr.* Charles was seen yesterday at the *Pantheon* ; what did he want *there* I should like to know ? (*Mem.*—to *find out*). After dinner (shoulder of mutton), Charles reading. Baby cried. Charles wanted it sent upstairs : how *very unreasonable*!—the poor dear was teething—wouldn't *hear* of such a thing. Charles went out in a *tiff*, and never came home again till *two* in the *morning*. Said he had been kept up talking over *business*. Business indeed ! His eyes were *so red*, and he smelt so *dreadfully* of cigars ! The cold shoulder of mutton for *you*, sir, *to-morrow* !

Wednesday.—My Lord wanted *soda-water* this morning. In his tantrums at breakfast, because there were no *bloaters*.—Went out directly after. Asked him if he was going to the *Pantheon*?—took no notice:—oh, I am afraid he is very sly! Ordered the *cold shoulder* and *no rice-pudding* to-day; bought the stockings. Home came Charles to dinner with a friend; so vexed about the bill of fare: serve him right!

Thursday.—Charles away again early, told me not to wait for him. Nice lamb chops, *all alone*, at two. Charles back at half-past twelve; saw a *play-bill* hanging out of his pocket: and taxed him; when he admitted he had been to Drury Lane, Why couldn't he have taken *me*?

Friday.—He wanted half-a-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, and gave *me* the *money* for them. Got him *four*—quite enough for him. Bought a *nice cardinal*. Saw such a *love* of a work-box in a shop in Regent Street—five guineas!—oh, how my fingers itched for it. Charles this afternoon in a good humour; gave him a broad hint about the *work-box*. I shall get it.

Saturday.—Charles scolding this morning about his *wristbands* which had no *buttons*. Sewed them on *myself*, and pacified him. Asked him if he would like to *dine out* to-day; said, No; how *provoking*! for I wanted to spend the day at Mrs. Hopkins's. Had a few words about the mutton, whether it should be *boiled* or *roast*: but thought it best to *give way*. Surprised him at dinner with *College dumplings*—my own making. Mixed him a nice glass of *brandy and water* afterwards. *Got the work-box.*"

There, *Punch*. I am already your debtor for many a good joke; increase the obligation by one more; that of letting me show my wife the above in print. I am, &c.,

BENEDICTUS.

ON THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF THORWALDSEN'S STATUE
OF BYRON

FROM THE CELLAR OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

THORWALDSEN's work has disappeared,
Where could the sculptur'd BYRON go?
The Custom-House at length is clear'd,
The statue's not in *statu quo*.

Perchance the treatment it had met,
 Down in a cellar rudely thrown—
 (Such treatment genius ne'er had yet !)
 At last has moved the very stone.

PAS DE DEUX.—We read that Fanny Elssler is announced both at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, to appear on the same night. We cannot make this out—unless it is, as Sibthorpe tells us, that Fanny is going to dance *in two pieces*.

A QUEER REFLECTION.—There is an old maid in Russel Square who has such a singular *cast in her eye*, that every time she looks at herself in the glass, she sees a perfect Venus de Medicis.

NOVUM ORGANUM.

THE following paragraph, in the account of the Tooley Street Fire, has been going the round of the papers :

“ It is rather singular that the church was infested by a *hoard* of a peculiar species of rats. They were completely black, closely resembling moles, and had been so for a number of years. During the raging of the fire, they were to be seen running about in all directions, and they were even heard to get on the organ and *sound it*, by so frequently running over it in their fright.”

PUNCH wishes to know who *blew the bellows* ?

WANTED, by an aged Lady, of a very nervous temperament, a Professor, who will undertake to mesmerise all the organs in her Street.—Salary so much *per Organ*.

REGARDING THE ROYAL GEORGE BILLIARD-TABLE.

The humble Petition of Mr. Punch.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY :

Although of a humble stock, and although my wife, Madam Judy, has not been presented at your Majesty's

court, yet we humbly declare that the whole court doth not contain two more loyal and duteous subjects.

May it please your Majesty, we are very old ; we have been in the custom of mixing for centuries past with every class of the people of this kingdom, and we are enemies to no manner of sport wherewith they amuse themselves.

Billiards, among others, is a good sport. It has the privilege of uniting many honourable gentlemen daily together of the army, of the universities, and of the swell mob, at the watering-places. It has the eminent merit of leading to the detection of many rogues and swindlers ; it keeps many ingenuous markers, brandy-merchants, and soda-water venders in honourable maintenance, and is a great aid and patron of the tobacco trade, thereby vastly increasing the revenues of your Majesty's Government.

With that sport then we are far from quarrelling. But there is for this and for all other games a time and place. Thus in the late Mr. Hogarth's facetious print (I knew the gentleman very well) the Beadle is represented as caning "the Idle Apprentice" for playing at marbles—no, not for playing at marbles, but playing on a gravestone during Sunday service. In like manner, were I to set up my show before St. James's Church during service hours, or under your Majesty's triumphal arch at Pimlico, or in the Bishop of London's drawing-room—it is likely, not that the Beadle would cane me, for that I would resist, but that persons in blue habiliments, oil-skin hatted, white-lettered, and pewter-buttoned—policemen in a word, would carry me before one of your Majesty's Justices of the Peace. My crime would be, not the performance of my tragedy of "Punch"—but its performance in an improper manner and time.

Ah, Madam ! Take this apologue into your royal consideration, and recollect that as is Punch and Marbles so are BILLIARDS.

They too may be played at a wrong place. If it is wrong to play at marbles on a tombstone, is it just to play at billiards on a coffin—an indifferent coffin—anybody's coffin ? Is such a sport quite just, feeling, decorous, and honourable ?

Perhaps your Majesty is not aware, what the wreck of the Royal George really is. Sixty years ago its fate made no small sensation. Eight hundred gallant men, your Royal

Grandfather's subjects, went down to death in that great ship. The whole realm of England was stirred and terrified by their awful fate—the clergy spoke of it from their pulpits—the greatest poet then alive wrote one of the noblest ballads in our language, which as long as the language will endure, shall perpetuate the melancholy story. Would your Majesty wish Mr. Thomas Campbell to continue the work of Mr. William Cowper, and tell what has *now* become of the wreck? Lo! it is a billiard-table, over which his Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville may be knocking about red balls and yellow—or his Serenity, the Prince of Hohenzollen Sigmaringen may be caramboling with his coat off. Ah, Madame! may your royal fingers never touch a cue; it is a losing hazard that you will play at that board.

The papers say there is somewhere engraved in copper on the table, "a suitable inscription." What is it? I fancy it might run thus:—

" THIS BILLIARD TABLE IS FORMED OF PART OF THE TIMBERS
OF THE ROYAL GEORGE MAN-OF-WAR, OF 100 GUNS,
WHICH WENT DOWN ON THE 29TH AUGUST 1782.
EIGHT HUNDRED SEAMEN PERISHED ON BOARD,
IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY AND THEIR KING.
HONOUR BE TO THE BRAVE WHO DIE IN SUCH A SERVICE.

AS A FITTING MARK OF HER SENSE OF THESE BRAVE MEN'S MISFORTUNES,
AS A TESTIMONY OF SYMPATHY FOR THEIR FATE,
AS AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO ENGLISHMEN
TO BRAVE THEIR LIVES IN SIMILAR PERILS,
IN HOPES THAT FUTURE SOVEREIGNS
MAY AWARD THEM SIMILAR DELICATE SYMPATHY;
ABOVE ALL, AS A STERN MONUMENT
OF THE VANITY OF MILITARY GLORY,
THE USELESSNESS OF AMBITION,
AND THE FOLLY OF FIDELITY,
WHICH EXPECTS ANY REWARD BUT ITSELF,
HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA,
HAS GRACIOUSLY CAUSED THIS PLAY-TABLE TO BE MADE
FROM THE TIMBERS OF
THE FAITHFUL, USELESS, WORN OUT OLD VESSEL."

Should your Majesty still wish to amuse yourself at your royal table, your petitioners would suggest, that there are numberless foolish relics throughout the country that might by an economic and ingenious person be made available for purposes of sport.

Thus—the mainmast of the *Victory* immediately offers itself, standing as it does quite convenient at Windsor, and supporting the bust of a person by the name of Nelson. This

great, rough, ugly mast might be made into neat cues to play at the *Royal George* billiard-table, and the bust might be turned into marbles for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Whether for matches, humming-tops, draughts or chess-men, Marlborough's baton would be excellently suitable. The Black Prince's helmet would furnish some admirable ten-penny nails, and the whole nursery might be provided with masqueradery materials by cutting up a very few Waterloo flags.

If these changes tend to your Majesty's pleasure, why not effect them? The country will look on with approbation; the newspapers will applaud with respectful paragraphs; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

PUNCH.

JUDY.

We stop the press, to announce that the billiard-table out of the *Royal George* has been countermanded, and that the remaining cartloads of timber have been purchased to decorate the new chapel at Windsor Castle.

THE NEW MISSILE.

"THERE are," remarked the Attorney General, at a late trial for high treason, "thousands of substances of a destructive nature—such as a child's marble." This fact having awakened the serious attention of the Master-General of Ordnance, he has recently made a tour of inspection to the various metropolitan toy-shops; and Messrs. Catnatch and Pitts, of the "toy and marble warehouses" in Seven Dials, have, we hear, taken large contracts for the supply of the artillery



CATCHING A WHALE.

The consequence is, that the marble market has risen rapidly,

and buyers are obliged to pay a heavy premium for "alleys," and to knuckle down handsomely for "taws."

TAKING A GOOD HINT.

"COMPOSE yourself, my dear Tom."

"It's all very fine, and very easy, to say, 'Compose yourself;' but who's to do it? A fellow lugging out your eye-tooth and three fourth of your jaw exclaims, 'Compose yourself;' the vagabond that gives you notice of the failure of your banker, and the loss of all your worldly substance, advises you to 'Compose yourself;' and when in the extremest agony of fear you rush like



A MANEY-HACK,

from the blazing ruins of your devoted house, 'A 41,' who accommodates you with a seat and shiver in the station-house, insist upon the propriety of the soothing system, and invariably recommends you to 'compose yourself.' 'Compose yourself!' quotha ; I can't do it ! no, no, it's out of the question. Shakspeare says, ' Every man can bear a grief but he that hath it.' I say every man may put up with a pillaging and kicking but their conjoined victim, and I am he !"

"Gracious ! Tom did you say kicking ? well, I *should* like to hear all about that."

"Thank you ; you're very kind, remarkably kind ; happy to hear of my disaster ; I'm sure I'm much obliged to you."

"No, no, I don't mean that ; but how was it, eh ?"

"Why, you know those rascally Sharps that came down to settle here three months ago ?"

"Of course I do. Fat mother, with turban, snuff-box, and three daughters ; curious old maiden sister, always laughing and winking her eye."

"Yes, yes; and two unredeemed rascals of sons, from some infernal assurance office, with fists like brawn, and boot-toes like bodkins."

"Well, what of them?"

"Why, I'll tell you. They gave a kind of let-off last night; a sort of hybrid affair—cards and quadrilles, pumps and cloth-boots, flying tea and a standing supper."

"Oh, ay, I did hear of it; and you were invited?"

"Yes, I was, worse luck! Well, I'd heard Miss Screw, our great sixpenny long-whist player, hint her suspicions that the maiden Sharp, she of the 'nods and becks and wreathed smiles,' though otherwise a mighty correct old lady, was rather given to the pastime of cards and gathering together of fish and small change, heedless of some of the little restrictions your very fair players regard; but as I discovered the maiden Screw had dropped five points to the maiden Sharp, I set the matter down as the mere result of envy and disappointment; fool that I was!"

"Why, *does* she cheat?"

"Wait a bit, and you shall hear. After managing two quadrilles with tolerable success with the eldest Miss S., I retired for breathing time and negus into a small room where old and young were, as Miss Screw remarked, 'enjoying themselves at a round game.' I was invited to take a seat, and soon found myself involved in all the mysteries of eighteen-penny loo. Luck ran a muck against me as a mad bull charges a red coat. I could not win a single pool; while the elderly Screw, like the vortex of the Maelstrom, seemed to draw round counters, square counters, ivory fish, and the current coin of the realm, with irresistible force, into the fathomless depths of her immense reticule. Disgusted at my ill fortune, I determined upon quitting the table, but was prevented by the antique maiden advising me to try one more round.

"I consented, and observed a gracious smile and peculiar wink reward my determination. These equivocal proceedings made me the more attentive to the Elderly's game; and never was such a flagrant old cheat seen at a respectable party. Kings, queens, and aces, were at her sole command, though I have no idea where she got them, unless she rang the changes from her immense bag. Just as she saw my eyes fixed upon

her as she was sweeping off a heavy pool by these nefarious means, she again tipped me one of her remarkable winks.

" 'O ho!' thinks I, 'that's the game, is it? Well, two can play it, old lady; and so, as you seem to wish it, here goes, and mum's the word.' So to it I went, and, as I do know a trick or two, by Jove, I swept the table pretty handsomely. But would you believe it? the wicked old woman, when I merely slipped a king from the bottom of the pack, accused me of cheating. I at once admitted the fact, and cited herself as my instigator and authority.

" Tom, I've been in some rows and heard some few noises in my time, from an amateur stray band down to the collective screechings of the parroquet and macaw department in the Zoological Gardens—nay, the wild beasts at feeding-time were once my most familiar orchestra; but the squall of all squalls I ever heard was the one that rushed out from between that old lady's artificial teeth. She denied the accusation with the most intense scorn, and defied me to prove that she had cheated herself or provoked me to do so. This was beyond endurance.

" 'Why, madam,' I replied, 'when you looked into the lady's hand next you, and slipped the ace of hearts from the bottom in the pack, when there was thirteen and six-pence in the pool, didn't you see I had detected you? and didn't you wink away with your wicked old left eye, as much as to say, Do it yourself—it's all right?'

" 'What?' roared the tabby, 'wink! I wink! Is my infirmity to be thrown in my teeth by such a thing as you? James! Samuel! Where are your feelings? Oh, Oh!' Here she flopped down in a faint, while groans and cries of 'Shame! Shame! See what you've done!' issued from all sides.

" I once more asserted the truth of my statement, or rather would have done so; but that great beast James Screw took me by the nose, and Samuel kicked me down stairs."

" It's very extraordinary!"

" Not at all; it was a cursed mistake. The cheating was true enough, but not so the rest, as the old lady has a natural infirmity, and always goes on winking in the same way when she's at all excited. And so you I see must call out one of those fellows, and either shoot him or get shot myself, and all

because I was such a fool as to imagine I was ‘taking a good hint.’”

FUSBOS.

CAUTION TO SPORTSMEN.—Our gallant friend Sibthorp backed himself on the 1st of September to bag a hundred leverets in the course of the day. He lost, of course; and upon being questioned as to his reason for making so preposterous a bet, he confessed that he had been induced to do so by the specious promises of an advertisement, in which somebody professed to have discovered “*a powder for the removal of superfluous hairs.*”

A BARROWKNIGHT.—Sir Willoughby Cotton, during his visit to the Mansion-House Feast, in a moment of forgetfulness after the song of “*Hurrah for the Road,*” being asked to take wine with the new Lord Mayor, declined the honour in the genuine long-stage phraseology, declaring he had already whacked his fare, and was quite



FULL INSIDE.

Do you follow the Hydropathy system?—Not exactly; but I’m sure our milkman does.

PROTECTION OF THE DUKE OF YORK’S MONUMENT.—It appears that electrical rods have been placed from the base to the summit of the DUKE OF YORK’s Pillar, to bring down the lightning. When—ask certain creditors—is it intended on the part of his Royal Highness to *bring down the dust?*

ANOTHER ADDITION TO THE PEERAGE.—A vacancy having occurred by the extinction of a Peerage at Greenwich, it has been proposed to confer the dignity on a pile of wood-work and a flight of steps at Vauxhall. It having been intimated, however, that to bestow a Peerage without a revenue would

be merely encumbering the bridge with a dignity that it could not sustain, the proposition was negatived. The Pier at Blackfriars has paired off in consequence of old age, and we regret to say, is breaking very rapidly.

FIRE! FIRE!—Incendiarism is rife in Suffolk, where the devouring element is making a pretty progress. A shilling or two a week of extra wages would insure the whole of the property ; but the farmers unaccountably neglect the precaution. Is it possible that they are ignorant of the efficacy of that well-known fluid, Beer, and those familiar substances, Bread and Fat Bacon, in extinguishing this species of combustion ? Agricultural Chemistry must be in a very backward state in Suffolk.

THE GOOD EMPEROR.

Two' shouts were rais'd for NICHOLAS, yet some *would* raise
a doubt,
Whether he was great and good, or—only good for *knout* !

ALARMING DISCLOSURES.

(**FROM A REPORT BY THE PUNCH COMMISSION ON THE CAUSES OF NATIONAL DISTRESS.**)

The Commissioners, by *Punch* appointed for the Investigation of National Distress, have just completed their task. They have found that the said distress has been very properly called national, inasmuch as it pervades all ranks ; the circles termed exclusive not being excluded. Here follows an extract from the Report ; what light it throws upon the subject, let the public judge.

“ **LORD VISCOUNT MARTINGALE** examined :—Is a married nobleman, with a lady and large family. Has estates in the North of England. They are extensive ; but extensively mortgaged also. Clear rental about 5000*l.* a year ; but finds it very difficult to live on that sum. Can hardly make both ends meet. At times has not a guinea in his pocket. Has a seat in the House of Lords, also a box at the Opera. The

latter is 200*l.* a year. Has had transactions with gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion. Has paid 50 or 60 per cent. for ready money. Is connected with the Turf; lost 1000*l.* last year on the Derby. Is a member of Crockford's; often loses 200*l.* a night there. Thinks that a trifle. Is also a member of the Carlton Club,—has spent 8000*l.* or 10,000*l.* in his time on electioneering. Has a mansion in Belgrave Square, and a seat in Yorkshire. Keeps a large stud of horses and twenty or thirty servants. Gives frequent dinners, *soirées*, and *déjeuners à la fourchette*. Has a yacht. LADY M. lives in the first style of fashion; has two carriages of her own. How much he owes his wine-merchant, tailor, upholsterer, and other tradesmen, Heaven only knows! Has, himself, no idea; but it is a great deal. Considers himself to be in great distress. In fact how he contrives to manage at all is really unable to say. Perhaps his steward and solicitor might. Is much fatigued with his present examination. Votes business a horrid bore. His Brougham is waiting; begs to wish the Committee a good morning.

MR. JOHN JACKSON, examined:—Is a hosier and linen-draper at the West End. Pays 300*l.* a year for his place of business. Has a suburban villa at Clapham; gives 160*l.* per annum for that. It is called Belle-vue House. Has a wife and five grown-up daughters,—the latter have been brought up at a first-rate seminary. They play, sing, and speak French and Italian; but cannot bake or brew. Parties who could command £1000 a year would find them eligible partners. That would be the lowest figure. His domestic establishment consists of three maid-servants, a man, and a knife-boy. Mrs. J. calls the latter a page. Keeps a horse and gig. House elegantly furnished. Tables, best mahogany. Chairs ditto rosewood. Carpets, Brussels. Piano, Broadwood. Mode of living, plain and respectable; dinner three courses and dessert. Takes his bottle or so a-day—wine, superior. Cannot think how it is, but his expenditure greatly exceeds his income. Embarked lately in an extensive speculation in woollens, which has



failed. Is on the eve of bankruptcy. May be able to pay 1*s.* in the pound, but is not certain. Believes himself always to have practised the strictest economy.

WILLIAM WILKINS, examined :—Is a mechanic. Has a wife and four small children, all in great want. Wife pawned her last blanket this morning to buy bread. Children in rags; two pair of shoes and a half, out at heel, between the four. Is turned of 30. Earns from 20*s.* to 30*s.* a week, according to work done. Belongs to a club which meets twice a week at the White Horse. They meet to smoke a pipe and be sociable, talk about politics and other matters, and sing songs. Own allowance, on an average, two pots a night; may sometimes go as far as a gallon. The White Horse has a skittle ground—is in the habit of playing there. On such occasions drinks more or less, as the case may be. Takes his “drop” on most days, besides beer. Comes home at night sometimes, a little the worse for liquor. Is generally unfit for work the next day. Knows that some workmen with wives and families get only 9*s.* or 10*s.* a-week. Can’t tell how they live upon it; nobody could be worse off than himself. Doesn’t see, at all, how his distress is to be accounted for.”

The *Punch* Commissioners have examined, besides the above, great numbers of the nobility, gentry, clergy, members of Parliament and of the learned Professions, besides multitudes of the working classes, whose incomes, though for their respective stations apparently considerable, are far exceeded by their expenditure. The consequent distress is enormous. This, however, it is universally agreed by the examined, has no sort of connexion with their habits; and is by no means to be ascribed to their own fault, but to the badness of the times. Many operatives, agricultural labourers, and needle-women, who are starving on a few shillings a-week, have also been interrogated. They impute their destitution to the avarice and selfishness of their employers; but of course, this opinion is untenable.

ARE you any thing of a sportsman? Not exactly—but when a customer has come in with a large order, I’ve often run for the ledger.

PUNCH'S PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

A **VERY** interesting meeting of the Practical Association of Parochial Philosophers took place in the long room of the Pig and Parallax, on Monday last, and several curious experiments were successfully resorted to.

The President opened the proceedings of the evening with a few remarks on compasses, and gave a curious specimen of the compass of his own voice by singing a stave which went from B in the bass to C in the treble.

A member of the association having called for a bottle of ginger beer, proceeded to go through the following curious operation, which kept the room in a state of breathless attention throughout the entire process. He first divided, with a common penknife, the lateral ligatures that secured the cork, an operation that was performed with so much nicety as to elicit loud applause from all present. He next applied a degree of pressure to that portion of the cork which rose above the neck of the bottle, and having carefully continued this process so as to have embraced the cork at every point of its diameter, he suddenly applied the palm of his hand with considerable violence to the bottom of the bottle, when a curious result presented itself. The cork flew with a loud explosion into the eye of a member who was watching the scene with interest, and a light frothy liquid streamed with considerable violence into the face of the President. The operator then drained the bottle into a glass and swallowed the contents as speedily as possible.

The most interesting part of this proceeding consisted, however, in the description of the sensations experienced by those who took part in it.

The gentleman who received the cork in his eye, and still holding his handkerchief over the organ alluded to, gave the following very graphic particulars: "After seeing the operator strike the bottom of the bottle with his hand, I felt a smart blow, which appeared to affect at once the brow, the lash, the pupil, and the ball of my left eye, when, from sympathy, my other eye immediately closed (*hear, hear.*) It then struck me (*loud cheers*) that there was a smart pain in my left

organ of vision, and there was a sort of flashing sensation in the part affected, that was exceedingly interesting, and in the highest degree curious. Having placed my pocket-handkerchief over my eye, I found that on opening the right I could perceive surrounding objects ; but on withdrawing the protection from the left eye, it seemed to open and close with a rapidity, that is very aptly described as being like winking. For a few moments I experienced an unpleasant sensation, but ultimately the organ resumed its ordinary functions." The honourable member was loudly cheered at the conclusion of his explanation.

The President, on being called upon, briefly remarked that he had heard an explosion, and felt his face suddenly suffused with a cold decoction ; and having put out his tongue, he ascertained that " the mixture" bore a sweet, and at the same time, an acid character. He confessed that he felt no peculiar impulse, unless it were to try the effect of the bottle itself upon the head of the gentleman who had occasioned the combination of the contents with the cutaneous covering of his (the President's) countenance. (*Hear, hear*)

The meeting was kept up till a late hour ; and the members eventually became so heated by the liquor that was introduced for the purpose of sustaining their philosophical energies, that some powerful experiments were ultimately resorted to. Among other things it was ascertained beyond doubt that the human head is capable of resisting the pressure of a pint-pot, brought down at an angle of 56, with the arm of an individual opposite ; but it was observed, as a curious result, that instead of the superficial plane of the skull showing any indentation, it invariably gave symptoms of having sensibly risen on the part with which the metal had come in contact.

It was also satisfactorily shown, that the force employed in the social operation, usually called " the honours" after drinking a toast, imparts a centrifugal force to a tumbler, which is sufficient to bring it in contact with a window at a distance of fourteen feet, and it was proved more than once in the course of the evening, that the ordinary wine-glass will not resist the force of a blow against a plane surface of mahogany.

The meeting broke up at a very late hour, and some of

the philosophers continued their experiments upon glass after they reached the streets, by a few practical operations with the lamps in the public thoroughfares, which were ultimately put a stop to by our old friend—not Mr. Commissioner, but



CHARLEY-MAGNE.

THE COTTON TRADE.—Very little is doing in calico, though several extraordinary shifts are being made by some of the principal manufacturers. Inferior stuffs have not gone down since the speech of Mr. Ferrand, but fustian for parliamentary use is a good deal sought after. Coarse material is much wanted for the newspaper press, which has had a glut of the raw article; and the latter is now considered so flimsy that it may be seen through, which entirely defeats the object it is intended for.

TEETOTAL INTELLIGENCE.—Father Mathew is about to visit Sicily, for the purpose of putting a stop to the ravages of the "*Crater*."

THE END.





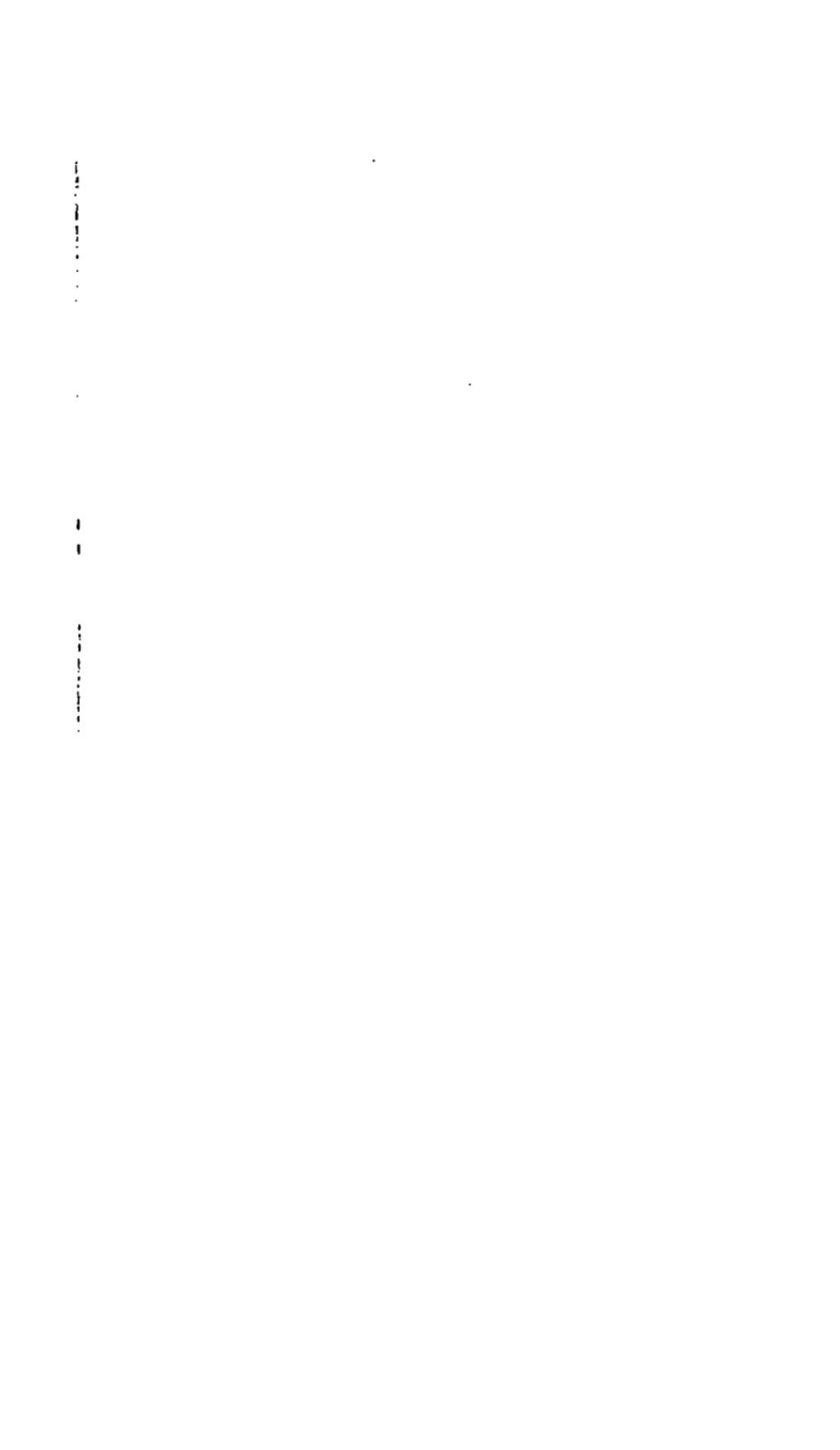
"The landlord hereupon took out of his vest pocket a pair of greasy spectacles
and with the aid of his lantern began to scan the way-bill."

THEATRICAL APPRENTICESHIP
OF
SOL. SMITH.



"He was one of the best十二 stripes, but I was drawn up by the nose and ears, and in Roman shorts, and with bare legs."

PHILADELPHIA: CAREY & HART
1846.



THE
THEATRICAL APPRENTICESHIP
AND
ANECDOTICAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF
Solomon (Franklin)
SOL. SMITH,
COMEDIAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ETC. ETC.;

COMPRISED
A SKETCH OF THE FIRST SEVEN YEARS OF HIS
PROFESSIONAL LIFE;

TOGETHER WITH SOME
SKETCHES OF ADVENTURE
IN AFTER YEARS.

"Let me have audience for a word or two."
As you like it.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY AND HART.
1846.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by
CAREY & HART,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Subject : facts + places :
of 18, 36, 181, 191 (one of them)
+ some additional p 2-6.

Printed by T. K. & P. G. Collins.
Stereotyped by L. Johnson & Co., Philadelphia.

DEDICATION.

TO MIRABEAU B. LAMAR,
EX-PRESIDENT OF TEXAS.

DEAR GENERAL:

Encouraged by a recollection of the kindly feelings with which I believe myself to have been regarded by you while we were traversing together the fertile plains and piny woods of Georgia—you as a candidate for Congress on your own hook, and I as leader of a chosen band of Thespians—when you, *in search of excitement*, delivered speeches on the then all-absorbing subject of Nullification, and I, *in search of "the dimes,"* acted plays in newly-built theatres; and being convinced that you are not the man to forget old friends, because, *in pursuit of excitement*, you took an active part in the scene that was acted on the field of San Jacinto, and afterwards walked into the Presidential chair of Texas, I venture to offer the following account of my THEATRICAL APPRENTICESHIP and some of my ANECDOTICAL RECOLLECTIONS to your notice.

Hoping, dear General, that these memoirs and anecdotes may recal the writer to your mind, and afford you a momentary pleasurable “excitement,”

I remain, and hope always to have the privilege of remaining,
Your friend,
SOL. SMITH.

St. Louis, July 4, 1845.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY SCENES.

	Page
First impressions at a playhouse—The “Highland Reel”— Old Bernard—Peep behind the scenes—Disturbance of a hen-roost—“Three fingered Jack”—A nigger in bed— Taking a private box—A royal funeral—Dismay of the coffin-bearers—A brand snatched from the burning—Per- formances under ground—A blow up, and journey to Troy —Dispersion of a dramatic company—“Westward, ho!”	13

CHAPTER II.

WANDERINGS IN THE WEST.

Pittsburgh—The old husband and the young wife—“Only a passenger”—Cheap lodgings in the Muskingum Valley— The good Samaritans—“Sixty-footers”—The printer’s ap- prentice—Second titles—Travelling on a credit—Hoeing corn—The Western Sun and its editor—Amateur theatricals on the banks of the Wabash—Fire—The deserters—Gen. Jackson—A long walk—Home	25
---	----

CHAPTER III.

CINCINNATI THEATRICALS IN EARLY TIMES.

Parties and politics—Law and law lectures—Thespians in the Haymarket—New theatre in Columbia street—Old Henderson	35
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

“ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS.”

Country theatricals—Death of Douglas—Cast of Pizarro from the Dublin edition—Close quarters—Return to the law . .	38
	9

CHAPTER V.

EXPEDIENTS TO GAIN A LIVELIHOOD.

Collins and Drake—The <i>Forty Thieves</i> —Peggy at the play-house—A Kentucky singing-school—The independent press—“Brother Mosey”—His joyful end— <i>Old hundred</i> and the <i>vital spark</i>	Page 43
---	------------

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY DAYS OF EDWIN FORREST.

Cincinnati theatre again—A new recruit—FORREST in low comedy—Price of a night's service—Struggling genius—Pedestrian exercises in summer—Lexington—Ned in the Olympic circle—Off to New Orleans	49
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS.

My first attempt at management—Whealing—“For one night only, and by particular desire”—Saturday night and Sunday morning—Detained on suspicion—“By thee I fell, thy fate's decree’d”—The pirates permitted to pass	54
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

PITTSBURGH THEATRICALS.

Scenes from Richard—Curious costumes—Followers of genius—The managers surrounded—Exit through a trap-door—Living likenesses	61
---	----

CHAPTER IX.

PHILADELPHIA GARDENS IN 1824.

Chesnut street theatre—A <i>Roland for an Oliver</i> —The Tivoli—All the good parts, and no bread and cheese—Vauxhall—Novel mode of paying salaries—“STILL so gently o'er me stealing”—Want of taste in Trenton—Concert at Princeton—Change of fortune	66
--	----

CHAPTER X.

THE OLD CHATHAM THEATRE.

	Page
Arrival in New York—The pastry-cook manager—Unnecessary rudeness—House-keeping in Hudson street—The “ <i>Road to Ruin.</i> ”	71

CHAPTER XI.

STAR-GAZING IN NEW YORK.

Telescopic views in Broadway—My first <i>starring</i> engagement—Astronomical lectures to seamen—Great success! . . .	76
---	----

CHAPTER XII.

CONCERTS IN NEW JERSEY.

Pride and poverty—a feeling and discriminating audience—An accommodating landlord—A rich uncle-in-law—Wiggins the auctioneer—Attempt to raise the wind at Elizabeth-town—Five auditors—Selling a lottery ticket—Borrowing a shilling—The value of money—A New-Year’s Address .	79
--	----

CHAPTER XIII.

GETTING THROUGH A WINTER.

A singing association—Peep at politics—Grand oratorio—Last attempt for an engagement at the Park—Tragedy or travelling	89
--	----

CHAPTER XIV.

STROLLING IN YORK STATE AND CANADA.

First engagement—Salary raised—Wiggins at Saratoga—The <i>Hunters of Kentucky</i> —Invasion of Canada—Battle of Niagara—John Bull on our side—Interview with an English excellency—Count Luneda—“God save the King”—Ancaster, and its jolly Thespian amateurs	94
---	----

CHAPTER XV.

THE MURDEROUS ALLEGHANIANS.

Bare-legged senators of Syracuse—Rochester theatricals—A new comedy—Strolling westward—Living for ever—Natural gas—Taking towns—A storm—Bloody doings on the banks of the Alleghany	101
---	-----



"The landlord neverupon took out of his vest pocket a pair of greasy spectacles, and with the aid of his lantern began to see the way dull."

)

THEATRICAL APPRENTICESHIP.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY SCENES.

First impressions at a playhouse—The “Highland Reel”—Old Bernard—Peep behind the scenes—Disturbance of a hen-roost—“Three-fingered Jack”—A nigger in bed—Taking a private box—A royal funeral—Dismay of the coffin-bearers—A brand snatched from the burning—Performances underground—A blow-up, and journey to Troy—Dispersion of a dramatic company—“Westward, ho !”

IN 1815—I was then fourteen years of age—I first saw the inside of a theatre. I was residing in Albany, New York, with my brothers, who were merchants. The theatre was under the management of Mr. Bernard, an actor of considerable celebrity both in England and in this country.* I purchased a *check* at half price, and witnessed the performance of the “Highland Reel”—not as we see it represented now, “cut” all to pieces, but the whole comic opera, as written by O’Keefe. *Bernard* played Shelly

* The new theatre of Albany, under the management of Mr. John Bernard, was opened on Monday evening, January 18th, 1813, with an original address, written by Solomon Southwick, Esq., and delivered by Mr. Southeby. The address contained one hundred and eighty-four lines .!

the piper; *Mr. Drake*, Sergeant Jack; *S. Drake*, Captain Dash; *Henry Placide*, (then quite a boy,) Charley; and *Mr. Garner*, Sandie. *N. M. Ludlow* appeared that night as one of the laughing peasants, with Sheltie.—The impression made upon my young mind was strong and lasting, and I remember the airs in the piece to this day. My head was full of acting from that time forward. Cook's Circulating Library was ransacked for play-books; my business (that of a clerk) was neglected; in brief, I became, as thousands had become before me, and as thousands have become after me,—stage-mad!

My brothers refusing me permission to visit the theatre, my only chance was to visit it by stealth—for see the play, I would. I contrived to make an acquaintance with the young Drakes, by whose influence I obtained free admission “behind the scenes”—but then the difficulty was, how to leave home every play-night, without the knowledge of the family. My room was in the second story, and opened on a shed, which was occupied as a wood-house and hen-coop. I was in the habit of letting myself down from my window, by means of sheets and blankets, to the shed, from which I could easily jump to the ground, and after clambering over old barrels, piles of wood, and a high fence—always causing a great sensation among the hens and other live-stock—thus gaining the street. After luxuriating on the scenic feast, I was obliged to return the same way, generally waking up the whole family of fowls, but luckily never disturbing *our* family.

From witnessing the performances, I soon felt an ardent desire to participate in them. I accordingly

applied for, and obtained leave to enrol myself in that useful, but much-despised class of individuals, indispensable in all theatres, called "*supers*," or more politely speaking, "*auxiliaries*."

One night, having bedaubed my countenance with a plentiful supply of *burnt cork* and *oil*, to make myself a fit associate of the renowned *Three-fingered Jack*—it being late when the performance concluded, I forgot to wash my face previous to returning home. I went to bed, black as I was, and in the morning, as usual on such occasions, overslept myself. My seat being vacant at the breakfast-table, a servant was desired to awaken me; when judge of her astonishment on seeing my black face peeping from under the bedclothes as I lay snoring! The poor girl ran down-stairs three steps at a time, and declared there was a *nigger* in Sol's bed! This announcement brought the whole family to my room; an explanation was inevitable; and I visited the playhouse no more that winter.

At the close of the season, Mr. Drake and his family wended their way westward. Miss Denny (now well known in the west and south as Mrs. Drake) made her first appearance on any stage in the village of Cherry Valley, personating the character of Amelia Wildenheim. Mr. Drake, with a small, but talented company,* proceeded to Kentucky, where he established theatres, and laid the foundation for that fortune which has rewarded his exertions.

Next season, (1816,) the Albany theatre was

* This travelling company consisted of Messrs. Drake, S. Drake, A. Drake, N. M. Ludlow, Miss Denny, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Martha Drake, and Miss Julia Drake.

leased to a Mr. Mortimer, who, being inexperienced in theatrical management, in a few weeks lost the little capital he had invested in the business. I remember nothing of him, except that he had a pretty wife. Mr. H. A. Williams was stage-manager and principal actor. A queer little fellow, named Joey Williams, played the eccentric comedy, and a Mr. Thornton, the comic old men. Mrs. H. A. Williams (now Mrs. Maywood) was new on the stage, and played all the Dollies, and Pollies, and Peggies. Mr. Price (son-in-law of Mr. Bernard) acted during this season ; as did Mr. Bernard, Mrs. Burke, Mr. H. Placide, and Mr. Hop Robinson. The members of the company were all strangers to me ; consequently my free admission did not continue ; and as my brothers did not allow me funds for the purpose, I had considerable difficulty in procuring admission. For hours together I have concealed myself behind old pieces of scenery in the carpenter's gallery, waiting for an opportunity to slip into the front of the house, satisfied with what I could *hear* of the dialogue going on below. At length, of even this poor privilege I was deprived : for the carpenters having discovered my retreat, I was ordered, with awful threatenings, to leave the premises, and never to make my appearance in that part of the house again. I was literally "turned out." But would I *stay* turned out ? Not by any manner of means. "Richard the Third" was advertised for performance—Richard, by Mr. Somebody—I forget who, now—but it was some great man. I could not resist the attraction—go I must, and go I did.

About four o'clock P. M. I entered the back-door,

which happened to be unguarded at the time, and went up to my old quarters in the carpenter's gallery. I felt my way in the dark until I found something which appeared to be a large box, into which I popped without the least hesitation, and closed the lid. For more than two hours I lay concealed, safe, as I thought, from discovery. At length the bustle of the carpenters, and tuning of instruments in the orchestra, announced that the operations of the evening were about to commence. The curtain rose, and I ventured to peep down upon the stage. I was delighted; I could see all that was going on—myself unseen. The second act was about to begin, and I was luxuriating on the pleasure I should derive from the "courting scene" of Richard and Lady Anne, when I heard four or five men making their way directly to my hiding-place. I had barely time to enter my box, and close the door, (or lid,) when I found, to my utter dismay, that the box was the object of their search; in short, as you will already have anticipated, *I was shut up in King Henry's coffin!* Here was a situation for a stage-struck hero! The coffin was taken up, the men remarking "it was devilish heavy," and I felt myself conveyed downstairs, and placed upon the bier. Since I had been carried so far, I made up my mind to carry the joke a little further. So I lay quiet as the "injured king" would have lain, had he been in my place, and was carried by four strong supernumeraries on the stage, followed by the weeping Lady Anne and all the court. Little did the lady imagine she was weeping over a living corse! For my part, I perspired most profusely, and longed for an opportunity to

escape. When I was carried off “to Whitefriars” to be interred, that is to say, in stage parlance, when the procession moved off, “L. H. O. O.” the supers were desired to replace the coffin in the carpenter’s gallery. Being awkward, (did you ever see supernumeraries who were not?) and finding their load rather heavy, they turned and tumbled it about in such a way, that I could not bear it any longer, and was obliged to call out. The men dropped their precious burden, and ran away in affright, which gave me an opportunity to make my escape from the coffin, and exit through the back-door. I afterwards heard that the affair had made a great noise in the theatre at the time of its occurrence ; the four men declaring that a hollow voice had issued from the coffin, bidding them to “put it down and be d——d to them !” and the carpenters affirming, on the contrary, that when they opened the coffin, they had found it empty.

The four supernumerary gentlemen never visited the playhouse again, but immediately joined the church. One of them, I believe, has become a notorious preacher, and never spares the theatre or theatrical people in his sermons, telling his hearers that he had a most mysterious warning when he was a young man !

For some time after the adventure just detailed, I dared not venture within gunshot of the theatre ; I therefore gratified my passion for the drama, by collecting together a number of boys in a neighbouring cellar, where I recited such speeches as I could remember, arranging matters with the boys so that I was sure to receive a suitable number of “rounds”

at the end of each speech. On these occasions I had several lads who acted as supernumeraries, and were very serviceable in the characters of Peruvian soldiers and Venetian senators. One of them, who afterwards arrived at some eminence as an actor, and was at one time manager of the Albany theatre, but is since dead, excelled all the rest in personating the unfortunate sixth Henry, while I, as Richard, was murdering him in the Tower. He omitted the *speaking*, it is true, but when I growled out the awful sentence, "Down, down, to h—ll, and say *I sent thee there!*!"—and stuck him with a lath,—D——y had a way of falling from the wood-pile in a most masterly and dignified manner, to the great amusement of the boys, and at the imminent risk of breaking his royal neck.

We carried on our work, or rather *play*, for some weeks, until we were ordered out by the owner of the cellar, who found we were likely to make too warm a business of it, having introduced a large quantity of India crackers among the wood, for the purpose of blowing up Grindoff's mill. So "my brave associates, partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame,"—and myself, were obliged to capitulate, and yield up our ground-floor theatre.

During the season I saw Bernard in some of his best characters—Timothy Sharp, Nipperkin, Kit Cassey, Bras de fer, Sadi, Sheva, Benjamin, (Magpie and Maid,) and a great many others. I saw Henry Placide play a *monkey*, and Andrew J. Allen,* Abe-lino, the great bandit.

* I have in reserve some rich anecdotes of this veteran stager.

Mrs. Burke, then a young and very pretty actress and singer, came to play a few nights, and appeared in Rosina, Agnes, and Lothair, (Adrian and Orilla.) A Mr. Phillips murdered Octavian and Adrian. I saw young Bernard make his first appearance in the character of Dick the Apprentice.

Near the close of the season, H. A. Williams and his wife left the Albany theatre for the Park. Mr. Mestayer and his family arrived, and the season was eked out by the performance of harlequinades and pantomimes, intermixed with slack-wire arrangements. These were the last days of the old Albany theatre. It was soon after converted into a church. The season ended in something like a row, and part of the company, with Mortimer at their head, went to Troy, with the vain hope of "making a raise," as they termed it.

After the departure of the theatrical people from Albany, I became more and more dissatisfied with my situation of clerk in my brother's store, and more and more desirous of becoming an actor. Having completed the study of Young Norval, so far as the *words* were concerned, I made up my mind and a small bundle one afternoon, and instead of posting up my books, I posted off to Troy, to "join the show-folks," not doubting for an instant that I would be received with open arms by manager and actors. Poor, mistaken individual that I was! The members of the company, who, in Albany, were "hail fellow well met" with me—who ate my oyster-suppers, drank my punch, and were loud in their praises of my precocious talent for the stage—in Troy scarcely recognised me! I had no money, not deeming it at

all necessary to provide such an article, as I supposed (of course) that I should immediately be placed upon the salary list. Alas! I soon found that salaries were out of the question, and that the actors I had so envied, supposing them to be rolling in riches, had some considerable difficulty in obtaining food enough to keep soul and body together! Over a pot of porter I prevailed upon Mr. Thornton to speak to the manager in my behalf. An interview was granted; the matter talked over; another pot of porter drank; and the result of all was, that Young Norval dwindled down to the *Waiter* in "*Raising the Wind*," and my debut was agreed on. The eventful night came, but for some cause or other—probably Jeremy Diddler had made too free at the bar—the piece was postponed! Next morning, to my utter horror and amazement, I found that the manager had taken down his scenery and decorations; the theatre had vanished, and, "he himself wandered away, no one knew whither!" The actors were in a state of consternation, being left entirely destitute of means to "follow their leader," even if they had known his course. They made off as fast as possible, each determining in his own mind to "stand no further question," and all fearing that their retreat might be cut off by those "faithful followers of genius," the constables.

Being left in sole possession of the field, I began to reflect a little on my peculiar situation. My landlord hinted that I was in his debt for two weeks boarding and lodging, and sundry pots of porter and Albany ale; that he had lost a good deal by the actor-folks, and having seen me frequently in their so-

cietty ; in short, his rules required payments weekly ! I heartily wished myself back to No. 26 State street, corner of Dock ; but wishing did no good. My tavern bill must be paid. After much difficulty, I raised the amount by selling two of my best coats and a vest, paid my landlord, and trudged off towards Saratoga, where I arrived next morning. I had no particular object in view. I dared not go back to my brothers in Albany ; "I must eat ;" but how to obtain a dinner was a question difficult to be answered. While these thoughts were ranging about in my head, and hunger thumping away in my stomach, I happened to see some men carrying stone in the street. I asked one of them if I could be engaged in the business, and at what wages ? A bargain was struck—fifty cents a day (and found !) was the price, and at it I went, determined at least to earn my dinner. I had been at work in my *new line of business* (the "heavy business") but about an hour, when I saw a Mr. Garrow, who was a regular customer at our store in Albany, walking directly towards me. From a false pride I dreaded his discovering me in my honest employment ; so dropping a load of stone I was carrying, I seized my coat and ran off—my fellow-labourers hallooing after me for an explanation of my unaccountable conduct.

I had no dinner that day. During the afternoon I met Mr. Garrow, who recognised me at once, and asked me what brought me to Saratoga ? I, who was too proud to be seen honestly earning a dinner, did not hesitate to degrade myself by telling a deliberate falsehood. I said I had been sent out on a collecting tour. He replied that he was glad to meet

me, as he had a payment due at our store the next day, and meeting me would save him the trouble of remitting. Hereupon he took out his pocket-book, and began counting out tens, twenties, and fifties, to the amount of three hundred dollars. I hesitated, but it was for an instant only, and refused to take the money. He insisted ; but my mind was made up. By way of excuse for declining to receive the debt, I told him I was going to the western part of the state, and should not return for some time. On relating this circumstance to my brothers, some months afterwards, they informed me that Garrow failed the very next day, and they lost the whole amount.

I made my way on foot to Schenectady, where I remained three days literally without bread. Being heartily tired of my adventure, I wrote home for leave to return, like the prodigal son. The next day I received an answer from one of my brothers, utterly refusing to receive me. I shall never forget my feelings when I received that letter. I felt alone in the world. To that letter I attribute all my wanderings in after life. Had I been permitted to return when I saw the folly of my conduct in leaving home, I should have been cured—I felt I should—of my infatuation for the stage, and should have become a steady merchant, lawyer, preacher, or something else equally as estimable in the eyes of the world. I may as well mention here that my brothers were not quite so hardhearted as they may appear to have been. The letter was intended to have the effect of punishing me for running away ; and the next day they sent for me ; but it was too

late; I had left the town in less than five minutes after receiving my sentence of banishment.

I bent my course westward, and in about a week arrived at Solon, (the place where I was "raised,") the clothes I had on my back constituting my whole stock of valuables—the bundle I took away from Albany having entirely vanished in exchange for eatables and lodging on the road. An uncle, by the name of Holland, suffered me to remain at his house, my labour on the farm being considered equivalent to my daily bread. Here one of my brothers visited me, and explained the Schenectady affair. The whole family were about removing to the GREAT WEST, and he appointed a place to meet me in about a month's time, when he expected to be on his western journey. To fill up the intermediate time, I engaged myself to a farmer in Scipio, on Cayuga Lake, to work in the harvest-field, for which I was to receive *six bushels of wheat*. This wheat I sold for seven dollars and a half, which, with five dollars my brother had given me, formed the fund with which I was to pay the expenses of my journey to the western country.

By some accident my brother was prevented meeting me as appointed; and supposing he had gone on, and that his letters had miscarried, on I pushed, and never stopped until I found myself in Pittsburgh. Here my purse gave out; for after paying my tavern bill and purchasing a pit ticket for the theatre, not one cent remained. Behold me, then, one thousand miles from home, (if I can with propriety say I had any home at all,) among strangers and in a strange land.

CHAPTER II.

WANDERINGS IN THE WEST.

Pittsburgh—The old husband and the young wife—"Only a passenger"—Cheap lodgings in the Muskingum Valley—The good Samaritans—"Sixty-footers"—The printer's apprentice—Second titles—Travelling on a credit—Hoeing corn—The Western Sun and its editor—Amateur theatricals on the banks of the Wabash—Fire—The deserters—Gen. Jackson—A long walk—Home.

I WENT to the theatre. Mr. Entwistle was the manager, and Mr. Hutton and Mrs. Entwistle were his principal performers. Mr. and Mrs. Legg were members of the company. "The Lady of the Lake" was the play, and the farce, "Turn Out." The scenery was good, and the pieces were well played. Next morning I went to the stage-door, for the purpose of applying for employment, but could not obtain an audience of the manager. Being asked my business by one of the performers, I had not the courage to make my wishes known, and I was *turned out!*

Hearing no tidings of my brother, I took passage on a flat-boat to work my way to Marietta. Not much liking the slow floating of the ark, I changed into a skiff owned by an elderly gentleman, who wanted a working passenger. He had a young wife and a beautiful child. I soon found I should not be very comfortable with them; for although his young wife's conduct was in all respects considerate and

proper, the old gentleman had a tincture of jealousy in his disposition, which would break out now and then; particularly when people mistook me for the young woman's husband, which they frequently did. I remember what a stew the old fellow was in one night, when the landlord of an inn lighted us up-stairs, and pointing to two doors, said to me, "You and your wife will occupy that room, and *your father* can sleep here."

The old fellow flew into a violent rage, and told the landlord he was entirely mistaken; that he himself was the husband of the lady, and I was *nothing but a passenger!*

At Marietta I commenced a fruitless search for my brother. I traversed the whole valley of the Muskingum, actually subsisting on apples and peaches, and sleeping in barns! One day I happened in at Mr. Hall's bakehouse. Mr. Hall, his mother, wife, sister, and brothers, had lately arrived from Connecticut. They were all Methodists; but a more worthy family I have never known. After a very short acquaintance, suspecting my destitute situation, they inquired into my circumstances. I told my story, and was immediately invited to make their house my home until I could communicate with my brothers at Albany. I accepted their invitation with joy and gratitude, and endeavoured, by my labour and attention to their business, to repay their kindness.

Years have passed—not a few, but many—and my gratitude to that family remains as warm and sincere as it was at the time they sheltered the poor wanderer!

I soon learned, in answer to my letter, that the brother whom I had supposed ahead of me in my journey, had been compelled, by the sickness of his family, to turn back, and his letters to me, informing me of the fact, had miscarried.

In about two months, however, another brother, with his family, passed Marietta, on their way to Cincinnati. I was taken on board their *ark*, and we all proceeded happily along down "La Belle Riviere." My brother established himself at Cincinnati, where he was joined eventually by the whole brotherhood.*

For myself, my wandering propensities returning, I proceeded as far as Louisville, where I engaged myself to H. Denning as an apprentice to the printing business. I was carrier of the "Herald," and remember to this day the residences of the old citizens, the Galts, Bullits, Prathers, and the Oldhams, whom I served twice a week with the news twenty-seven years ago.

The theatre was open. I renewed my acquaintance with the family of the *Drakes*, and, as at Albany, had free admission behind the scenes. The company consisted of Messrs. S. Drake, Savage, Blissett, Alexander Drake, S. Drake, Jr., J. O. Lewis, James Drake, and Cornele, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Julia Drake, and Mrs. Mongen. Mr. *Ludlow*, who had been one of Mr. Drake's original western company, had gone

* The reader, if he is much acquainted in and about Cincinnati, will perceive that the writer forms *one-tenth* of the family so well known in the western country as the "*Sixty-foot Smiths*." Alas! there are now (1845) but *thirty-six feet of us remaining!*

to New Orleans. I saw Blissett in nearly all of his best characters, and a most admirable actor he was.

The “Forty Thieves” and “The Miller and his Men” were performed frequently. In the last scene of the latter piece, the *explosion* was omitted. Lothair used to say, “Confusion! the train has failed! Well, manly courage nerve my arm, and crush the tyrant!” A desperate combat ensued, which ended with the death of the Miller, of course.

Manager Drake had a singular propensity to alter titles, or rather add *second titles* to plays. To the “Honey Moon” he would add—“*or the Painter and his Three Daughters.*” He always announced the “Hunter of the Alps,” with this addition: “*or the Runaway Horse that flung its rider in the Forest of Savoy.*” I will add one more specimen of his *second titles*, and proceed:

“RICHARD THE THIRD; or, the Death of Young Edward at Tewksbury, and of King Henry the Sixth in London; the Courtship of the subtle Duke Richard, and Marriage with Lady Anne; Unnatural Murder of the Children of Edward Plantagenet in the Tower; the Coronation of the Usurper; Rise of a formidable Rebellion in Wales; Overthrow of Buckingham, and his Decapitation; Death of the Tyrant at the Battle of Bosworth Field, and Accession of Henry the Seventh to the Throne of England!”

Becoming dissatisfied with my situation in the printing-office, *after the actors left the city*, and imagining Mr. Denning was a little unreasonable to expect me to rise at five in the morning, after working until two hours past midnight, “I gave him something, and we parted.” I stored my pockets

with provisions, and “broke for high timber;” in other words, I trudged off to the westward. While my provisions lasted, I was tolerably comfortable and happy; my *lodging* was “cheap and airy”—generally on the ground-floor, and for three or four days I footed it merrily along through the wilds and prairies of Indiana; but when my provisions gave out, my spirits gave out also. Apples and peaches there were none—my only resources were to *beg*, starve, or impose on the people. I chose the latter alternative, and trumped up a story—I forget what it was now—which induced the good folks of the “Hoosier” state to give me corn-bread, bacon, and thick milk enough to keep soul and body together, *on a credit*. After many days of hardship, fatigue, and mortification, I arrived at Vincennes, on the Wabash River. When I left Louisville I had some faint hopes of finding a company of theatricals at this place, but there being none, I began to look about for something to do for a livelihood. I soon found a farmer a few miles from town who “wanted a hand,” and immediately engaged myself to him for twenty-five cents per diem, to hoe corn! For about a week I toiled under an almost tropical sun, following the example of my fellow-labourers, and stripping myself, all but my pantaloons—by which means my back, arms, neck, and hands, became blistered! In a few days, I literally *shed my skin*. I could not stand this—to be *skinned alive* was rather too much. I left the farm, and engaged myself to Elihu Stout, Esq., proprietor of the “Western Sun” newspaper, as an apprentice. Twenty-five years

have elapsed since I have seen my old master; yet there he is before my mind's eye, the good, worthy, excellent-tempered man I always found him. As a master he was kind and indulgent; as a husband, he was forbearing; as a father, affectionate, and as a man he was almost perfect. His wife—but the less we say of her the better—she was kind in sickness, and that, with me, covers a multitude of faults. This lady had been “brought up” in Kentucky, and having been in the habit of commanding *slaves*, and the laws of Indiana not permitting her to *own* any of those convenient appendages to a household, she made use of her husband’s apprentices in place of them. She had one negro—his name was Thompson—who had been brought from Kentucky under indentures. He was to be free at the age of twenty-one, and he was now at least thirty-five! Mrs. Stout made him believe he was but fourteen, and that he had yet seven years to serve. Thompson used to ask us boys in the office if we didn’t think he was fifteen years of age? Of course we could not encourage him in such *abolitional* ideas. So he served on in blessed ignorance; and whether he has yet arrived at the desired age of twenty-one, I am not informed. I don’t know how it was, but Mrs. Stout acquired a complete ascendancy over us all. With all her faults, as I said before, she was kind in sickness. If one of us complained ever so little, she would send for us, place us in a bed, (we had not the luxury of a bed when in health,) and nurse us with the greatest care until we completely recovered; then dismiss us to our type-setting with a hearty—

blessing; and then her tyranny would be resumed and continued sans intermission until we were *fortunately* taken ill again.

My fellow apprentices were James A. J. Bradford, now of the army, John Thompson, since dead, and William H. Johnson, at present proprietor of a paper in Louisville. The latter soon left the office, his apprenticeship having expired; the other two remained during my apprenticeship. In a short time I became so expert in the "art and mystery of printing," that by common consent I was declared foreman of the "Sun" office. I took a side in politics—and, of course, went with the "Sun." Party spirit ran very high in the little village of Vincennes. My mistress became so exasperated at the editor of the opposition paper (a Dr. Macnamara) that she one night buckled a belt around her waist, stuck in it two large horse pistols, concealed a cow-hide in her sleeve, and thus equipped, commanded me to arm myself and follow her to see fair play while she inflicted summary chastisement on the doctor! It was with much difficulty I could persuade her to "let the doctor off," and not until I had promised to *blaze* away at him in the next "Sun."

A Thespian Society was formed—Mr. Stout was appointed one of the managers, and Bradford and myself were allowed to become members. The comedy of "John Bull" was cast, and the character of Lady Caroline Braymore assigned to my fellow apprentice, Bradford, while I was called on to personate a *servant* attending on Sir Simon Rochdale. At the first rehearsal, finding I knew something of plays, the managers changed the cast, so as to allow

me to play *Dan*. Another rehearsal made so favourable an impression that the afterpiece of “ ‘Tis all a Farce” was selected, and the character of *Nimpo* assigned to me. The performance of these two characters did my business for me—I was acknowledged as *the* low comedian of the society. I appeared successively, and (as the people thought—so did I, too, then,) successfully in the characters of *Farmer Ashfield*, *Old Doiley*, *Robin Roughhead*, *Zekiel Homespun*, *Stephen Harrowby*, and several others. I can remember the names of only a few of the members of the association—Dr. Shuler, Mr. Stout, Dr. Decker, and my fellow-apprentice, Bradford, were prominent actors. A Mr. Dillworth played the old woman and Dr. Ollapod. The winter passed off pleasantly; indeed, notwithstanding the treatment I received from my mistress, the winter was all *spring* with Bradford and myself.

I had been an apprentice in the “Sun” office about two years, when one night about twelve o’clock we were alarmed by the cry of fire! After carefully “locking up the form,” which we had just finished correcting, we very leisurely went into the street to ascertain where the fire was, when we soon had *light* enough on the subject—it was our printing-office which was in flames! The people were running towards us from every direction—all was confusion. The family, who occupied the part of the building directly under where the fire was raging, were yet asleep. Our first care was for them—the next to preserve the printing materials. For my own part, after I had carried out, by main strength, several of the family, including Mrs. Stout, who was a load for any one, I went to work

assisting the people to get out the press and types. I found the crowd industriously engaged in emptying the types on the floor, and rushing out with the *cases*! In the confusion and noise, I lost all recollection, but continued, as I was afterwards told, to run in and out of the burning building, long after the crowd of people had entirely desisted, expecting the roof to fall in every moment. I was frequently warned against my fool-hardiness, as they very justly termed it—but I headed not—heard not—the warning. I continued to bundle out the cases, paper, imposing stones and presses, at a d——l of a rate. The first recollection I have, is of hearing a tremendous shout or scream, as of a thousand voices. I gave a spring, and immediately found I had escaped the most awful of deaths. The roof fell in while I was passing from the printing room, through a small entry, into the street. At first it was thought I was buried in the flames; but the momentary check the falling timbers met with when they reached the floor of the second story of the building, gave me time to save myself.

In a few days our “pi was distributed,” our press put in order—and the “Western Sun” rose in full splendour, and in a new dress. But its rays gave no warmth to me. I was unhappy; for our Thespian society had been dissolved! I longed for an opportunity to tread the boards again; and hearing that there was a company at Nashville, (only three hundred miles off,) I determined to set off for that place forthwith, without troubling my worthy master or mistress about the matter. Bradford had relations in Nashville, and as he also was tired of his situation, he agreed to accompany me. So off we started, in the middle of a

night, and actually ~~ran~~ nearly fifteen miles, fearing I know not what—unless it was that Mrs. Stout should follow and take us up, runaways as we were. We heroically resolved not to be taken alive, if fifty *men* should attempt to apprehend us—but I verily believe if the old lady had appeared, we should have surrendered at discretion.

Arrived at Nashville, I was doomed to be disappointed in my theatrical hopes. The company had just left the city for St. Louis, five hundred miles distant! As I had not five hundred cents to take me to them, I gave up all idea of becoming an actor for the time being, and consoled myself by spending the greater part of my Sundays in the old salt-house, which had been occupied by Mr. Ludlow as a theatre. There were the seats, the stage, the trap-doors, the banners! How I gloried in those banners! The last play performed had been “Bunker’s Hill,” and the banners of both parties had been left upon the field of battle.

I engaged myself as a journeyman printer to Mr. Wilson, then just establishing the Gazette. Here I became slightly acquainted with General Jackson, who, being intimate with my employer, frequently visited the office. In about a month, my brothers at Cincinnati having got wind of my erratic movements, and having ascertained my whereabouts, sent me an earnest invitation to return home. I accepted it joyfully; took leave of my kind employer and his excellent family, and *walked* off to Cincinnati, a distance of three hundred miles. Here ended my wanderings for awhile.

CHAPTER III.

CINCINNATI THEATRICALS IN EARLY TIMES.

Parties and politics—Law and law lectures—Thespians in the Haymarket—New theatre in Columbia street—Old Henderson.

HERE was another happy winter. The evenings were delightful—singing meetings, debating societies, religious gatherings, oratorios, family parties, and politics, served to fill up my time rather agreeably ; added to which, I attended a series of law lectures, performed the duties of clerk in one of my brothers' stores, on a salary of eight dollars per month, and played the organ in the New Jerusalem church three times every Sunday, and every Thursday evening, besides teaching a whole lot of young New Jerusalemites the art of psalmody two evenings each week. Towards spring, finding I had a little *time to spare*, I joined a Thespian society, who held their meetings in a building belonging to Elmore Williams, in upper Market street. I was the hero of the corps, and enacted *Young Norval*. A Mr. Sweeney (afterwards justice of the peace) was Lady Randolph, and he acted the character very well, considering that his voice was decidedly a baritone, and he had not shaved for a week! The “meditating maid,” Anna, was personated by Mr. George Row, a tall lank carpenter, who chewed tobacco, and was obliged to ~~turn~~ aside every now and then to spit. Glenalvon, Mr. Davis,

who afterwards attached himself to the stage, but with no success. Of all the members of that society, I know of but one—leaving myself out of the count for others to judge of—who did not go to the devil! And it may not be thought improper here for me to say a word or two on the subject of *amateur theatricals*.

I never knew any good to come from Thespian societies; and I have known them to be productive of much harm. Performing plays with success (and Thespians are always successful) inevitably begets, in the performer, a desire for an enlarged sphere of action. If he can please his townsmen and friends, why should he not delight a metropolitan audience? He becomes dissatisfied with his profession or business, whatever it may be; applies to a manager for a first appearance in a regular theatre—appears—fails—takes to drink, and is ruined. Then to see the inordinate vanity of those amateurs who occasionally “volunteer” for some charitable purpose; the airs of consequence they give themselves; the ignorance they betray of a profession which they degrade by adopting even for a single night. The consummate impudence with which they strut before the public in the highest characters! Not a shadow of fright about *them*—Oh no! Their friends are in the house to applaud them, whether they deserve applause or not. Their success is not doubtful—the thing is settled—they *must* succeed—and they generally *do*; for applause is bountifully and indiscriminately showered upon them, and they are, in their own minds, immensely great actors before they have the slightest knowledge of the first rudiments of the profession.

A *gentleman* actor once told me that he had asked Mr. Booth's opinion of his acting in the character of Richard, and that Booth had acknowledged *himself beat!*

In 1819 a small company of theatricals, under the management of Mr. Blanchard, visited Cincinnati, and performed a few nights in Mr. Dawson's school-house on Water street.

The foundation of the Columbia street theatre was laid this year, and the company of Messrs. Collins and Jones performed, for a short season, in the second story of Burrows and Tunis' store, corner of Columbia and Walnut streets.

Next year (1820) the new theatre opened with "Wives as they Were." Sir William Dorillon, Mr. Collins; Bronzely, Mr. Jones; Lord Priory, Mr. Lucas; Miss Dorillon, Mrs. Groshon. Mr. Collins was an excellent actor; so was Jones. Mrs. Groshon was deservedly a great favourite. I have never seen her superior in *Lady Macbeth*. James M. Scott (since known as Big Scott, or Tragedy Scott, but better as "*Long Tom Coffin*") was a leading member of this company. Mr. Garner, then a vocalist of some pretensions, performed a starring engagement, opening and closing in "*The Devil's Bridge*." It was in this piece that old Fred Henderson first began to be appreciated by the audience. In after years he became an immense favourite, not only in Cincinnati, but in all the western towns. It was a treat to see him and Alexander Drake in the farce of "*Turn Out!*"

CHAPTER IV.

“ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS.”

Country theatricals—Death of Douglas—Cast of Pizarro, from the Dublin edition—Close quarters—Return to the law.

WHEN the theatre closed for the season (1819) I felt my wandering propensities returning. Without much ceremony of leave-taking, I pushed for the westward again, and, strange as it may seem, I bent my course for Vincennes. Arriving, I found my quondam master had farmed out his printing-office to a Mr. Osborn, with whom I immediately engaged as a compositor. I was kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. ~~Stout~~—the latter declaring that she liked me all the better for the spirit I had shown in running away! In about a month's time my type-setting was interrupted, and my ideas all thrown into *pi* by the arrival of my old friend, Alexander Drake, with a small company of comedians from St. Louis. They were to play in Vincennes during the summer months. I was four hundred miles from home—the temptation was too great to withstand—I applied—was accepted—and here began my theatrical career.

The company consisted of Messrs. A. Drake, S. Drake, Jun., Palmer Fisher, Douglas, Jones, *Sol. Smith*, and Mesdames Mongin, Fisher, and three or four little female Fishers.

With a company so limited in number, it will be supposed our range of pieces must have been ex-

tremely circumscribed ; but this was not the case ; we grappled at " Pizarro," the " Poor Gentleman," and other equally full plays.

By a lamentable casualty, our number, small as it was, was destined to be reduced. It was a custom with us to bathe in the Wabash river just previous to retiring for the night. Our hotel being on the bank of the river, we undressed in our rooms, and wrapping ourselves in sheets or blankets, we so proceeded to our bath. One morning Douglas was missing—several remembered he had been with us in the water, but none had any recollection of seeing him when we came out. His clothes were found in his room ; but there were no signs of his bed having been occupied that night. A search was immediately commenced, and resulted in finding the dead body of our friend two miles below the town !

We had now but four men and two ladies, and, with this number, we played " Pizarro." To those unacquainted with *country theatricals*, the *cast* will be a curiosity :

Pizarro, the Spanish general,	{	Mr. S. Drake.
Ataliba, king of Quito,		Mr. Fisher.
Rolla, the Peruvian leader,	{	Mr. Fisher.
Las Casas, a Spanish priest,		Mr. A. Drake.
Alonzo, joined with the Peruvians,	{	Mr. Sol. Smith.
Orozembo, an old cacique,		
High Priest of the Sun,	{		
Almagro, a Spanish officer,			
Blind man,			
Sentinel,			
Valverde, secretary,			
Guards,			
Peruvian boy,		Miss Fisher.
Elvira,	{	Mrs. Fisher.
Priestess of the Sun,		
Cora,		Mrs. Mongin.
Child,		Miss A. Fisher.

Thus, Sam Drake, (as Pizarro,) after planning an attack on the unoffending Peruvians while engaged in worship “at their ungodly altars,” and assigning his generals (*me*) their “several posts,” in the next act is seen (as Ataliba) leading the Indian warriors to battle, declaring that “straight forward will he march, until he sees his people free, or they behold their monarch fall!” He is victorious; and goes to offer up thanks to the gods therefor,—when, Presto! on comes the same man again (as Pizarro) smarting under the stings of defeat!

Fisher (as Las Casas) calls down a curse on the heads of the Spaniards—throws off his cloak; drops his cross; doffs his gray wig, and appears in the next scene as the gallant Rolla, inciting his “brave associates” to deeds of valour! Alexander Drake, as Orozembo, in the first scene gives an excellent character of the youth Alonzo, pronouncing him to be a “nation’s benefactor”—he is then stuck under the fifth rib by a Spanish soldier, (that’s me again,) and is carried off by his murderer;—he then slips off his shirt and scull-cap, claps on a touch of red paint, and behold! he is the blooming Alonzo, and engaged in a quiet *tête-à-tête* with his Indian spouse!

For my own part, I was the Spanish army entire! but my services were not confined to that party.—Between whiles I had to officiate as High Priest of the Sun—then lose both of my eyes, and feel my way, guided by a little boy, through the heat of the battle, to tell the audience what was going on behind the scenes; afterwards, my sight being restored, and my black cloak dropped, I was placed as a sentinel over Alonzo! Besides, I was obliged to find the

sleeping child ; fight a blow or two with Rolla ; fire off three guns at him while crossing the bridge ; beat the alarm drum, and do at least two-thirds of the shouting ! Some may think my situation was no sinecure ; but being a novice, all *my* exertions were nothing in comparison with those of the Drakes—particularly Sam, who frequently played two or three parts in one play, and, after being killed in the last scene, was obliged to fall far enough off the stage to play slow music as the curtain descended !

Our stage was ten feet wide, and eight feet deep. When we played pieces that required bridges and mountains, we had not much room to spare ; indeed I might say we were somewhat crowded.

I generally “went on” for what is termed the youthful business ; Henry in “Speed the Plough,” Henry in the “Magpie and Maid,” Belville in the “Country Girl,” and other characters of a similar grade ; but almost always had to “double” them with something else. I recollect going on for Frederick and Stephen Harrowby in the “Poor Gentleman.” We played mostly from the Dublin (*doubling*) edition.

The season lasted about eight weeks. The company proceeded to Louisville, and I footed it back to Cincinnati, declining the offers of the Drake family for a permanent engagement, being fearful of the disapprobation of my brothers, who as yet knew nothing of the manner of employing my time in Vincennes. Being partially satisfied with my few weeks’ experience as an actor, I now determined to “study the law.” I was taken into the justice’s office of Daniel Roe, and had the advantage of the

books and instruction of Mr. Todd, an excellent lawyer and a worthy man, since dead. Here, and by attending the law lectures of Wm. Greene, Esq., I picked up what little I know of that "intricate science," as it is termed by Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Drake came to Cincinnati, soon after, and opened our Thespian house, under the style of the *Haymarket theatre*; but the concern was unsuccessful, and the company returned to Louisville.

In the winter of 1820, the Columbia street theatre was managed jointly by Mr. Drake and Mr. Collins, the partner of the latter gentleman (Mr. Jones) remaining with the company in the south-western towns. The drama of the "Forty Thieves" was produced with great splendour, and many other novelties were offered; but the season was an unproductive one. The company was indifferent, and the patronage worse than indifferent.

I continued to study the LAW.

CHAPTER V.

EXPEDIENTS TO GAIN A LIVELIHOOD.

Collins and Drake—The *Forty Thieves*—Peggy at the play-house—A Kentucky singing-school—The Independent Press—“Brother Mosey”—His joyful end—*Old Hundred* and the *Vital Spark*.

DURING the season of 1822 I made application for the situation of prompter, and was engaged in that capacity. The company consisted of Messrs. Collins, Jones, Cargile, Hays, Henderson, Bruce, Miss Denny, Mrs. Groshon, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hanna, and Miss Seymore, afterwards Mrs. Cargile. Mr. COOPER performed an engagement during this season.

On the first night of his engagement the following whimsical incident occurred—Othello was the play:

The fame of the great tragedian had drawn a crowded audience, composed of every description of persons, and among the rest a country lass of sixteen, whom (not knowing her real name) we will call Peggy. Peggy had never before seen the inside of a playhouse. She entered at the time Othello was making his defence before the duke and senators; the audience were unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby, until she arrived at the door of the stage box, when a gentleman handed her in, without withdrawing his eyes from the celebrated performer, and her beau, a country boy, was obliged to remain in the lobby.

Miss Peggy stared about for a moment, as if doubting whether she was in her proper place, till, casting her eyes on the stage, she observed several chairs unoccupied. It is probable this circumstance alone would not have induced her to take the *step* she did—but she observed the people on the stage appeared more at their ease than those among whom she was standing, and withal much more sociable—and, as fate would have it, just at the moment, Othello looking nearly towards the place where she was situated, exclaimed :

“Here comes the lady.”

The senators half rose, in expectation of seeing the “gentle Desdemona,” when lo! the maiden from the country, stepped from the box plump on the stage and advanced towards the expecting Moor! It is impossible to give any idea of the confusion that followed ; the audience clapped and cheered—the duke and senators forgot their dignity—the girl was ready to sink with consternation—even Cooper himself, could not help joining in the general mirth ; the uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who had handed her in the box, helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation. It was agreed by all present that a lady never made her debut on any stage with more eclat than Miss Peggy.

At the close of the season, I withdrew from the theatre and got married. I remember when I commenced married life, I had exactly four dollars and sixty-two cents, which I handed to the minister as his fee. A month passed away very happily at a

brother's house, after which it occurred to me one day that some means must be thought of by which to obtain eatables and drinkables. One morning I strolled over the river into Covington. I roamed about the hills, back of the town, humming and whistling a variety of tunes, and was as happy as a lark. On a sudden, it occurred to me that I possessed *some* knowledge of the *science of music*; and next, I thought to myself, "why may not I turn that knowledge to account?" *I will open a singing-school—I WILL!* Full of the idea, I ran into the town, crossed the Licking, and asked the first person I met if he thought a singing-school could be gotten up in Newport? "Well, stranger," he answered, "I don't know but you mout get one a going—there are a heap of young people here, and nary a school for teaching to sing." "Enough!" said I—"next Saturday I open a singing-school at the court-house." Proposals were soon written—and in the course of the afternoon I obtained fifty subscribers, at a dollar a head, payable at the end of the ~~quarter~~. Full of confidence in the success of my scheme, I returned to Cincinnati, and purchased four dozen of Flint's edition of Sacred Harmony, with which I returned, on the following Saturday, to commence my school. I found the grand jury room crowded, and had no difficulty in disposing of my stock of books, *on a credit*, (that was the way I *purchased* them,) and at it we went, singing psalms. I practised my school in raising and falling the "eight notes" for about two hours—then "fa-sol-la-'d" the ladies and gentlemen, separately and together, for an hour more, and wound up, at sun-down, with a touch of

“Old Hundred” and “Vital Spark!” Appointing the next Saturday as the second meeting of the school, we separated, apparently mutually pleased with each other. On Sunday, I was at my post playing the organ in the little “Temple,” and I related to my brother Sam and my fast friend, Southerd Holmes, both leading members of our singing society, the success which had attended my attempt to establish a school among the Kentuckians, and received their warmest congratulations.

About the middle of the following week, it occurred to me, while sitting reading a newspaper in a printing office, that a *new paper* was very much needed in Cincinnati. Without saying a word to any one, I took a composing-stick and *set up* ten lines of types, proposing to establish a weekly newspaper, to be called the “*Independent Press*.” I *worked off* twenty copies of my ten-line prospectus, and taking one of them, I went up Main street, and obtained ninety subscribers. Next morning I called at John P. Foote’s type-foundry, and selected \$200 worth of types, which he very readily agreed to let me have on a liberal credit, and borrowing a wheelbarrow, I packed my types into it, and wheeled them up to Mr. Oliver Farnsworth’s printing-office. Leaving my wheelbarrow at the door, I entered the office, and asked Mr. F. if he would, for a proper compensation, permit me to print a paper there? He consented—the terms were agreed on, and I pulled off my coat and went to work, setting up the type for the first number of my paper.

By dint of hard labour, night and day, the “*Independent Press*” made its appearance on the 4th of

July, 1822. On the day of the first publication the subscription list increased to 300, and in a few weeks swelled to 700! I shall say little about this paper. It carried considerable influence with it. I can truly say, I was honest in my course, and I believe at this day all who were opposed to the establishment will admit that my *intentions* were good. There was a series of letters published during the first six months, which caused great excitement, inasmuch as they bore heavily (under fictitious names) on some of the oldest inhabitants; exposing many transactions for years supposed to have been forgotten. I was threatened with all sorts of punishments, and was several times attacked by persons who thought themselves aggrieved; but somehow or other, I always happened to come off with whole bones and a whole skin.

Moses Dawson and myself were the two first editors who raised the standard of General Jackson in Ohio. "Brother Mosey," as I used to call him, in our affectionate editorial intercourse, battled away in the cause of democracy for many years—was "rewarded" with the nomination to an office; which the senate would not advise and consent to—lived to a good old age, and died of joy on hearing of Polk's election.

One morning, as I was walking very fast up Main street from the post-office, with a bundle of exchange papers under my arm, a gentleman in a Kentucky jeans coat and white hat nearly startled from the sidewalk when he met me. Wondering at the man's surprise, and his countenance appearing somewhat familiar to me, I turned, after passing him a few

steps, and observed he stood precisely in the same place as when I first noticed him, with one foot on the curbstone and the other in the centre of the gutter. "Do you know me, my friend, that you stare at me so?" I inquired, returning towards him a step. "That's what I want to find out," he replied; "I *think* I've seen you before; if I mout be so bold, mout your name be *Smith*?" "It is, sir—you want to subscribe, I suppose—come up to the office." Without uttering a word he followed to my office, where I took down the subscription book, and inquired his name. The fellow continued to stare at me for some time without answering, and at length, with a ghastly sort of smile, said, "Excuse me if I'm mistaken, but are you or are you not our *singing-master*?"

The truth flashed upon me in an instant; I *had forgotten all about my singing-school!* "Old Hundred" had been *pressed* from my memory, and the "Vital Spark" had not once entered my mind since I had been an editor!

My friend in the jeans and white hat informed me that my failure to meet my appointment had caused great consternation in Newport; that the scholars had continued to meet for several Saturday afternoons, in the continued hope of my re-appearance, and that at last, reluctantly giving me up as lost, they had dissolved the school, singing "Old Hundred" and "Vital Spark" to my memory, out of the four dozen of "Flint's Sacred Harmony," which they despaired now of ever having an opportunity to pay me for.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY DAYS OF EDWIN FORREST.

Cincinnati theatre again—A new recruit—**FORREST** in low comedy—Price of a night's services—Struggling genius—Pedestrian exercises in summer—Lexington—Ned in the Olympic circle—Off to New Orleans.

In the fall of 1822 Messrs. Collins and Jones again opened the Cincinnati theatre. The members of the company this season were: Messrs. Collins, Jones, Scott, **FORREST**, Davis, Eberle, Henderson, Groshon; Mrs. Pelby, Mrs. Riddle, Miss Riddle, Miss Fenton, and Miss Eliza Riddle, then but a child. The opening play was the “*Soldier’s Daughter*,” the part of Young Malfort by Mr. Edwin Forrest. Being editor of a paper, I was *of course* and *ex-officio* a judge of theatrical matters; but when I expressed my favourable opinion of Forrest’s acting in the comparatively trifling character of Malfort, my brother editors laughed at me—and afterwards, when he played Richard for his benefit, I prophesied his future greatness, they set me down as little less than a madman. They said I would “*spoil the lad*”—“*he was a clever boy, certainly, but puffing would ruin him.*” Mr. Pelby acted as a star during this season, as did Mr. Pemberton, Forrest playing Titus and Icilius to their Brutus and Virginius.

The company proceeded to Louisville; but a party of them soon returned and opened the Globe theatre on Main street. This party consisted of Messrs. **Forrest**, Scott, Cargill, Woodruff, and Davis. Mrs.

Riddle, Miss Riddle, Mrs. Cargill and Mrs. Hanna. At this house Forrest played Othello, and many other characters for the first time, but with scarcely any knowledge of the text—his taste generally leading him to prefer the low comedy characters! I recollect seeing him play *Blaise* and *Lubin*—and very well he played them too. Finding he was trifling away his time, I advised him to write to New Orleans for an engagement, which he did, and closed with Mr. Caldwell for the ensuing winter season, at a salary of eighteen dollars per week.

My brother M—— wrote a petit comedy for the Globe theatre, entitled “Modern Fashions,” which was quite successful, Forrest and Scott played a pair of dandies in it. I wrote a sort of a farce called the “Tailor in Distress,” in which a well-known merchant-tailor in Main street figured as the hero, and in which Forrest performed the part of a *negro*. Business being bad, and believing our two pieces played together might produce the expenses, I engaged the house for one night, agreeing to pay each performer the sum of two dollars. Thus Edwin Forrest acted a dandy in the first piece, a *negro* in the second, and *Sancho Panza* in the concluding pantomime, all for the sum of two dollars!!—He has learned how to charge for his services since!

Business failing altogether in the Globe theatre, the members of the company scattered in different directions. Forrest and Davis, with the Riddle family, made an “excursion into the country,” and performed in the small towns of Ohio with no success. At Lebanon, or Dayton, Forrest was obliged to pledge a trunk of stage wardrobe for his bill at a

boarding-house or tavern ; and whether he has yet recovered it, I am unadvised. One day the party travelled on foot from Lebanon to Cincinnati—twenty-two miles—crossed the river to Newport, and played “*Douglas*” and “*Miss in her Teens*,” to a house of seven dollars! They contrived to get through the summer, and in the fall they all joined Collins and Jones, at Lexington, in Kentucky.

When I had published seventy-two numbers of the “*Press*” I began to find carrying on a newspaper, without a capital, was a bad business. My notes fell due ; subscribers were delinquent—I could not live on politics, and *I sold out*. The “*Press*” was merged in the “*National Republican*,” which became a firm supporter of Andrew Jackson for the presidency, as my paper had been. Elijah Hayward, who succeeded me in the chair editorial, on the accession of General Jackson in 1828, was appointed Commissioner of the General Land-office. I will here take occasion to say, that my *city* subscribers were remarkably punctual in their payments of subscriptions, but the *country patrons* (how I hate the word) were quite the reverse. My last words to the readers of the Independent Press were, “*live honestly, serve God, and take the newspapers.*” Shortly after disposing of my paper, I made a tour into Kentucky, for the purpose of making collections. Mr. Drake was performing with his company at Frankfort, the seat of government, where he had established a theatre as early as 1817. Mr. William Jones came down from Lexington to act Falstaff for the benefit of a friend, and I took a seat with him in his gig on his return. On the way he told me Mr. Col-

lins and himself were about to retire from management, and he suggested that it would be a good opportunity for me to commence a business he knew I was attached to. I had never thought of such a thing as becoming manager of a theatre ; but the idea once in my brain, it was hard to banish it. I played one night in Lexington, the character of *Numpo*, Forrest doing the part of *Myrtollo*. Somehow or other it got reported among the actors, that I was there for the purpose of forming a company for Cincinnati, and several applications were made for engagements before I had made up my mind to enter into the speculation.

I decided to venture, and engaged several performers ; among others, "old Henderson" and the Riddle family. Forrest wished to form an engagement with me, but as he was under a previous contract with Mr. Caldwell, at New Orleans, I consulted his interests rather than my own, and refused to receive him. In vain he urged that he could easily compromise with the southern manager, and that he would rather be with me at ten dollars per week than with a stranger at more than twice the salary ; all would not do. I was steadfast in my refusal. In a pet with me, he went to the circus, and made an engagement with the proprietors to go with them as a *rider* and a *tumbler* for a year ! I heard of this arrangement just as I was about to leave Lexington, and my mortification was great. I called in at the circus, and sure enough there was Ned in all his glory, surrounded by riders, tumblers, and grooms. He was a little abashed at seeing me ; but putting a good face on the matter, he said he had made up his

mind not to go to New Orleans, and having been refused an engagement at ten dollars a week, by me, he had engaged "with these boys" at twelve. To convince me of his ability to sustain his new line of business, he turned a couple of flip-flaps on the spot. I asked him to walk with me to my lodgings, where, by dint of hard lecturing, and strong argument, I prevailed on him to abandon his new profession, and commence his journey to New Orleans immediately. In brief, I saw him mounted on a good horse, and on his road to Louisville—and saw no more of him for fourteen years!

CHAPTER VII.

THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS.

My first attempt at management—Wheeling—“For one night only, and by particular desire”—Saturday night and Sunday morning—Detained on suspicion—“By thee I fell, thy fate’s decreed”—The pirates permitted to pass.

I PROCEEDED to Cincinnati with my company, and after the usual troubles and vexations, (increased by inexperience in my new business,) commenced my managerial career in the “Globe.” The company was composed of the following individuals: Messrs. Henderson, L. Smith, Davis, Sweeney, G. Rowe, Eberle, Joey Williams,* Sturdevant; Mrs. Riddle, Miss Riddle, Miss Fenton, and Miss E. Riddle. The once celebrated *Jack Dwyer* performed an engagement of six nights. The season failed, as I might have expected it would, and we removed to the Columbia street theatre, which I rented of Mr. Collins; but no better success awaited us there. If the truth must be told, I was totally unfitted for the station I had assigned myself. My funds ran out, and my actors scattered, as actors generally do when

* This individual was *destroyed by wolves* in Florida, a year or two after. He was travelling on foot from Pensacola to St. Augustine, and being benighted, “camped out” in one of the everglades of that region. The only vestige found next morning by his professional companions, was a quantity of *tickets* strewn about, and some wigs and stage properties, torn into small pieces.

they find no money is to be had—and they are right, for they cannot live on air—though I have almost done so, on several occasions. At the close of the theatre I found myself in debt eleven hundred and fifty dollars. Rather an unfortunate beginning.*

With a remnant of my company I proceeded to Wheeling, where we fitted up a room and played a few nights with very indifferent success. The people were indifferent to our indifferent performances. The same at Steubenville. After numerous hardships and adventures we arrived at Pittsburg, when I rallied my broken forces, and opened the theatre with a very good company. On our way from Wheeling to Steubenville we passed through the small village of Wellsburgh, Va. Being urged by the inhabitants to perform one night, and hoping to raise a sufficient sum to pay our carriage-hire, we consented. A room was soon fitted up, and bills were issued. The time fixed upon for the curtain to rise was "eight o'clock precisely," as the bills have it. "Eight o'clock precisely" came precisely at eight o'clock; but there came not one living being in the shape of an auditor! "Not one by Heavens." On inquiry, our landlord informed us that the price of admission was too high, and the Wellsburghers were unanimously determined that we should come *down* with our price of tickets before they would come *up* to our room. There was no alternative—the price of tickets was reduced to "fifty cents each, children half price," and the

* In 1831, I had the pleasure of paying all my debts in Cincinnati, with interest.

Virginians "came at last to comfort us," to the number of full thirty. Between the play and after-piece (the *play* was the "Blue Devils," and the afterpiece the "Poor Soldier") the landlord, who acted as our doorkeeper for the time, informed me the sheriff wished to see me for the purpose of serving a writ, a complaint having been entered that we were *showing* without license. Our receipts were fifteen dollars—the penalty we had unwittingly incurred was forty. *Paying* it was out of the question. I could not think of going to prison. Outwitting the sheriff was my only chance. It was Saturday night. I directed the doorkeeper to invite Mr. Sheriff to take a seat among the auditors, and I would attend him soon as our performance should conclude. This was satisfactory to the officer. He seated himself and enjoyed the entertainment very much. By introducing a few additional songs, I contrived that the curtain should not fall until after twelve o'clock. The good-natured sheriff was then invited behind the scenes, and he proceeded to execute the writ, apologizing for the necessity which compelled him to perform the disagreeable duty. "My dear sir," said I, leisurely proceeding with my undressing arrangements, "don't apologize—these things must be done, but why did you not serve your writ some minutes ago? You are now too late." "Too late! How so?"—"Why, my dear sir, it is *Sunday*, and I make it a rule never to transact business, particularly *law* business, on the Sabbath." The sheriff here consulted his watch, and found he had been overreached. "Sure enough, it *is* past twelve, I do believe, and I don't

think I can touch you. Well, curse me if I can be angry with you, Mr. Darby. Come, all hands, and take a drink." On Monday morning we were in Ohio, where old Virginia could not reach us.

On our journey from Steubenville to Pittsburg, we "put up" for the night at a very small village on the Virginia side, about midway between the two places. My father-in-law, my wife, and myself, supped at a private table. At supper our conversation turned on the performances of the night previous at Steubenville, which had consisted, among other things, of the pantomime of "Don Juan."

The girl who waited on us at table was very attentive to our conversation, in the course of which I observed that Davis, after *murdering* Don Guzman and Don Ferdinand, was too slow in getting to sea—there was time enough for the whole town to be alarmed—that the *combat* with Ferdinand was shockingly bad, and that if he did not improve in *fighting*, he had better leave the profession. My father-in-law remarked of Mr. Lucas, that he had *murdered* Doctor Pangloss a few nights before, and that, on another occasion, he was too drunk to guard the prisoner Alonzo. A good deal of similar chit-chat took place, to hear which did the waiting maid "seriously incline." Next morning when about to pursue our journey, we were surprised to see quite a crowd collected about our baggage-wagon. Having occasion to open one of my trunks, I noticed that the *gentlemen* composing the crowd watched me rather more closely than I thought was necessary for the gratification of mere curiosity. Being in Virgin

it occurred to me that the Wellsburgh sheriff was not far off. I determined to know my fate at once, so after unlocking one of my boxes and raising the lid, I turned suddenly to the crowd and asked, "Gentlemen is there a sheriff among you?" "No," answered a big-whiskered fellow, "we are none of us sheriffs, but there'll be a *constable* here presently, who will do as well." My Wellsburgh friend has sent on the writ to one of his deputies, thought I. "Well, gentlemen, if none of you are sheriffs, I will thank you to retire—I don't know what you can want about my luggage." "Why, stranger," again spoke the big-whiskered Virginian, "there's no use your getting mad, you've got to stop here—we *know you*, and you'll not get off in a hurry, *I promise you*." "Not get off? you have no right to detain me; I have incurred no penalty *here*." "No, I don't know that you have, *here*; but you may have to pay the penalty *here*, if so be our court has jurisdiction of your case." Curse those licenses! thought I to myself—they will be the ruin of me yet! I determined to settle the matter at once. "Look you, my friends, you say I shall not get off—I think I shall, as I believe you have no right whatever to detain me. I outwitted your sheriff at Wellsburgh, and I think the devil's in it if I can't get clear of your constable."

I called to my father-in-law to follow in the carriage with my family, (as I supposed they would not trouble *them*,) and began to whip the horses of my baggage-wagon at a furious rate; but, before the animals had made a start, the reins were seized by three men, and big-whiskers thus addressed me:

"Stranger, you are in old Virginia, and you mus'n't think of getting off. We don't mean to let *pirates* pass through here, no way, no how." "PIRATES!" exclaimed I—"do you then take us for pirates?" "No," answered whiskers, "we don't *take* you at all, but the constable will; and we only intend to *keep* you until he comes." I felt relieved—we were not to be arrested for the *tax* at all events. "What reason have you for thinking us pirates?" I ventured to ask. "What reason?"—whiskers was still the spokesman—"That's a good one! In the first place, what can *honest* people do with such a heap of plunder as you are toting in that wagon? Nextly, your confessions last night before Peggy Duncan, while you were eating supper. Didn't one of your men like to have been taken before he escaped to the ship, after killing two Dons?—didn't you threaten to discharge him because he fought so bad?—then that 'ere doctor which one of your people murdered 'tother night in Steubenville—Dr. Panglosh, I believe, was his name—and then got so drunk on the strength on't, that he couldn't guard one of your prisoners. Reason, indeed! But, there's one thing you can't get over; I reckon—that there figurin' and letterin' on the back of that box, to say nothing of the queer looking clothes you've *got in it*." Wondering what he could mean by the "figurin' and letterin'," I turned up the box, when, to my utter astonishment, the following inscription appeared, as near as could be imitated with Venetian red, in *letters of blood*:

"By thee I fell, thy fate's decreed,"
"Heaven will avenge the bloody deed."

And underneath, as if to place the matter beyond a doubt, the following :

“DON GUZMAN
MURDERED BY DON JUAN, AUGUST, A. D. 1464.”

The truth of the matter was this: we had played “Don Juan” at Steubenville, the night before, and the property-man had painted up the back of this very box to make it answer for a pedestal for Don Guzman to *stand* on—there being no horse for him to *sit* on—and the letters remained, a damning proof of our guilt. I did not stop to comment on the absurdity of the villagers, in supposing we would publish our misdeeds on our boxes, even had we been pirates; but thought it best to explain matters to my friend with the whiskers, and leave him to settle the matter with his neighbours—for truth to tell, I did a little dread the arrival of the officers, still remembering the *tax* business. I accordingly took whiskers aside and explained that we were *actors*, instead of pirates, and thus accounted for our conversation at supper, and the mysterious inscription. He roared with laughter, and slapped me on the back until I was quite sore. By the time we were ready for a start, the crowd had been made aware of their mistake, and had dispersed. The only one who remained, and he only stayed, as he said, to see us off—was my whiskered friend, who continued inspecting our “plunder” to the very last.

CHAPTER VIII.

PITTSBURGH THEATRICALS.

Scenes from Richard—Curious costumes—Followers of genius—The managers surrounded—Exit through a trap-door—Living likenesses.

WHILST awaiting at Pittsburgh the arrival of the recruits we expected from Louisville, Lucas, Davis, and my brother Lemuel made a trip to Greensborough, thirty-two miles distant, where they gave an entertainment, consisting of "Scenes from Richard," Songs, Recitations, and "Sylvester Daggerwood." Davis strutted on for Richard; Lucas "doubled" King Henry and the Earl of Richmond, and my brother enacted Catesby, the Lieutenant of the Tower, Buckingham, and a few other characters, *all in one dress*. Richard wore a common soldier's coat—the Royal Henry, a Scotch kilt, and Catesby, a Roman shirt. As they had no curtain, Catesby was ordered to bear off the body of King Henry, after that unfortunate monarch was murdered in the Tower; and the same ceremony took place with the tyrant himself, after his disaster in Bosworth Field—Catesby doing the "heavy business" in both cases. The murdered King Henry the Sixth lived again in the Earl of Richmond—both characters being personated, as I said before, by Lucas. It was remarked that the family likeness was very striking, only the dresses were different, the aspiring earl wearing a sailor's jacket and Turkish pantaloons, surmounted by a

large damask tablecloth, and a very fine officer's hat and plume. By this performance, such as it was, the three strolling gentlemen made enough to pay for their lights, lodging, and supper, and returned next day, poor as they went.

When the company was organized, it consisted of Messrs. Scott, Jones, L. Smith; Davis, Lucas,* G. Rowe, Singleton, Eberle, Sol Smith; Mrs. Pelby, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Rowe, and Miss Pelby. I need not say, with such a company pieces were well played; indeed, I doubt whether the people of Pittsburgh, before or since, have had a better company—yet the receipts fell far short of the expenses, and I was obliged, prematurely, to close the season. My own debts I managed to pay, but security debts I found it utterly impossible to discharge. My benefit came off, and a bumper it was! The street in front of the theatre was literally crowded with people long before the doors were opened, and such scrambling for seats I had never seen. The truth is, many of my creditors, foreseeing a very small chance of getting their money, had applied for tickets, which I paid out with a liberal hand, without much regard to the size of the house. The consequence was, that I had a most crowded audience, and but thirty-three dollars were received at the box office! I had taken places in the stage-coach for Philadelphia, and expected to be off the morning after my benefit; but the “warrants were out,” (“curse on all such instruments!”)—and I was warned by my friend Butler, that after the per-

* Poor old Lucas! At the close of the season he attempted to cross the mountains, but died on the way, and was buried by the road-side, on Laurel Hill.

formance I was to be put into "durance vile." Not wishing to stay and contest the point, I told my friend of my wish to escape the fangs of those worthies, the constables, who, to do them justice, (I speak now of those of Pittsburgh,) are the most indefatigable set of personages I ever met with. My friend and I arranged that, so soon as the curtain fell, I should descend through the trap-door, and there remain in darkness and solitude until he should warn me by a signal agreed on, that all was safe.

The performance proceeded, and I could observe my watchful friends becoming momentarily more eager for their prey. At length the curtain fell, and down I went through the trap-door (it was what actors call a *Vampire trap*) before any one was aware of my intentions. I was scarcely out of sight, before I heard earnest inquiries made for me above—but no one knew what had become of me. My brother being questioned, answered, without the least hesitation, that I had jumped over a fence at the back of the theatre, dressed as I had performed my part, and he supposed I had gone home the back way. The faithful ministers of the law immediately jumped over a very high fence, and started off in full cry. After waiting in the dark about an hour, I heard my friend Butler's signal, and very willingly groped my way out of my hiding-place. He took me to his house, where he had already conducted my wife and child, and I was introduced to his lady. The surprise of Mrs. Butler, when she saw me enter the house dressed in full for the Doctor, in "*Animal Magnetism*," may be guessed. She had a good supper prepared for us; after partaking of which we were

shown to an elegantly furnished apartment, where we were to stay until an opportunity should offer to smuggle us off in the stage. Next morning Mr. Butler went out to arrange such business for me as remained unsettled, and he was told, I had most mysteriously disappeared the night before—some said I had gone down the river in a steamboat,—others suggested I had gone in the stage eastwardly; but this was denied by the constables, who said they had watches ready to intercept me if I had attempted to go that way. At length the matter was settled by a man, who declared he had seen me start down the river in a *flat-boat*, which I had chartered some days previously, to his certain knowledge. We remained a part of two days in our concealment. Towards evening of the second day, my friend came to the door, with a close carriage, into which we got, and he accompanied us five miles out of town, (having previously arranged for the stage to take us up the next day,) furnished me with money for my immediate necessities, and we parted. John Butler will always retain a high place in my remembrance.—He is one of the few friends who have been proved and found faithful.

There are many versions of the *trap* story extant among my brother actors—my friend and partner, Ludlow, has it thus:—He says I was playing the Gravedigger in Hamlet, and seeing the bailiffs waiting at the wings, and ready to pounce upon me, when I should make my exit, I *popped down into the grave* and never was heard of in that part of the country again! Others say, I was actually *put into a coffin and buried*, to avoid the constables, and arose from the tomb by the assistance of my friend Butler, and

fled the country! Ludlow's story is very good, certainly, but as Sir Benjamin says, "mine is the true one."

I am not the only actor who has been "hard run" at Pittsburgh. A few years since, a Mr. Langton and two or three other "undone devils," had recourse to the following expedient to raise the wind: They engaged themselves to the proprietor of a museum, to dress and stand up in the show cases for *wax figures*! Langton personated the effigy of General Jackson, and was much admired for his *natural* appearance. He has since told me that he never "went on" for a character which proved so difficult to personate as the Old Hero.—He was about "throwing up the part" several times, but the prospect of his dollar and a half restrained him; so he stood out his three hours, and got his money—though he says, "by the eternal," he would not do it again for twice the sum!

CHAPTER IX.

PHILADELPHIA GARDENS IN 1824.

Chestnut street theatre—*A Roland for an Oliver*—The Tivoli—All the good parts, and no bread and cheese—Vauxhall—Novel mode of paying salaries—“STILL so gently o’er me stealing”—Want of taste in Trenton—Concert at Princeton—Change of fortune.

ON our way to Philadelphia, my wife and myself gave concerts at Greensborough, Bedford, and Chambersburgh, with some success; that is, we contrived to pay the expenses of our journey. Arrived in Philadelphia, I lost no time in making application to Mr. Wood, manager of the Chestnut street theatre. He received me kindly, and treated me with politeness, but he could give me no encouragement in regard to an engagement, as the theatre was on the eve of closing for the season. I witnessed that night the performance of the “Fortress” and “A Roland for an Oliver.” The afterpiece was a rich treat to me. How could it be otherwise, with such a cast as the following?

Sir Mark Chase,	Mr. Warren.
Fixture,	.	.	:	:	:	:	Mr. Jefferson.
Sir Alfred Highflyer,	.	.	:	:	:	:	Mr. Wemyss.
Selborne,	.	:	:	:	:	:	Mr. Darley.
Maria,	.	:	:	:	:	:	Mrs. Darley.
Mrs. Fixture,	.	:	:	:	:	:	Mrs. Jefferson.

Failing to obtain an engagement at the Chestnut street, I next day applied to the manager of the

Tivoli Garden theatre, who gave me to understand that in a few days I could have an appearance at that establishment. Fearing the worst, I wrote to one of my brothers at Cincinnati, asking him to forward me fifty dollars by mail. In less than a week I received a message from the Tivoli acting-manager, (Mr. Charles Porter,) that I could commence my engagement next day; but *as a favour* he wished me to go on that night (it was then 5 o'clock, P. M.) for *three parts*, in place of Mr. Crampton, who had suddenly withdrawn. I huddled my things together, and went on for "*Sheepface*" in the "*Village Lawyer*," the *Mock Doctor*, and something else which I cannot now remember. I continued to play for a week, and on application at the treasury, was referred back to the manager, who told me that he had no idea I expected to be paid, and *play all the best parts too!* Good parts without bread and cheese, not answering my purpose, and my landlady beginning to look rather *dun-nish*, (her name was Brown,) I withdrew from the Tivoli, and accepted an offer of an engagement from my old Vincennes friend, Palmer Fisher, who, in conjunction with a Mr. Jones, was just opening a summer theatre in the Vauxhall Garden. I soon found my situation was not much improved by transplanting myself from one garden to the other. The mode of paying salaries at that house did not meet my approbation—indeed it was a very singular one, and I will here state it, for the benefit of all *spirited* managers in time to come. On every Tuesday the proprietors of the garden issued to each performer a quantity of tickets, the number

being proportionate to the salary of each, bearing on their face the following obligations:



Not having occasion for "drinks" to the number of two hundred and sixty-six, (my salary being rated at eight dollars per week,) I declined to take my tickets, and was laughed at by my fellow-actors, who considered me a "leetle too d---d particular."

In due time the letter from my brother arrived with the remittance; but I had not money to pay the postage! I tried the manager—no funds—my friend Porter, of the other house—"he would if he could, but he couldn't." As a last resort, I applied to Mr. Everdell, leader of the orchestra, who had been under my management in Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, and who owed me about a hundred dollars. I asked him for a *loan* of fifty cents, but he had not the money to *accommodate* me! I must do him the justice, however, to state that he offered to let me have almost any number of *drink tickets* I might want.

I happened to meet a friend from Pittsburgh, by the name of Shiras, to whom I had rendered some slight service. Of him I borrowed a small sum, and took out my letter. With my fifty dollars I paid boarding and lodging-bills, and had five dollars re-

maining. With this we went to Trenton, where I advertised a concert, in conjunction with a Mr. *Still*. The concert was unproductive. Still returned to Philadelphia, and I hired a Jersey wagon, (on a credit,) which conveyed us to Princeton, where I delivered letters of introduction to the president of the college. A notice was *written* and posted up about the college-yard, announcing that "Mr. and Mrs. Smith, from Philadelphia, would give a Vocal Concert" on such a night, "to consist of a great variety of Songs and Duets, sentimental and comic." I had but nine cents remaining of my five dollars, and with this sum I purchased oil sufficient to set a large lamp burning in the centre of a school-room which I had rented for the proposed concert. I engaged boys to bring some additional benches from a neighbouring church, promising them payment for their trouble in the evening. Having lighted my lamp about sundown, I waited for nearly an hour, doubtful whether a single individual would honour my concert by attending. Just as I was about shutting up the room in despair, one young gentleman came to the door, handed me half a dollar, and walked in. "What! nobody here, yet?" "Not yet." "Any tickets sold?" Don't know—probably—left some for sale at the hotel." "Never mind—I'll go and rouse up the boys"—and off he went. I called a lad who was loitering about the door, and despatched him with the half dollar to *purchase candles*. The room lit up, I began to be haunted with misgivings that we should have no audience, and that I should be required to refund the half-dollar to the young man who had gone to "rouse the boys." I

was soon relieved from my suspense, however, for the young collegian returned with a dozen of his fellow-students.

Seeing I had no doorkeeper, my first customer proposed to take that office, advising me to go and prepare myself for the performance, *as the house would soon be full.* Most readily accepting his services, I retired into the little closet set apart for our dressing-room, where my wife was waiting my appearance with trembling anxiety. Soon I heard a great stir in the room—moving of benches, rustling of silk, opening of windows, and all the indications of people gathering. At length our volunteer doorkeeper came sweating to our closet, and announced that he believed “they had all come.” We commenced our concert, and our eyes were gladdened with the sight of a room full of joyous-looking persons, of both sexes, fanning themselves for dear life. The concert went off finely, notwithstanding it was exclusively *vocal*. When it was concluded, our amateur doorkeeper made his returns, and we found ourselves in possession of the very handsome sum (in our circumstances) of forty-seven dollars! quite a fortune!

CHAPTER X.

THE OLD CHATHAM THEATRE.

Arrival in New York—The pastry-cook manager—Unnecessary rudeness—House-keeping in Hudson street—The “*Road to Ruin*.”

DELIGHTED with our good fortune, we next morning set off for Brunswick, where we arrived the same evening. This was my wife's native town, and here we found a great many relations—aunts, uncles, and cousins, but principally aunts. Leaving my wife and child with their relations, I took a boat for New York, with the hope of obtaining a situation at the Chatham theatre. I visited the Broadway amphitheatre and witnessed the representation of “Lock and Key” and the “Turnpike Gate,” Ralph and Crack, by Mr. Joe Cowell, both most inimitable performances, for Mr. C. was then an excellent actor.

Presenting a letter of introduction from Mr. Pelby to Mr. Kilner, stage-manager of the Chatham theatre, I was received and treated civilly by that gentleman. In answer to his inquiries, I told him I had been on the stage but a short time; that I was willing to engage for *utility*, in the fullest sense of the term, and that *six dollars* per week was the sum I rated my services at. The old gentleman seemed pleased with what he called my modesty, and promised me an introduction to the proprietor, Mr. Barriere. I waited in the garden for the arrival of that great personage.

In about two hours, I saw a little saffron-faced fellow approaching, and was informed by one of the waiters that *he* was the man. He looked more like a cook than the director of a theatre ; however, I had nothing to do with his looks. It was getting late, and I was obliged to return to Brunswick that evening, so I ventured to introduce myself to the important individual, without waiting for Mr. Kilner, who was busy on the stage at the time. I accosted him respectfully. He returned my salutation with a most killing look, and the question, in a tone something like the bark of a spoiled poodle, “what you vant?” I told him what I wanted, in as few words as possible, he walking away all the time, and I following. He cut the conversation and my hopes of an engagement short, by saying, in the same barking tone, “I don’t vant you, sair! I have too many actors now—you may go, sair, I don’t vant you.” Without waiting for a word of explanation or expostulation, the little great man strided away, leaving me standing near the fountain, looking, for all the world, as if I had been stealing, and fearing to look one way or the other, lest my repulse had been witnessed by some person,— and, confound the fellow, he talked so *loudly* too! Is there any necessity for treating an applicant in this way? I know, by experience, managers are frequently, very frequently, annoyed by applications from novices ; but I could never see any reason why they should be treated with contumely and abruptness. On the contrary, it is my opinion, that it is one of the most delicate duties a manager has to perform, to give a refusal in such terms as will mo-

dify the harshness which all novices imagine they are treated with, when their services are declined, as declined they most generally must be.

Returning to New Brunswick, we gave a concert, which was profitable in a small way. We then went to New York, and spent a week with a cousin of mine, Mrs. Card, then residing in Pearl street. My funds again running low, I thought it high time to be doing something to recruit them. I took a shop in Hudson street, and purchased (*on credit*) a lot of earthenware, which occupied, and nearly filled all the shelves; and agreed with a Mr. Sage to sell books and music on commission. This Mr. Sage had a tremendous bass voice, and could reach double C with the greatest ease. Of Mr. Silas Harvey, an old friend of our family, I borrowed the sum of twenty dollars, and of a Mr. Childs, a baker, in Hudson street, also an old friend, and member of the New Jerusalem church, I borrowed a bed, two chairs, and a few other articles of furniture. At the back of the shop was a room eight by twelve feet in size, in which we lived; and I now declare, that for a couple of months I have never been more happy. Our means were slender enough, it is true, and some days we were somewhat stinted in our eatables; but we were industrious, saving, attentive to business, and contented. The books sold slowly—I let a few of them out on hire—and I kept on my own account, independent of my “commission business,” some toy-books and fruit. The stock of crockeryware remained good, as I did not sell a single article. My little capital of twenty dollars could not last for ever.

With all my exertions to keep it good, it dwindled away, little by little, until I found myself nearly destitute again.

Mr. Simpson, manager of the Park theatre, passed by my door every day, and after much rallying of my courage, I wrote and handed him a note, expressing my wishes to attach myself, in a situation ever so humble, to his establishment. Next day, as he passed, he handed me a note, stating that his company was full, and that he regretted it was not in his power to meet my wishes.

This season (1824) the “Cataract of the Ganges” was brought out at the Park with great splendour. I went to see it once. At the Chatham Garden “Pizarro” was the great card, and filled the house, for a great number of nights, to overflowing. Mr. Hughes played *Pizarro*; Mrs. Entwistle, *Elvira*; Messrs. Pelby, H. Wallack, and others, *Rolla*. At this theatre I had the pleasure—purchased for twenty-five cents, the price of a pit ticket—to witness the representation of the “*Road to Ruin*,” with the following cast of characters:

Goldfinch, (first time,)	Mr. G. H. Barrett.
Dorton,	Mr. Kilner.
Harry Dornton,	Mr. H. Wallack.
Sulky,	Mr. Burke.
Silky,	Mr. Spiller.
Jacob,	Mr. Simpson.
Milford,	Mr. Moreland.
Hosier,	Mr. Allen.
Mr. Smith,	Mr. Somerville.
Sophia,	Mrs. Burke.
Widow Warren,	Mrs. Walstein.
Jenny,	

The afterpiece that night was the “*Day After the*

Wedding," the character of Lady Elizabeth being sustained by the beautiful Mrs. Henry, afterwards Mrs. Barrett. I saw OTHELLO played, with H. Wallack in Othello; Finn, Iago; Barrett, Cassio; Mrs. Henry, Desdemona. The season at the Chatham was very successful.

CHAPTER XI.

STAR-GAZING IN NEW YORK.

Telescopic views in Broadway—My first *starring* engagement
—Astronomical lectures to seamen—Great success!

My friend, the baker, who loaned me the bed and “kitchen things,” had a *telescope* of great magnifying power, which was a source of considerable profit to him. He was in the habit of taking it up to the corner of Broadway and Chamber streets, and exhibiting the moon through it, at *sixpence* a sight. His receipts were generally from two to three dollars a night. One evening he came to my door with the telescope on his shoulders, and setting it down while he rested himself, complained of a severe headache. I told him if he did not feel well, I would take his telescope up to his stand for him, and do the best I could, and he could return home. He thankfully accepted my offer, and said I should have half the receipts for my trouble. I accordingly shut up shop, shouldered the telescope, and marched off to the appointed spot. I had observed, on a former evening, when I had accompanied my friend, that considerable time elapsed before he could get any one to look through the telescope, but after one or two had taken a peep, others ventured. I, therefore, on *my* night, had scarcely planted the telescope on the side-walk, and raised it up, pointing it to the moon, before twenty boys were squabbling for the first peep. I had promised them all a sight *gratis*, and by this means,

a crowd was instantly collected, to see what was going on ; and before the *free-list* was half served, there were dozens waiting with their sixpences ready to “ pay for peeping.” I took good care when a party of ladies and gentlemen were passing, to be lecturing on the appearance of the moon—how distinctly the *land* and *water* could be distinguished—remarked upon the fine appearance of the *volcanoes*, and spoke of the *snow* that could be seen upon the tops of the *mountains*; all of which was eagerly caught at by the crowd. Business was very good for two hours, after which it suddenly fell off—for then the *moon went down!* My fortunes were suddenly obscured—an *eclipse* had taken place, and I was in the dark. It was but ten o’clock, and I tried to rally the crowd by telling them the evening star presented a fine appearance through the telescope; but it would not do. They deserted me. I had not counted my sixpences; but my pockets felt pretty heavy, and I was far from being dissatisfied with my two hours’ work. So shouldering the instrument of my momentary good fortune, I wended my way homewards. As I was passing through Leonard street, I met three men, who proved to be a captain of a vessel, and two of his sailors. They hailed me, and demanded what sort of craft it was I had in tow? I told them it was a powerful telescope, with which I had been viewing the *stars*, (I knew the *moon* was out of the question, and had been for at least half an hour.) “ The stars! I say, shipmate, let’s have a squint at them stars.” “ Certainly, sir—six cents a squint.” “ Very well—I say, capt’n, and Jack, let’s have eighteen pence worth of stars. Up with your

jury-mast." "Yes." "That's it—steady." "What star will you have, gentlemen?" "Capt'n, what star will *you* have?" "What star? why, let's see—*Venus!*" "O, yes! *Wenus*, by all means." I raised up the telescope, and pointed it to the brightest star I could find, and when I had turned the screws to regulate the focus, they commenced star-gazing. After satisfying themselves with *Wenus*, they wanted to see *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, and a host of others. I gratified them, at sixpence each, until the receipts from my nautical customers amounted to three dollars! They were very tipsy, and I believe they would have given me their custom until daylight, if I would have consented to stay with them. When they had viewed a great many planets and fixed stars, my astronomical knowledge began to give out, and I was obliged to show the *same planets* two or three times over, taking care to change the focus so as to give them a different appearance. It was now nearly one o'clock in the morning—I proposed to my customers to close the exhibition, which they reluctantly agreed to, not, however, until I consented, in consideration of their being liberal patrons, to "throw in" a couple of *planets* for good measure. Next morning I divided with my friend, the baker, *eighteen dollars and sixty-two cents!*

CHAPTER XII.

CONCERTS IN NEW JERSEY.

Pride and poverty—A feeling and discriminating audience—An accommodating landlord—A rich uncle-in-law—Wiggins the auctioneer—Attempt to raise the wind at Elizabeth town—Five auditors—Selling a lottery ticket—Borrowing a shilling—The value of money—A New-Year's Address.

At length my capital entirely gave out. Cold weather was coming on, and I thought it full time to look out for winter quarters. A proposition was made to my landlord to receive back the crockery-ware. Mr. Sage received his books. My landlord received a note for the rent, and I removed to New Brunswick, and took a furnished room from one of my wife's grand-aunts. What to do for bread and butter, I did not know. Another concert was out of the question, my wife not being able to assist. At length I learned that Mr. Fitz-Randolph, editor of the "Freedonian," was a member-elect of the state senate, and that he would necessarily be in attendance on the legislature at Trenton nearly three months, I offered my services as editor during his absence, and was engaged at six dollars per week—to commence about Christmas, a month from the time when the contract was made. I felt perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, as regarded the future; but it was a matter of some difficulty to know how we were to subsist until Christmas. My money was all gone, and I always had an indescribable hor-

ror of being considered poor, *when I was so*. Indeed, I believe I would suffer from hunger a long time before I would let any one know I was in need of a dinner. It may be called a foolish pride—I believe it *is*—but I cannot help it. When I have been induced to apply for loans of money, I have generally been refused. If I had been willing to let it be known that I was in need, I could probably have found something to do that would have afforded us the means to obtain bread; but I was ambitious to be thought independent.

One day I went to the printing-office and printed a few handbills, announcing to the inhabitants of [blank] that Mr. Sol Smith, from the Philadelphia and western theatres, would give a *concert of vocal music*, on [blank] evening, to consist of a great variety of sentimental (!) and comic songs, price of admission twenty-five cents. With these bills, and a bundle containing some music-books, a pair of breeches, and a red wig, I embarked on board a steamboat for Perth Amboy. I had previously borrowed a York shilling of my grand-aunt-in-law, to pay my passage. I arrived at Amboy in the evening, and issued my bills for the next night. The people did not know what to make of it. The next night came, and seven people (men and boys) came also. The room was lighted, the tickets given at the door, and I began my songs. I never felt less disposed to sing—but I was in hopes my receipts would at least pay the tavern bill. It was a very cold night; and after I had sung two or three songs, my auditors proposed I should come and *sit with them by the fire*, which invitation I accepted

very willingly, (*as I saw there was plenty of room,*) and finished my concert with my heels cocked up over the fireplace! Next morning I found my receipts would not satisfy my landlord's bill, there being a deficiency of more than a dollar! The landlord very generously offered to let me go to New York and borrow the money, loaning me a shilling to pay my passage thither, *provided I left my baggage with him in pledge.* As the steamboat passed, I got on board, and at five o'clock, P. M., I was in New York. I immediately went to Mr. William Mathews, my wife's uncle, a rich grocer, and told him my situation. He listened very attentively, and seemed quite sorry for me, but made no offer. After waiting an hour or so, I "screwed my courage to the sticking-place," and asked him for a loan of five dollars. He hum'd and ha'd a moment, and *declined!* I felt like a thief! I had exposed my situation to the brute, thinking I was certain of his sympathy and assistance. I was disappointed, humbled, chagrined, and enraged. I have never seen him since. If this should meet his eye, though I doubt whether the fellow ever reads at all, he will learn that he is most cordially despised by at least one individual in the world.

It is inconceivable to me, how a man's natural good feelings can become so blunted by business as to arrive at such a state of heartlessness. I have never yet seen the man that I would not render some little assistance to if in my power. It seems to me no more than a duty—there is no merit in it. How a man, who owns whole blocks of buildings, who is

rolling in riches and luxuries, can bring his tongue to utter a refusal to a slight request of the kind, is to me surprising. His brother's daughter and her child in danger of wanting bread, to say nothing of *my* claims, for, individually, I had none, but such as all human creatures have on their fellows. Having *my* solemn promise for the return of the money in a month—the sum so small—pshaw! Mr. William Mathews is too pitiful a person to write about.

I was doomed to another disappointment. There was an auctioneer in the city, whom I will call *Wiggins*. The year previously he had been in Cincinnati, and many civilities had passed between us. He had been a contributor to my paper; we were on terms of familiarity, and he had frequently said, if business should ever call me to New York, he hoped I would command his services. On my arrival in the summer, I called on him; he appeared pleased to see me, inquired about Cincinnati, and when he found I had abandoned the "*press*," advised me to establish a paper in New York, at the same time promising me his custom and influence in the way of auction advertisements. While I was carrying on my little shop in Hudson street, he called on me twice, and always expressed great anxiety for my welfare and prosperity. Was I wrong in thinking this man would befriend me, so far as to give me the use of *five dollars* for a month? After a severe struggle with my pride, I went into his auction-room; it was crowded with people, for he had a night-sale. I could not get an opportunity to speak to him, so I wrote him a note, of which the following is a copy:

“Mr. Wiggins.—Dear sir:—I am in immediate want of *five dollars*—will you loan it to me?

“P. S. I cannot return it under a month.”

“Yours,

SOL SMITH.

“Tuesday evening.”

In about an hour, seeing I did not leave the room, he wrote the following answer :

“Mr. Smith:—Times are hard, and money scarce. I find it difficult to carry on my business. However, if you will *give me security*, I will oblige you with the loan you ask.

Yours, &c.

“—— WIGGINS.”

It was half-past ten o'clock when I received this insulting note. My first impulse was to tear it to pieces, and throw the fragments into the writer's face; but when I got into the cool air, the question occurred to me, “where shall I sleep to-night?” I reflected that I had already humbled myself as much as possible, and that my only chance was to comply with Wiggins' terms. I walked (or rather ran) from the auction-store, which was in some of the streets south of Broadway, to the house of my friend, the owner of the telescope—awakened him—wrote a note, signed, and asked him to endorse it, which he readily did. Hastening back to the auction-store, I was told Wiggins had retired. I persuaded the shop-boy to take him a letter, in which I enclosed the endorsed note, naming the address of the endorser, and in about an hour after received a letter enclosing a five dollar bill, with an apology for putting me to so much trouble, but really times were so hard, and all that, &c.

&c. It may be wondered at, that while at the baker's, (the owner of the telescope,) I did not ask *him* for the money. I can scarcely tell *why* I did not give *him* the preference—probably, I felt some little pride to show Wiggins there was at least one man in the city who had confidence in me. Perhaps I thought the worthy baker was unable to spare the money; or, what is more likely, I did not wish to let my destitute situation be known to him, after meeting with such rebuffs from two individuals; for I recollect, I trumped up a story to the telescope-man that the note was for the accommodation of an acquaintance of mine, to whom I was willing to loan the money, but had it not with me. Well—I got the money and went to the City Hotel and slept. In the morning, after paying six shillings for my lodging, I embarked on board a steamboat at six o'clock; touched at Perth Amboy; paid my landlord his money, and returned to New Brunswick.

I was very impatient for the time to arrive when I should begin my task in the newspaper-office. It was a custom with me to pass a portion of my time in the editorial room, being fond of reading the news. The carrier, or *devil*, as he is technically termed, wished me to write a New-Year's Address, offering me one-half of the proceeds of sale; I declined, for the simple reason that I had never perpetrated a rhyme in my life.

When within about a week of the time my editorial services were to begin, I took it into my head (not having the fear of failure before my eyes) to give a vocal concert (a *concert* with one performer!) at Elizabethtown. Having a few of my bills left, off I

went in a steamboat, and arriving about noon advertised my performance for the same night. This concert was attended by *five persons*. I had here the advantage of a piano, on which I accompanied myself in some of my *sentimental* songs. Only imagine, my southern and western friends, "Old Sol" singing sentimental songs!

Next morning, saying I had business in New York city, (*and so I had!*) I told my landlord I would call on my return and settle my bill, at the same time asking him to *permit my trunk to remain*, with which request he very willingly complied. Arrived in the city, I went to a lottery-office with a quarter ticket I had purchased some months previously, which I sold at a small discount, and in this way raised one dollar and fifty cents. Hastening back to Elizabeth-town, I discharged my bill, leaving myself not one cent with which to pay my passage back to Brunswick. It was no time for ceremony. I embarked on the first boat, trusting to Providence for the means of paying for the trip. Providence sent relief in the shape of a very clever young man who had formed a fifth part of my audience at the concert, and who was travelling for the purpose of obtaining subscribers to some periodical. He had seen some numbers of my Cincinnati paper, and seemed anxious to cultivate an acquaintance with me. While we were busy discussing some literary subject, the bell rang as a signal that it was time for the passage-money to be paid. It appeared to me that it was *tolling* rather than ringing. I moved not, neither did my companion move. Pretty soon the clerk came bustling along, taking the shillings. He approached us—my literary friend

handed him a quarter, and his hand remained extended, waiting for the change. Now was my time —life or death. “Let him keep it,” I stammered out, “I will hand you the shilling.” “Certainly,” said he, and the thing was settled for the present, and we continued the conversation as if there had been no interruption. I presume but few of my readers can appreciate my feelings on this occasion; I can only say, my face burnt like a coal of fire, and that it seems to me I would sooner submit to being shot by a file of soldiers, than go through the same scene again. Yet there was nothing to create such a feeling. Nothing is more common (even among strangers) than making the very request I made; yet the fact of my having no cash in my pocket made me feel like a criminal. People may talk of the worthlessness of money—of its being the “root of all evil,” and all that sort of thing—I say, it is the talisman which unlocks all hearts; the balsam that heals all wounds; the creator of respect, esteem, friendship, love!—Without it, a man is neglected, abandoned, and scorned—with it, he springs into rank; is courted, fawned upon, worshipped. Talk of respect gained by a long course of good deeds, and honest actions, and just deportment! Give the veriest wretch MONEY enough, and he may discard all the virtues, and yet retain the respect and admiration of the world. Money worthless!—Nonsense. I have seen it unchain a criminal; change the made-up opinion of juries; sway the judge. The priest pretends to be labouring for the good of the souls of his flock—he is not—he is labouring for his fifteen hundred dollars a year. The patriot blusters and storms at “the pow-

ers that be," only to get the place of another, and with it the salary. The player—but why particularize, where ALL are striving for money! money!! money!!! We continued in conversation until the boat touched the wharf at Brunswick; and just as I was leaving my fellow-traveller, I mentioned that I would call at his lodgings in the course of an hour or two and pay him his shilling—for I happened just to discover that *I had no change about me*, (I never told a greater truth.) He gave me his address, and we parted; he to get subscribers, and I to get the shilling. Without seeing my wife, I went to the printing-office, and inquired for the *devil*. He made his appearance, and I told him I was ready to come to an arrangement with him; in other words, I was willing to write his *New-Year's Address*, if he still wished it. He was much surprised at my changing my mind, but was delighted that I had concluded to undertake it. "But stop, my lad—what terms am I to write it on?" "Half the proceeds," proposed the boy. "That won't do," said I. "What will you give me, cash down, for the address, and you take all the risk and all the profits?" "Why, I don't know—I generally get five or six dollars, and sometimes eight." "Well, I'll strike a bargain with you; give me three dollars and I'll write your address." "Done!" said the devil, and away he flew to borrow the money of his brother-in-law. Being desperate, I went to work at making rhymes. I happened to know many local events which had latterly transpired, and I bundled them all in, higgledy-piggledy; touched off the presidential question; boarded the steamboat lines; dug into the oyster-planting scheme;

suggested action for the legislature, and mixed up some few personal matters, which altogether formed forty-two lines. The boy returned in twenty-five minutes. "There are your three dollars," said he, handing me the money. "There's your address," replied I, giving him the scribbling. I need not tell the reader that the shilling was pretty soon paid to my travelling companion. I then went home and related my mishaps to my wife, and she laughed heartily at my manner of getting out of the difficulty, never having suspected me of possessing the smallest spark of poetic genius.

The sequel to this little affair was highly gratifying to my feelings. New-Year's day arrived, and the carrier came home in the evening, joy beaming in his ruddy countenance, and told me the *address* had produced a receipt of *thirty-six dollars*—thirty more than he usually received on similar occasions! The grateful boy insisted that I should receive *half*, according to his first offer; but I could see no justice by doing so, and of course refused. I forgot the boy's surname; his Christian name was Melancthon. If he has not proved to be a good man (I have not heard of him for twenty years) I was no prophet in 1824.

CHAPTER XIII.

GETTING THROUGH A WINTER.

A singing association—Peep at politics—Grand oratorio—Last attempt for an engagement at the Park—Tragedy or travelling.

By the time I had expended the three dollars, I took possession of my new situation in the printing-office, and was comparatively easy in my circumstances. The first thing I did was to send the five dollars to my *generous friend*, Wiggins, some days before it was due. {~~G~~} This is not the last appearance of Wiggins—he will figure for a moment, some pages hence.

During my residence in New Brunswick, I had formed many acquaintances, particularly with church-going people. This arose from the fact that I played the organ occasionally in the Episcopal church. There was a singing-school in the place, and being invited by the teacher, I attended one evening, when it was discovered that I could *read music!* This was looked upon as a wonderful accomplishment, and I was immediately offered a school, if I would take one. I declined; but told the young gentleman who applied to me, (William Duryie,) that if ladies and gentlemen, to the number of twelve of each, would form themselves into a class, I would very cheerfully devote one evening in each week to their instruction in the science of music, confining their

practice to anthems, and set-pieces, and leaving the singing-master in undisputed possession of the psalm tunes and hymns. This was joyfully acceded to, and the class formed, with the understanding, that in consideration of my instructions, they were to sing for me *one night* at an oratorio. We accordingly had meetings every Wednesday night, and my scholars were soon so far advanced in their musical education that they were proud to invite their friends to the meetings. It must be remembered that no one had any idea that I was connected with *the stage*. If they had known I was an actor, my reception and treatment in New Brunswick would most likely have been widely different. My pupils improved apace, and I only waited for Mrs. Smith's recovery, after her confinement, to give my oratorio. I proposed to give one-third of the receipts to a charitable institution.

In the mean time politics raged high. The president was to be chosen by the house of representatives—the electoral colleges having failed to make a choice. The struggle was soon over—HENRY CLAY decided the contest. He threw his vote and powerful influence into Adams' end of the scale, and Adams became the president. I have no doubt that personal considerations induced Mr. Clay to give this vote, but I have never been among those who accuse him of bargain and intrigue. I *know* Henry Clay to be one of the best-hearted men in the world, and whatever others may think of his conduct as a political man, the writer of this will never believe any of the numerous charges of corruption which have been for years preferred against him by his opponents.

At this time began the great political struggle which ended in the election of Andrew Jackson **BY THE PEOPLE** in 1828.

But to leave politics, with which I have nothing to do, let me return to my winter-quarters in New Jersey, where my twenty-four scholars have so far progressed as to be nearly ready, for the oratorio. In New York I engaged a few musicians. Mrs. Smith recovered from her illness and took her place as principal soprano, the oratorio was advertised and performed. The receipts, beyond all expenses, were upwards of *one hundred dollars!* What a wind-fall! Considering that the price of tickets was only twenty-five cents each, the amount must be considered very large. I enclosed a third of the proceeds to the charitable institution named in the bills, and the next day it was returned, with a note of thanks from the lady who presided over it, saying that their funds were amply sufficient for the purposes of the institution. I paid off my debts in New Brunswick, and made preparations to depart. Our intention was to make our way to the western country; but first, being now in rather better trim than I had been the fall before, I resolved on making another and last "desperate offer" of my services to Mr. Simpson, of the Park theatre.

Attiring myself in my best suit, I went to New York, where I took cheap lodgings, and for three several days pondered on the best mode to prefer my request to the metropolitan manager. On the fourth day, about eleven o'clock, A. M., I went boldly up to the box office, where I found Mr. Price. I asked

for Mr. Simpson. (It is probable if Mr. Simpson had been there, I should have asked for Mr. Price.) "He was on the stage; had I any business?" "Yes; wished to see him particularly; would call again." "Very well." At two P. M. I saw Mr. Simpson go into the office, and marching boldly up the steps, I made known my wishes. Mr. Simpson smiled at my apparent confusion, and said if I would call about four o'clock he would then have leisure to talk with me. The time from two to four was passed by me in the most feverish anxiety. Punctual to my appointment, I called at the theatre, and was told Mr. Simpson was on the stage, and would be glad to see me there. He received me kindly, but I soon found that there was no hope for me. My pretensions were of the most moderate kind. I was willing, and told Mr. Simpson so, to engage as chorus-singer at *six dollars per week*, and to make myself "generally useful" on the stage. He did not want chorus-singers *then*. After much consideration and walking up and down, he said all he could do for me was to give me a chance in his company connected with the circus, then performing in Philadelphia under the management of Mr. Cowell. The *chance* was this: his principal tragedian and melo-dramatic performer had just left, and they were in want of a Timour! I could have a trial in that part, and, *if successful*, would be placed upon the salary list. I had just learned enough of my profession to be sure of my unfitness for tragedy, and declined the attempt as hopeless. Mr. Simpson, who really seemed anxious to do something for me, finding I would not answer

his purpose, very kindly dismissed me, proffering me the freedom of the house while I remained in the city.*

* In 1835, while performing a *starring* engagement at the Park theatre, I recalled this interview to the memory of Mr. Simpson. He laughed heartily at the remembrance of my embarrassment, and good naturedly said—"Well, Mr. Smith, it is probably a lucky thing for you I declined your services, *you have, doubtlessly, done better.*"

CHAPTER XIV.

STROLLING IN YORK STATE AND CANADA.

First engagement—Salary raised—Wiggins at Saratoga—The *Hunters of Kentucky*—Invasion of Canada—Battle of Niagara—John Bull on our side—Interview with an English excellency—Count Luneda—“God save the King”—Ancaster, and its jolly Thespian amateurs.

FINDING there was no hopes of an engagement in the metropolis, I applied for and obtained a situation in the company of Mr. H. A. Williams, then about to commence a circuit in the western towns of New York. My salary was to be eight dollars per week. I took leave of my New Brunswick friends, who had been very kind to me and mine, and proceeded to Albany, where I joined my new manager. Our company performed three nights in Schenectady, and about a fortnight in the town of Little Falls with tolerable success; after which, we took up our summer quarters at Utica, where we converted a circus into a theatre. I soon became convinced that my *nine dollars* a week (for my salary had been raised to that sum) would not support my family, and that the little fund, the proceeds of my winter's exertions, was fast melting away. In this emergency my wife consented to go on the stage. She made her first appearance as “*Norah*” in the “*Poor Soldier*.” How far she succeeded as an actress, and to what eminence she attained in her profession, the southern public can better say than it becomes me to write;

but this much I will aver, being the best judge of the matter—there were two characters she sustained to admiration—those of a faithful wife and mother.

From Utica we went to Saratoga Springs, where we made a season of eight or ten weeks. *De Witt Clinton* attended my benefit at this place.

It was here that I was revenged on my New York friend, Wiggins. He was at the springs on a visit, and had, in a gambling scrape, lost all his money. He came to me, and asked me to loan him a hundred dollars, which I did, *borrowing the money* for the purpose, and taking his own bill, *without an endorser*, for the amount. When I handed him the money, he began to express his gratitude in very strong terms, but I cut him short. “Wiggins,” said I, “being in great pecuniary distress, I once asked you to loan me five dollars; you consented, on condition that my bill for the amount should be *endorsed* by a good man in the city. The money was punctually returned to you. You now happen to be pushed, and ask a loan of *me*—there is the money—my obligation to you for the loan in New York I consider cancelled. Wiggins, I have done with you for ever.” And so I had, for I have never seen or heard of him since; though it is but an act of justice to say that his bill was duly honoured.

Learning on our return to Utica that the projected new theatre would not be ready for us in less than two months, we visited some of the small towns, Syracuse and Auburn among the rest. At the latter place my wife and myself withdrew from the company, and proceeded to Rochester, where we had been invited by the manager. We performed during

the season, and had good benefits. At this place I sung the "Hunters of Kentucky" forty-one nights, and on the last night *forgot some of the words*, and was prompted from the boxes! We next went into Upper Canada, where I took an interest of one-half in the management of a temporary theatre, and lost what little I had scraped together during the summer. Our first essay in his majesty's dominions was at Niagara, where our performance was interrupted by a dozen well-dressed fellows, who took a room immediately adjoining ours, and amused themselves and annoyed us by roaring out "God save the King," "Rule Britannia," and other loyal tunes. All this was done because they could not obtain admission to our performance at *half price!* We sent a remonstrance, but our messenger was treated with insult, and they declared unequivocally, that their intention was to drive off the d——d Yankee vagabond actors. We finished our play and farce, and then proceeded to the bar-room in a body, determined to "thrash them," for our American blood was up. The party soon heard of our intention, and reinforcing their number with three or four boat hands—I will not call them boat *men*—some half-breed Indians, and a couple of negroes, they came upon us, armed with clubs and bludgeons. Our little band met the attack manfully; but it was a hard battle, and was going against us, when a large, fat, red-faced Englishman—he was an Englishman—the others were *colonists*—rushed in between the combatants, and bellowing forth the word "Stop!" all desisted for a moment. "What the h—ll is all this rumpus about?" asked John Bull. "We are going to whip the d—d Yankees," re-

sponded twenty voices. "Upon 'em lads," and they were coming upon us like a hurricane, when John again interposed his "Stop!" Another pause. "You say, you are going to whip the d—d Yankees,"—here off went his coat,—"and you are twenty to twelve,"—his handkerchief—"These are Yankees, and you pretend to be Englishmen,"—waistcoat—"whoever heard of an Englishman taking odds against an enemy?—Stop! hear me out; what, you are determined are you? Very well, boys, just as you please. I have fought against the Yankees during the war, (d—n me if I think any of *you* did!) I am a true Englishman; these Yankees are STRANGERS on our shores, and therefore entitled to kindness and protection. *You* are twenty, without the niggers; *they* are twelve. Boys, (addressing us,) do your best; I am on your side, and you are now a "baker's dozen!" The parties met. The Englishman dealt his blows right and left, and fought like a hero, as he was; and the colonists, sailors, lords, half-breeds, and negroes were routed!

We took passage in a schooner for Little York, (now called Toronto,) where we made a most miserable season. Our bills were printed by Mr. Mackenzie, since become so notorious by the part he has taken in the Canada rebellion.

In the hopes of bettering our business, and at the urgent solicitation of my partner in the management, I consented to accompany him to the governor's house to "request a bespeak." It was very much against the grain, I assure you; but I had been told a "bespeak" from "his excellency" would fill the theatre; and I felt it was my duty, for the sake of the

company, if not for my own sake, to lay aside my republican pride on the occasion. After we had cooled our heels for the best part of two hours, in an ante-room, an adjutant, or major, or *something*, appeared and wished to be favoured with our business. I told him we wished to see the governor, on a matter of importance. Receiving our names, he left us waiting another half hour. At length we were told the governor would see us, and we were conducted into the great man's presence. There were thirteen or fourteen people in the room, all whispering in corners, and looking like so many scared rabbits. My partner having pushed me forward as the speaker, I began: "Several citizens have suggested that you would like to visit the theatre if a box were fitted up for your reception; so we are come, Mr. Maitland, to know when."—"You may save yourself further trouble *Mister Smith*," interrupted his excellency, "I do *not* wish to visit your theatre; when I do, I will make my pleasure known; good morning." "But, Mr. Maitland, I was told"—"But, *Mister Smith*, I do not wish to hear any more on the subject." And he bowed us out of the room! "Confound your republican notions!" whispered my partner, as we sneaked along the hall to the street door, "that cursed *Mister* of yours has ruined all!" "Why, what ought I to have said?" I inquired. "Your excellency," of course, or your *lordship*, or your highness," replied he. "Well," I remarked, "this is the first time I ever invited any of the nobility to visit the theatre, and please God it shall be the last!"

AND IT WAS.

The once celebrated Jack Dwyer was at this place

teaching elocution. One night he came to the theatre in company with about thirty gentlemen of the place, who were, like himself, "full of wine." We had dismissed our audience that night, (two men and a boy,) but the jovial party insisted we should light up and go through with the performance, for which they would give us thirty dollars. We consented, and played the "Broken Sword" and some after-piece. Having no painter attached to the company, we were at a loss how to make a bust of the murdered Luneda. Several had tried their hands at it and failed. As a last resort, I directed a Mr. Thomas to *whiten his face*, wrap a sheet around him, and stand up behind the pedestal! This answered the purpose very well. He did *move* a little. occasionally, it is true, but the auditors thought the appearance of moving was caused by the wine they had been drinking. Between the pieces several tunes were called for, "God save the King," "Rule Britannia," "Auld Lang Syne," "Exile of Erin," "*Hail Columbia*," and "*Yankee Doodle*,"—all had their advocates. According to custom, the audience stood uncovered while the British national tune was being played ; and from mere playfulness a Captain Matthews insisted that the same ceremony should be observed while the orchestra were playing "*Hail Columbia*." Some objected, and several hats were knocked off; but I considered it all a joke, and so, I believe, did all the persons concerned in it. I was not a little surprised, two or three years afterwards, to see in a London paper at least a dozen columns occupied by an account of the trial of Captain Matthews for his share in the frolic !

Our next town was Ancaster, at the head of Lake Ontario. Here was a Thespian society, which had been in existence about two years. Two hundred pounds had been subscribed by the members for purchasing scenery, wardrobe, and books. The association met one night in each month for rehearsal. Their first play intended for performance being "She Stoops to Conquer." They had met, probably, twenty times, and never had progressed in the rehearsal further than the second scene in the comedy, for the following reason: The landlord of the hotel where the meetings were held, was cast for the landlord in the play, and furnished the Thespians with *real liquor*, and that of the very best kind: so that before the actors could get through the scene, they were *too tipsy* to proceed any further! and generally broke up in a row. I learned these particulars from one of the members, who came to request we would perform that comedy, which we did, receiving three cheers when we got through the first act!

CHAPTER XV.

THE MURDEROUS ALLEGHANIANS.

Bare-legged senators of Syracuse—Rochester theatricals—A new comedy—Strolling westward—Living for ever—Natural gas—Taking towns—A storm—Bloody doings on the banks of the Alleghany.

THE company next proceeded to Rochester, where we performed with indifferent success for a month, and then to Auburn. Here we opened the theatre with “Damon and Pythias.” I remember the opening play from this circumstance: My partner, who was stage-manager, came to me just before the time of beginning, and asked me to take a look at the supernumeraries, and say how I liked their dresses. I looked, and behold! he had twelve strapping fellows drawn up for my inspection, dressed in Roman shirts, and with *bare legs!* Not having sandals prepared, he permitted them to wear their own coarse brogans, and as they stood ranged on the stage, stooping down to make the shirts reach below the knee, their appearance was irresistibly ludicrous. Instead of the burst of admiration Davis expected, I gave way to a fit of laughter, assuring him it would not do to let them appear before the audience in that plight. “Why not?” argued the stage director, “no one can deny that it is the correct costume; the fleshings which are usually worn are intended to represent the *bare flesh*, and here I have the *real thing*, natural as life.” I would not be convinced, and the

curtain could not be raised until the Syracusan senators had time to make themselves fit to be seen in the senate chamber.

Leaving the company in charge of my partner, I returned to Rochester, and superintended the fitting-up of a new theatre next door to the Mansion House, and near the canal. On my way, I was mistaken for General Jackson, and treated with a great deal of attention by the passengers. In due time we opened our new establishment, and for a time succeeded tolerably well: but becoming dissatisfied with my partner, I withdrew, leaving him the whole concern. I intended to set out immediately for the western country, but my quondam manager, Williams, offering us excellent terms to remain a few weeks with him in his new theatre, just about opening, I entered into an engagement. I remember our bringing out the (then) new comedy of "Sweethearts and Wives," in which I played Billy Lackaday six successive nights, and for my benefit on the seventh. Mr. Maywood performed an engagement with us this season —a very successful one.

At the close of my engagement, I got together a few people, and formed a small travelling company, intending to "play our way" to Cincinnati. I shall not attempt to describe this truly strolling expedition, but content myself with touching lightly on a very few of the incidents attending it. Our little party performed in Lockport, Black Rock, NIAGARA FALLS, Fredonia,* Westfield, Mayville, and James-

* Many of the stores and shops in this village are lighted with *natural gas*!

town. Near the latter place, we breakfasted with a man who believed he should *live for ever!* He had been in the habit, for several years, of making *burnt offerings* of cattle, sheep, fowls, dogs, and cats, and he told me it was his intention some day to offer up one of his children! He had only delayed making this last sacrifice because the Almighty had not yet told him *which* child would be the most acceptable! So firm was the old man in the belief that he would never die, he gave one hundred pounds (two hundred and fifty dollars) for the insertion of a clause in a deed of a farm which he sold to a neighbour, entitling him (the long-lived) to re-enter and take possession of the land at the end of nine hundred and ninety-nine years, provided he came *personally* to claim it! I have not heard of this singular madman since. He may be living, and likely to live, for aught I know. If he *can* live for ever, I am sure I have no objection.

At Warren our little company embarked on board two large skiffs, prepared for the purpose, and floated down the beautiful Alleghany. Proceeding on our journey, the boat or skiff containing the young men of the company was considerably in advance of us, with the understanding that if they came to a town worth "taking," they were to leave a flag flying on the bank of the river as a signal for us that the town was taken, or, in other words, that they had made arrangements to perform there. Towards night, on the third day, a storm threatened, and we saw no shelter at hand. The night thickened upon us; the lightning flashed, and the thunder muttered at a distance, warning us to seek a shelter. There were five

of us in our little barque ; Mr. and Mrs. Francisco, Mrs. Smith, our child, and myself. We held a consultation, and came to the conclusion we would run the boat ashore, strike a light, and fortify ourselves as well as we could against the storm and wild beasts. Just as we were about heading for the shore, a light was discovered some distance below, which gave assurance that a dwelling of some kind was near, and we pulled for it with all our strength. When arrived opposite the light we hallooed, and after a short pause received a “halloo” in answer. In a moment more the boat touched the land, and three stout, ugly-looking-fellows welcomed us ashore. We had heard of banditti infesting these wilds, and appearances were not very favourable to our hosts. They seemed, as we thought, rather too anxious to accommodate us, assuring us that there was not another house short of fourteen miles ! Mr. F. and myself, with our wives, and little Frank, (that was my son’s name,) proceeded to the cottage, a few rods up a steep bank of the river, the three men carrying our trunks on their shoulders. “The Devil!” muttered one, “they have a smart chance of plunder!” “Yes,” replied another, “these boxes are confounded heavy; wonder which of ‘em’s got the specie in it?” In the cottage we found a female, who did not seem at all pleased with our visit. While we were seeing that our luggage was all safe, we could hear the woman expostulating with her husband, telling him they had no accommodations for travellers; no provisions in the house; nor no place for them to sleep. “Oh, never mind,” answered the eldest of the three rob—the three cottagers, who really appeared good-na-

tured and accommodating—albeit, he had a monstrous black look; his face seeming to have *cut* all acquaintance with razors and soap—"We shall get along well enough; bring some more pine knots, boys, and let's have a rousing fire." His commands were almost instantly obeyed, and a bright pine-knot fire imparted a cheerfulness to the scene, which for the time "banished all gloomy apprehensions." Somehow or other, the ladies had from the beginning taken the idea into their heads that our entertainers were robbers; which idea the reader will have entertained ere this; and, indeed, their rough and uncouth appearance seemed fully to justify the supposition.

We seated ourselves by the fire-side, and the three men and the woman began to consult about supper and lodging. We could catch a sentence or two of their colloquy occasionally, which did not serve to quiet the rising fears of the females of our party. "What success had you this evening?" asked the younger boy. "None at all," answered the father, "hav'n't killed a *living* crittur to-night, though I've been watching ever since dark. I came very near *knocking over* one fine fellow, but he was alarmed at the hallooing of these strangers, and made his escape before I could get a *crack* at him." "Thank Heaven," whispered Mrs. F., "we have been the means of saving a fellow-creature's life!" "How are we to provide for these people?" asked the woman of the house. "That will be easy enough," answered her husband, "if the men-folks will consent to be *separated from their wives*. Let the two ladies and the child have your bed, (for, poor things,

I pity *them*,) and we will find a *resting-place* for the men, never fear." "A resting-place!" groaned Mr. F., "I dare say you will." "Dick and Pete," continued the old man, addressing the *boys*—their consultation being ended—"take the spade and that basket, and do as I told you." The two sons obeyed, first supplying themselves with a torch of pine. The two ladies, having by this time persuaded themselves we were all to be made mince-meat of, insisted that we should leave the house. In their alarm they were heartily joined by Mr. F., who could see nothing but "dagger, rope, and ratsbane" in the looks of our entertainers. He proposed to reconnoitre the proceedings of the "*boys*," who had gone out, as he supposed, to *dig our graves*. Concealing himself behind a sort of natural hedge, he had an opportunity of seeing their operations and hearing their conversation, himself unobserved. They were *turning up the fresh earth*, and their dialogue was as follows—we being, evidently, the subject of their discourse: "This will be quite a windfall for us; these strangers seem to be rich, and will pay us well for our trouble." "Yes; how cursed heavy that black trunk of theirs is; they must be *very* rich." "I am sorry we can't give 'em better fare than what we are *providing for them*!" "Oh, never mind the fare; their *lodging* will be rather rough, to be sure, but they will be *sound asleep* in a couple of hours, and to-morrow it will make no difference to them what they sup on, or how rough their lodging is to-night." "Sound asleep," thought poor F., "No sound sleep for us this night; we'll not go to bed and get our throats cut!" By this time the *boys* had

finished their digging, and they prepared to return to the cottage. Francisco hastened back before them, and related what he had overheard. We were watching the cottager and his wife, whose movements appeared suspicious. The ladies renewed their entreaties that we would leave the place at once, and abandon our property to the brigands; but before we could devise how to act, the cottagers were heard returning. "There," said the elder son, throwing down the spade, and handing a basket to his mother, "that job's over; we've finish'd our digging; if father's killed the *crittur*, we shall soon be through our night's work." At this moment the father appeared at the door, with his hands and garments covered with blood—a ghastly smile on his ugly countenance, and holding a "*bloody knife in his hand!*" "Here boys," he bawled out, "*I've cut his throat, come and help me drag him up!*" The sons went out to assist the old cut-throat in his *bloody business*. We presently heard them return, and saw through the open door, they were *bearing a dead body!* The blood curdled in our veins as we sat staring at each other, not knowing how to act. By this time the woman had placed a large kettle on the fire. The old man and his hopeful *boys* were employed *cutting up the dead body* outside the door, mingling with their occupation remarks like the following: "what a pity to kill the poor fellow!" "people must eat;" "if travellers call at our house, they must be *provided for*;" "it does go against my grain to *kill one so young!*" * * * * *

Notwithstanding the dangers that surrounded us, I fell into a doze in the chimney corner, and visions

of blood and murder passed rapidly before my closed eyes. The two *boys* had me by the throat; the old sinner of a landlord held a knife at my breast, while he seized me by the hair—the fatal knife was raised, and the blow about to fall—suddenly I sprang from my seat; shook off my intended murderers, and was preparing for a desperate defence, when the old man exclaimed—“Stranger, *SUPPER'S READY.*” I rubbed my eyes, and staring about the room, saw our party seated at the table, with every trace of fear banished from their countenances. “Come, stranger, take this *cheer* [chair] at the head of the table and help your people. You will find these potatoes, which the *boys have dug for you*, first rate. My wife has made a piece of the *lamb we killed* into a stew. I should have given you some venison, but your hallooing frightened off a fine buck I was about getting a *crack* at. My old woman here objects to my killing the young mutton, but I was determined you should have the best we could get you. So come; sit up, and eat hearty.” It is scarcely necessary to say, we did full justice to our good cheer. After an excellent night's rest, we paid our bill, which was quite reasonable, and floated on our way.

CHAPTER XVI.

DAWNING OF THE DRAMA IN LEWISTON.

A town "taken"—Theatre in the woods—Substitute for candles—The theatrical landlord—Good entertainment.

I HAVE said the young men of the company who preceded us in our downward course, were to display a flag as a signal to us whenever they had "taken a town." One day we discovered a white handkerchief flying at the end of a pole on the river-bank, where there was not a house (much less a town) to be seen. We obeyed the signal and pulled to the shore; but there was nobody to meet us. After waiting half an hour, and concluding we were hoaxed, it was agreed we should pursue our way down the river. We had not proceeded more than twenty rods, when we saw the boat of our companions lying high and dry upon the shore. This convinced us that the party was not far off, and we accordingly made another halt. Before we reached the land, we were hailed from the top of a high bluff—"Hollo! the boat! Pull ashore—this is the town you are to stop at—your actors are up at my house waiting for you!" The person who spoke, soon came down to us, and sure enough we found we were advertised to perform that same night at Lewiston. "Yes," continued the man, whose name was Cartwright—"it's all fixed—look at the bills posted on the trees—you'll have a good house; the

citizens are delighted with your visit." He had a conveyance (a one horse wagon) for the ladies and child, and Francisco and myself walked up the hill in search of the town of Lewiston. But no town could we see. "Oh you are looking for the houses? Bless ye, they are not *built* yet—but we *shall* have some splendid buildings shortly. Here is Broadway—Wall street runs down in this direction—and do you see the blazed tree yonder?—there's *to be* our court-house—and a little beyond, the jail. Oh Lewiston is destined to be a place." Thus spoke our guide and landlord, as he drove his little wagon through the but partially cleared paths, towards his house. We arrived at length, and found our party very comfortably situated in a double log cabin, which was literally covered with playbills, which playbills most respectfully announced to the inhabitants of Lewiston and vicinity, that Mr. Sol Smith and his dramatic company would perform on such an evening the comic opera of the "Poor Soldier"—with the afterpiece of "Lovers' Quarrels." I scarcely knew what to think of the whole proceeding. An audience seemed to me out of the question. Where they were to come from, I could not imagine. "Come up and look at the theatre," invitingly spoke the landlord, when he had introduced the ladies to his wife. I followed him up stairs. "You see we have fitted up this room pretty neatly," said he—and so they had. The room was twelve by sixteen, and the scenery and curtain were rigged up in one end of it—while three large benches represented the boxes and pit. Whether it was all a joke, or whether the man was mad, I did not stop

to inquire, for dinner was announced, and there was "no mistake" in that—it was a first rate one. We found that our landlord was a New Yorker, just settled in the new town of Lewiston, which he imagined would soon rise into a place of great consequence, and become the emporium of Lewis county. Being passionately fond of theatricals, and accidentally falling in with our pioneers the day before, ten miles above *the town*, he had persuaded them to stop and give an entertainment. Dinner over, we soon found it was really expected we should play; for the audience began to assemble from every direction—the men and women all coming on horseback. An unexpected difficulty now presented itself—*there was not a candle in the town*—that is, in the house! What was to be done? Night was coming on—we could not act in the dark, that was certain. The landlord hit upon an expedient at last. He tore up some linen, of which he made wicks, and rolling them in tallow, soon made six decent candles. He thereupon took half a dozen large potatoes, and boring holes in them, converted them into candlesticks, placing them on the floor in front of the curtain for *footlights!* He next called his neighbours up to the bar by proclamation, and told them the *box-office* was open. In ten minutes they were all supplied with tickets, (mostly on a credit,) and he proceeded to *open the doors*—acting himself as doorkeeper—informing all who entered that *checks were not transferable*, and no smoking was allowed in any part of the theatre—"and, gentlemen, no admission behind the scenes under any pretence whatever!" When our audience was seated, he announced the fact to

us, and admonished us, that the curtain was advertised to rise at “8 o’clock, precisely.” In our narrow quarters, a change of dress, after we once entered the theatre, was not to be thought of—there was no getting to the dressing-rooms without passing among the auditors—there being but one door to the room. So Norah and Leonora, being played by the same person, wore the same dress; and so with the other characters—Patrick and Carlos, Darby and Sancho, Father Luke and Lopez, Kathleen and Jacinta, &c. Mr. Cartwright was enthusiastic in his applause, declaring to his friends and neighbours that the performances were nearly equal to those at the Park—only in the latter establishment, he was free to admit, the scenery and decorations were a shade better than those of the Lewiston theatre. The benches being all occupied, he squatted himself down by the potatoe footlights, and, at intervals, amused himself by snuffing the candles. At length, one by one, the lights began to give out, and we were in danger of being left in total darkness! Observing the state of affairs I thought it time to bring the farce to a close—which I did by cutting “Lovers’ Quarrels” rather short—reconciling the parties in the middle of the piece, and speaking the “tag.” Down came the curtain, and out went the last candle! The potatoes were all tenantless—so was the room in a few minutes, the auditors making their way down-stairs the best way they could, highly delighted with their entertainment. Mr. Cartwright and his worthy wife soon raised a sort of lamp, constructed out of a piece of twisted linen and some hog’s lard, in a saucer, and after listening to

our landlord's critical remarks on the whole performance, and discussing an excellent supper, we retired for the night.

Next morning while breakfast was preparing, Mr. C. took me about *the town*, pointing out the different embryo streets and the sites for the public buildings —*a theatre* among the rest. His nearest neighbour resided at the distance of three miles, but he was sanguine in his expectations that Lewiston would *in time* be a great town. Well, it *may*, “*in time*;” but I fear not in Cartwright’s time, nor in mine. The charge for dinner, supper, lodging, breakfast, and the theatre (including the *lighting* of the same) was a mere trifle, and we parted from our host with regret. He was a perfect original. “Farewell, Mr. Manager,” said he—“hope you have been pleased with our town, and will visit Lewiston again next season, when I hope to have the new theatre finished for you.”

CHAPTER XVII.

FLOATING DOWN THE STREAM.

Freeport—Entering at a window—Pittsburgh constables—
Chaste actors.

WE were persuaded to stop and perform for “one night only” at a village called Freeport. If one good or honest man resided there, I had not the pleasure of seeing him or hearing of him. A cabal was formed against us on account of the high price of admission, and the out-door audience, by far the more numerous, made up their minds to use the *window* for an entrance instead of the door. They procured a ladder, and one strapping fellow mounting on it, made his appearance at the window, just as I was singing “Good morning to your night-cap”—my first song in the “Poor Soldier.” I made a sudden spring to the window, and seizing the interloper by the hair of his head, dragged him in, across the room in front of the audience, out at the door, and tumbled him down-stairs, in a much shorter time than I have occupied in writing an account of the proceeding. The turned-out man crawled away to his fellows, and I concluded my song, as though nothing had happened.

I expected an attack when the performance was concluded, but was agreeably disappointed—the mob had dispersed.

At Franklin and Kittanning we performed short

periods, and in due time arrived at Pittsburgh. What actor, who has visited this city, will ever forget it?

I sought my friend Butler, but he had removed from the place. I had no other friend to inquire for, and was about pushing off my little skiff, when I was seized by my old and indefatigable tormentors, the constables. The constables of Pittsburgh never forget an old friend. When I left the place a little more than two years before, I had surrendered all the personal property I then possessed to one James Mackey, to be sold on an execution he held against me. Finding some very good beds, curtains, watches, and other desirable articles in the lot, he thought proper to appropriate them to his own use instead of offering them at vendue—and I now found myself in custody for the very debt, the proceeds of those articles were intended to pay. To be brief, I gave him all the money I had scraped together in my trip down the Alleghany, except ten dollars, and then the sum fell short about twelve dollars, for which he very kindly consented to receive two watches, worth sixty.* Heartily dis-

* While performing the character of Delph in the Natchez theatre, six or seven years after this affair took place, a message was brought me by the back-doorkeeper, from a Mr. Mackey of Pittsburgh, that he wished to speak to me a moment on the subject of a small claim he had against me. Being called on the stage at the moment, I told the messenger that I *did* owe Mr. Mackey *something*, which I would pay him with interest, so soon as I had finished the next scene. When I left the stage, I lost no time in seeking my *friend* at the back-door—but the bird had flown—probably he suspected the kind of payment I intended for him, and concluded not to wait to receive it.

gusted with a place where I had met with nothing but ill luck, I disbanded my little company, gave them letters of recommendation to Mr. Ludlow, who was to open the Pittsburgh theatre in a few days, and embarked with my wife and child^{*} on board my covered skiff. I never ceased to "tug at the oars" until Pittsburgh, with its smoke, was lost in the distance—then I was happy!

The events I have just recorded occurred twenty years ago—yet the same feeling of dread creeps over me when I think of Pittsburgh. *I owe nothing there*—yet I always avoid the place. Twice have I been near it, on my way to New York and Philadelphia, in 1835 and 1842, and twice have I turned away, and submitted to be jolted on the Wheeling turnpike, rather than risk an interview with those indefatigables of the smoky city, the constables.

"Is he a chaste actor?" inquired a manager who wished to ascertain the professional qualifications of an applicant. "I cannot say, exactly," was the reply. "When he performed in Pittsburgh, he was a *chased* actor."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THEATRICALS IN KENTUCKY.

Mistaken for a preacher—Return to Cincinnati—The jug-handle system of management repudiated—Frankfort—Georgetown—Paris—Wax-work—The religious landlord—The particular beggar—Summer vacation—Lexington—Versailles—Collins's grave—Close of Campaign—Engagement with Mr. Caldwell at Nashville—Expedition to interior towns—Stage effect—The charitable auditor—End of my APPRENTICESHIP.

I SHALL not attempt to describe the tedious journey of five hundred and twenty-six miles, performed in the heat of summer, on the Ohio river. It is enough for the reader to know we got through it at last. The water was too low for steamboats. We stopped at Marietta, where we were treated with the greatest attention by the Hall family. We gave an entertainment at Wellsborough, and our receipts were eleven dollars! At Galiopolis we intended to give a concert, but the people all mistook me for a *preacher*, and treated me as such. At bed-time we were shown into the best room. A Bible, prayer, and hymn books were placed on the table, candles snuffed with great care; a deep sigh breathed by the landlady; in short every thing indicated that I was mistaken for one of those godly individuals who perambulate the country converting sinners, and eating the best the land affords. I thought it a pity to undeceive our entertainers. If they chose to deceive themselves,

why should I say any thing that would take away from their satisfaction? In the morning I offered to pay my bill, but not a cent would the landlord receive. So we departed, without saying a word about the concert.

Early in October, 1826, we arrived at Cincinnati, having been absent about two years and a half, without a dollar in my pocket! Mr. Drake's company, which we now joined, consisted of Messrs. Drake, senr., A. Drake, Henderson, Sol Smith, L. Smith, Kelsey, Greene, Grover, and Carter; Mesdames Drake, Fosdick, S. Smith, L. Smith, Carter, and S. Drake. Business falling off, the manager proposed to place the company on a *sharing* system, with the understanding that if the receipts each week should fall short of the expenses, we should *share*; but if they should amount to *more*, we should receive our *salaries only*. Not perceiving the entire justice of this arrangement, it being somewhat on the jug-handle principle, all on one side, Kelsey, my brother, and myself, joined by Henry R. Crampton and family, leased the Frankfort theatre of Mr. Drake, and opened it for a short season. It failed; and disbanding the company, with the exception of a small travelling party, (consisting of self, L. Smith, Greene, Winship, Matthews, and Woodruff; Mesdames S. Smith, L. Smith, and Greene,) we proceeded to Georgetown, where we played three or four nights. Poor little Greene! What a figure he cut! He fancied himself a great *tragedian*, and was the most *comic* looking genius I ever beheld. He made his first appearance as Prince Rodolph, in the "*Blind Boy*," and wore a dress, the trunks of which reached

to his feet. The dress was made for my brother, who was full six feet high ; and little Greene was not more than four ! I laughed till I cried, and the audience seemed equally delighted.

We next proceeded to Paris, and opened with the “Honey Moon.” I observed that a countryman entered the theatre before the candles were lit, and seated himself on the centre of the front bench ; presently, as the audience began to congregate, he became surrounded by ladies, who seated themselves each side of and behind him. He did not turn his eyes to the right or to the left, but kept them fixed on the performers. When I came on as the *Mock Duke*, I observed him sitting in the manner described, with his face leaning on both his hands. As I seated myself to hear the complaint of Juliana against her husband, he and I were not more than five feet apart, facing each other. He leaned further forward than usual, straining his eyes to take a still closer view of my features. All of a sudden, as if he had been convinced of some very important fact, he jumped up, and striking his hands together with great force, exclaimed aloud, “*I'll be d—d if its wax!*” The uproar this occasioned among the audience caused the gentleman to look round ; he seemed to be sensible, for the first time, where he was ; his ludicrous appearance on making this discovery, caused a still louder laugh, which presently increased into a real *Kentucky yell* ; and the uproar did not subside until the cause of all this mirth had made a retreat.

While performing the same play in Port Gibson, in 1829, when the duke, in answer to a knock at the door, bids his wife to “see who it is that knocks,”

a gentleman who happened to be standing near the stage-door, very composedly opened it, and peeping out, turned to the duke and answered, "It is nobody but one of the actors ; Mr. Tatem, I believe." In Nicolesville, a few weeks afterwards, we were performing the farce of "*Lovers' Quarrels*." The theatre was in the ball-room, and the landlord was in the habit of going *behind the scenes* to witness the performance. On account of *his belonging to the church*, *he did not wish to be seen in front*. In the first scene, when "Carlos" was making a present of his watch, purse, &c. to Jacinta for her good news, I (as "Sancho") advised him to save something with which to pay his board. At this moment our religious landlord popped his head on the stage and said, "Mr. Smith, don't mind your board, go on with your play just as you would—if you hav'n't the money at the end of the week, I'll wait." He was honoured with a thundering round of applause, and he *backed out*.

After playing at Paris a week, we bent our course towards Maysville. The roads at that time were intolerable, and almost impassable. My brother and myself were crossing a field, (to avoid the mud,) when we met a beggar who demanded alms. We concluded to give him a dollar, and accordingly handed him a dollar note on the Commonwealth Bank, and were passing on, when he called on us to stop a moment. He put on a dirty pair of spectacles, and holding up the bill to the light, examined it a moment; then holding it towards me, said, "We don't take that 'ere money, except at a discount." Admiring the fellow's impudence, I asked him at

what rate he took Commonwealth paper? He replied, "It is not worth more than seventy-five cents on the dollar. I've lost a great deal on that kind of money, and don't like to take it, no how; but if you have no other, I won't be difficult with you; I'll take it at twenty-five discount." For the joke of the thing, we actually gave the fellow a silver quarter to make good the depreciated paper!*

* Speaking of "depreciated paper," reminds me of the ~~cur-~~
~~rency~~ in Montgomery, (Ala.) when I first opened a theatre in
that thriving place in 1831. It was made up of all sorts of
what was termed *foreign* paper; *mostly counterfeit*. The first
night of the season, Mr. George Whitman went into the box-
office with me to assist in selling tickets, as I was quite igno-
rant about what money I could safely take. A gentleman with
a lady on his arm asked for two tickets, and handed in a five
dollar bill, which I instantly returned, pronouncing it to be
counterfeit. The gentleman flew into a terrible passion, and
insisted on my handing him the tickets and three dollars in
change. "My dear sir, I tell you the note is counterfeit."
"Well, sir, and *suppose it is*; what difference does *that* make?
A pretty fellow *you* are, to come here and attempt to regulate
our currency! Come, give me my tickets; don't keep me
waiting; don't you see I've got a lady on my arm?" My friend
Whitman here interfered, and said, in a low voice, "You had
better take it; it is about as good as any." "What!" remon-
strated I, "take counterfeit money?" "Yes; we all take it
here," replied George. Well, thinks I, if *they all take it here*, I
am safe enough. So, without more objection, I handed the
gentleman with the lady on his arm, his two tickets and *three*
silver dollars I happened to have in my pocket, and the affair
ended for that night. Next day I had occasion to purchase
some small articles at a store, and I went directly to my friend
Whitman's; selecting what I wanted, which amounted to a few
shillings; I handed the clerk the identical V received from
the gentleman with the lady on his arm. The clerk looked at
the bill, and immediately discovered it was a bad one. He was

At Maysville we performed a week to good houses, and then disbanded and retired into summer quarters at Cincinnati.

Near the close of the summer (1827) we reorganized and perambulated the different villages in Kentucky. Mr. Crampton joined us at Lexington, where we acted about three weeks, and had during the whole time but one good house, and that was when *Henry Clay* attended the theatre. On this occasion we borrowed portraits of President Adams and Mr. Clay, and hung them up over the stage. I recollect a curious item in the property man's bill—it was as follows :

“For rope to HANG *Adams* and *Clay*—thirty-one cents.”

From Lexington we proceeded to Harrodsburgh Springs, where our business again failed. We made a precipitate retreat, leaving Crampton (whom we considered a sort of theatrical Jonah) and performed in Nicolesville one week.

We played one week at Versailles, where we visited poor Collins's widow, daughter, and GRAVE, and then raised our standard at Georgetown: but the Methodists had raised *their* banner before us, and had got possession of all the money and all the hearts of the young folks. They fairly conquered us, and drove us from the field! I here received a

in the act of returning it to me, when Mr. Whitman, who was mounted on a step-ladder showing some goods, turned his head and nodding to me, said to the clerk, “All right; take it;” which command was instantly obeyed, and four dollars and some cents handed to me by the clerk.

visit from my old fellow apprentice, Bradford, who ran away with me from Vincennes. He had received a military education and a commission at West Point, and had just been detailed for actual service.

At Shelbyville we closed the campaign, having determined to accept an offer from Mr. JAMES H. CALDWELL and join his company at Nashville. We proceeded thither, and arrived just as the season had commenced. The theatre opened that fall with "*Town and Country*"—Mr. Caldwell acting Reuben Glenroy, which character I have never seen better played than he played it. My wife made her first appearance as *Diana Vernon*, and I mine in *Billy Lackaday*. "*Cherry and Fair Star*" was brought out with great splendour; "*Cherry*," Mrs. Hartwig; "*Fair Star*," Mrs. Rowe.

On the occasion of General Jackson's visiting the theatre, an original song was assigned me to sing. It was a political affair, contained sixteen verses, and the tune was "*Gee-ho-Dobbin!*"

Towards the close of the season, a branch of the company, consisting of eight men and five women, was sent out to Russellville, Hopkinsville, and Clarksville under my management. While performing the "*Stranger*" at Clarksville, one of our auditors became so interested in the last scene, that he got up and addressed my brother as follows:—"Come, Smith, look over what's past and take back your wife, for I'll be d——d if you'll get such another in a hurry!"

This reminds me of a similar effect produced by the performance of the "*Gambler's Fate*" in Huntsville, several years afterwards. During the last

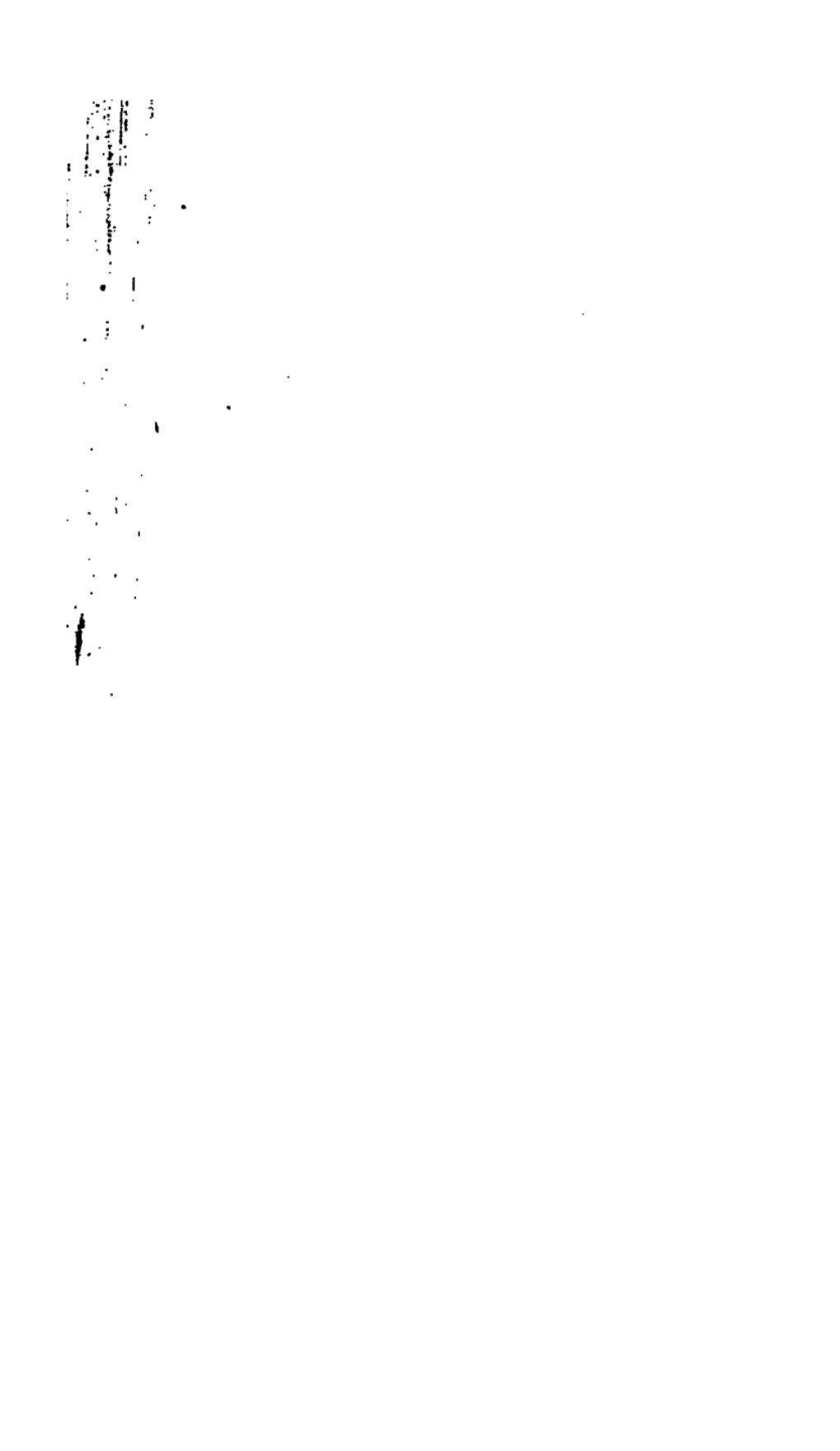
scene of that most thrilling drama, where Albert Germaine and his family are represented in a state of actual starvation, a country gentleman in one of the side boxes, suddenly rose up.—“I cannot stand this,” said he, in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the house. “Gentlemen, I propose we make up something for this woman.” He was here admonished by certain “hushes,” “set-downs,” and “orders,” that his proposition did not meet with much favour—on the contrary it was received with considerable laughter, while a whispered intimation came to his ear from a friend at his elbow, that the distress of the family was all *sham*! “Gentlemen,” continued the charitable country auditor, “you may ‘hush’ and ‘order’ as much as you please—for my part I don’t see any thing to laugh at; you see the woman hasn’t any thing to eat; and that poor little child of hers seems almost famished: now I wouldn’t give the rascal, her husband, the first red cent; he doesn’t deserve any pity; but really the woman hasn’t deserved this distress; she has followed her husband through all his wanderings, and left her friends, where she was comfortable, to follow this scamp. Gentlemen, you may laugh, but here goes my V!” And ‘sure enough, he threw a pocket-book. “There, my good woman—Mrs. Germaine, or whatever your name may be, take that! Send for something to eat, and make yourself comfortable; but let me advise you not to let your husband know any thing about it; or he’ll lose it at the first faro-bank he meets with, as sure as h—ll! and now,” continued the philanthropist, settling himself in his seat, “now go on with the play.”

At the close of the Nashville season we were taken up by Mr. Caldwell in the steamboat "Friendship," and away we went down to New Orleans.

This was a new era in my theatrical life—and here let us breathe awhile.

SEVEN YEARS, the old fashioned term for apprentices to serve as learners, had passed over my head since my first essay at acting in Vincennes, on the bank of the Wabash. Hardship and toil had been my constant companions during those seven years. Having become capable (*or being thought so*) of holding a situation in a well-regulated establishment, we will suppose *I now knew my business*. Under Mr. Caldwell's management, we will take it for granted, I got the "finishing touch;" for shortly after, I SET UP BUSINESS FOR MYSELF. But not having latterly suffered from hunger and other kindred privations, as in my early theatrical days, there is no particular interest attached to my managerial career for fifteen years past; nevertheless, I may hereafter take it into my head to write out a history of my numerous CAMPAIGNS in the South and West. In the mean time, in order to make out a decent sized volume, I propose to "throw in" a number of isolated sketches, some of which have already appeared in the "Spirit of the Times" and "St. Louis Reveille" and which I shall style ANECDOTAL RECOLLECTIONS. With the reader's permission, I thus conclude my

THEATRICAL APPRENTICESHIP.



ANECDOTAL RECOLLECTIONS,

SINCE 1827.

[EVENTS quite interesting at the time of their occurrence, fade into comparative insignificance as more eventful years roll on ; and opinions and sentiments change and assume different phases as circumstances vary. Thus events, trifling in themselves it is true, but all-important when they occurred, and which were productive of great embarrassment and much chagrin to the writer, are now served up, reader, for your *amusement*!—yes, AMUSEMENT; no higher object being aspired to in this volume. It is said our corporeal system undergoes a complete change every seven years, and that, consequently, we mortals, at any given time, do not possess one particle of the flesh, bone, and muscle which formed our bodies seven years previously. So it is, in a great degree, with our MINDS, I believe—certainly it is so with *my* mind. In looking over my imperfect and disjointed memoranda—saved from the fire of 1838 —how often am I tempted to erase certain narrated facts and recorded opinions. And why? Because the writer of 1845 is not the writer of 1830. The *facts* remain the same, but I view them in a different light; and as for *opinions*—whew!—I find, in many

instances, *they* have undergone a complete revolution! But come—let us call up some RECOLLECTIONS, such as they are, and see what can be done in the way of a moderate operation on your risibilities.]

A THEATRICAL DENTIST.

Most of the company of Mr. Caldwell had assembled at Natchez,* [fall of 1828] nearly a week before the theatre opened. Time hanging rather heavily on their hands, they set to amusing themselves as well as they could. There was a Mr. Tooley in the town, a justice of the peace, a member of the church, and a violent opposer of the thea-

* The new theatre in NATCHEZ was situated at the extreme end of the main street, and in a grave-yard. Two hundred yards of the street leading to it had been cut through this "last receptacle of humanity," and every day, in going to rehearsal, our sights were regaled with the view of leg-bones sticking horizontally out of the earth ten or twelve feet above us, the clay having gradually washed away and left them thus exposed.

The dressing-rooms for the gentlemen were under the stage, the earth having been excavated to make room for them. Human bones were strewn about in every direction. The first night, the lamplighter being a little "pushed" for time to get all ready, seized upon a SCULL, and sticking two tallow candles in the eye-sockets, I found my dressing-room thus lighted.

In digging the grave of Hamlet, I experienced no difficulty in finding *bones* and *sculls* to "play at loggats with."

tre. On the previous season he had connived at the escape of a negro thief, merely because he committed the felony in the theatre—telling the sufferer (who was no other than myself) that he was served rightly, and it was a pity he had not lost every thing he possessed, so that he would thus be prevented following his *criminal profession!* Among the new engagements this season was a Mr. Carr, a kind of “rough-shod” vocalist—a cockney Jew, who could bellow out “Oft in the stilly night” like a clap of thunder, and warble “Wha’ll be king but Charlie?” like a bull. We learned that this vocalist had been a *dentist*, and he had communicated his intention of singing and drawing teeth in the western metropolis on his arrival there—in short he expected to charm the lovers of harmony with his *wocal* powers, and line his pockets by the exercise of his dental acquirements. These two persons were the ones chosen by the lovers of mirth as the *Dram. Personæ*, for the joke which was to make the time pass lightly for at least a day.

In due time, Dr. Carr received the following note :

“NATCHEZ, Nov. 28, 1828.

“SIR:—For some years past our town has been visited by *quacks* who have passed themselves off for dentists, imposing on the people and pocketing their money without rendering them any essential service.

“My wife has for a long time been in need of having a very difficult operation performed on her teeth and jaws, which I have been unwilling to employ any of the numerous pretenders who have visited this place to do, hoping that some gentleman would

arrive with whom she might be intrusted with safety. I have been told by a friend from Philadelphia that you stood very high in that city as a professor of dentistry, and the object of this note is to request that you will favour me with your company to dinner at half-past one o'clock, bringing your instruments; and I assure you I will make it worth your while to perform the operation required, as money is no object to me in comparison with Mrs. Tooley's comfort.

Your having adopted the theatrical profession is an additional inducement with me to employ you, as I am always glad to have it in my power to *benefit* those engaged in it, considering it as I do, the noblest profession on earth! Your complying with this request may be *beneficial* to you in more ways than one. Be punctual at half-past one.

“Yours respectfully,
“J. TOOLEY.”

When this letter was handed to Carr by a negro boy, he was enraptured. Several of us *happened* to be present; he immediately excused himself to us, and saying he had an appointment, he began to prepare for his visit. He had swallowed the bait, hook and all. A few minutes before the time appointed, the performers (*by mere accident*) again happened to be strolling along the street which led to the justice's house. Punctual to his time, Dr. Carr was seen bustling along, with a miniature chest of drawers under his arm, and dressed up in the finest manner. Every one asked him to stop, on some pretence or other. All we could get out of him was, that he “'ad a werry himportant haffair hon 'is

'ands, and he vas afraid of being too late." Precisely at the time appointed, he knocked at the justice's door. A servant inquired his business. "Tell the squire that Dr. Carr vishes to see him." "The squire is just sitting down to dinner." "Yes, I know it—please to deliver my message." In a few minutes the servant returned, and asked him to walk in. The doctor accordingly stepped into the dining-room, bowing and scraping. After the usual salutations, the justice inquired his business. "I'm Doctor Carr." "Ah! Doctor Carr, how do you do? Well, Dr. Carr, how can I serve you?" "I am *Dr. Carr*, from Philadelphia, you know." "Well, Doctor, to what am I indebted for this visit?" "Vy, you know I have come to see you, I've brought my hinstruments." "Brought your instruments!" "Yes—I belongs to the theatre, you know—I've brought my hinstruments—I'm going to dine with you, and then I'm going to *hoperate* on your vife!" At these words the justice seized a chair, and, raising it over the poor doctor's head, exclaimed—"You infernal playactor! if you don't instantly leave my house, I'll perform an operation on your head!"—As he was about to suit the action to the word, the doctor, in utter surprise, made a precipitate retreat, roaring murder! At the street-door his foot slipped, and he fell headlong down the steps, his hinstruments flying in every direction.

On being questioned in the evening about his "appointment," poor Carr, with an exceedingly chop-fallen countenance, replied, "Gentlemen, that 'ere *hinvitation*, and the 'ole concern was a *wile oax!*"

THE RIVAL VOCALISTS.

MR. STILL was for some years the principal singer, for the want of a better, in the Camp street theatre, New Orleans. He had, and *has*, for aught I know, a very pretty ballad-singing voice, and he answered very well for the Captain Somervilles, in farces, and the singing heroes in melo-drama. Mr.—I beg his pardon—*Doctor Carr* was this season engaged, also, as a singer. He had a thundering voice, and what he lacked in musical skill, he more than made up in impudence and assurance.

The actors, with one accord, determined to set these vocalists by the ears. By retailing to each the pretended sayings of the other, in a few weeks they began to treat each other coldly; and presently they dropped all intercourse. From the time they ceased to speak to or recognise each other, it took but a very short period to make them deadly foes, and many were the threats made on both sides. When we had got their jealousy and hatred excited to a proper pitch, it was agreed that a regular “blow up” between the two should end the joke. It had been a part of the system to make them believe that there was a great excitement *in the town*, about the talents of the two rivals. One night, having learned in the box-office that the farce of the “Sprigs of Laurel, or the Rival Soldiers,” was to constitute a part of the entertainment for a holiday night, I went into the greenroom, where the two vocal heroes were sitting, and addressed one of the principal performers thus—pretending not to see the two *captains*, as we called

them—"This excitement about the two singers has grown to such an alarming extent, that the manager has determined to have a 'trial of skill' between them; and the one who loses is to be discharged." The vocalists pricked up their ears—Captain S. was incredulous at first, but C. was caught at once. "Vell, *I'm* ready any time; *I* an't afraid to meet the *gentleman* that way, or *any other!*" He here cast a most killing look at his rival, who was Adonising before the large greenroom mirror. "What piece is selected for the occasion, and when is the trial to take place?" asked Old Henderson, who was always in the front rank of jokers. "The Rival Soldiers, I believe, is the piece, and the 8th of January is selected as the most *appropriate* day for the contest," answered I. Just at that moment, as if to confirm my story, the call-boy entered, and wafered up a cast of the very piece spoken of, with Mr. S. set down for the character of Sinclair, and Dr. C. for that of Lennox. This settled the matter in their minds; there was no joke in it, *for the manager never joked*. The songs were selected; rehearsals gone through, and the glorious 8th arrived. The house was crammed, as it always was on that anniversary, and the bets ran high among the actors, as to the result of the trial of skill.

For the purpose of clearing their voices, C. provided a large orange, and S. had procured some mixture in a four ounce phial. The mischievous actors contrived to fill C.'s orange with *snuff*, and to substitute *pepper vinegar*, from an oyster stand, for S.'s mixture in the phial. The moment arrived when their fate was to be decided by the impatient

public. The two singers were looking askance at each other in the glass, with no very friendly eyes, when the call-boy bawled out at the door—"Sinclair and Lennox—all the act!" Away went the rival soldiers; but before mounting the steps which led to the stage, each hastened to his dressing-room to take a last "clearer" of his throat—a suck at the orange, and a portion of the pepper vinegar. They met at the steps which led to the stage. The vinegar and the snuff began to be tasted. "Vat the 'ell 'ave you been putting into my orange?" shouted the doctor. "What d——d stuff have you been putting into my phial?—I'm poisoned," replied S. "By G——d, I'll vip you ven I come off the stage," continued C. Here the prompter's voice was heard exclaiming—"The stage is waiting for Lennox and Sinclair." Away they went, and met on the stage *as friends*—though their side glances were any thing but amicable. The cue for S.'s song was given to the orchestra; and after clearing his throat as well as he could, he began, interlining the lines of the poet with some expressions of his own—thus:

"Oh, my love is like the red, red rose,
That sweetly springs in June—
[Just wait till I catch you out, that's all.
My love is like the melody
[I'll be d——d if I don't lay a cane on your back.
That sweetly plays in tune;
[I believe it's poison.
And I will love my bonnie lass,
[My throat is all raw.
So deep in love am I;
[Oh, you big-mouthed villain.
That I will love thee still, my dear,
[I can't stand it.
Though all the seas gang dry.
[I shall choke.

Though all the seas gang dry, my dear,
 Though all the seas gang dry;
 [Can't some one get me a glass of water?
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 [I can't sing the second verse.
 Though all the seas gang dry."

Next came C.'s turn; the snuff began to make him disposed to vomit.

"March to the battle field,
 [I'll fight you, by G—d.
 The foe is now before us,
 [Ugh!—I will—I'll be d—d if I don't.
 Each heart is freedom's shield,
 [Confound the snuff, I shall throw it up.
 And Heaven is smiling o'er us.
 [Look out, young man, ven ve gets off the stage.
 The woes and pains, [Ugh! my stomach.]
 the galling chains—
 [It's worse than the poison you talk about.
 That keep our spirits under,
 [I think a drop of something vould 'elp me.
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 [You bloody rascal, you.
 To break our bonds asunder,
 [I'll break your infernal 'ead.
 March to the battle field," &c.

Their *side speeches* to each other, while going on with their *friendly dialogue*, were equally amusing; but the above is a fair specimen of the whole scene. When they came off the stage, we all expected a regular set-to; but somehow or other their anger died away, as the effect of the snuff and vinegar ceased to be felt. The next morning they exchanged mutual pledges of their innocence in regard to the "oax," as the doctor termed it; became excellent friends for the remainder of the season, and sung in concert ever after.

ADVENTURE IN THE CREEK NATION.

ENCOURAGED by MIRABEAU B. LAMAR and other eminent citizens of Georgia, [1832,] a travelling company was organized for that state—our first destination being Columbus, on the Chatahoochie river. The company travelled in barouches, and the baggage was sent in a large Pennsylvania road wagon. We passed through the Creek nation about five years previous to the commencement of the disturbances which ended in sending the Indians to Arkansas. One afternoon we halted for refreshment at the residence of a chief, where about one hundred Indians were assembled, drinking and carousing. One of our number, by name John C_____, who had undertaken to perform the duties of general caterer for the party, purchased a gallon of milk, and the usual quantum of sugar and rum, of which ingredients, with the addition of a little grated nutmeg, he was busily engaged in forming that delicious mixture, well known by southern travellers, under the title of *milk punch*. Now it happened that John had been dreading this journey for some months, having taken up the idea that we should most assuredly be attacked and robbed (if not murdered) while travelling through this same Creek nation. My brother and myself formed a plan to have some sport out of his fears, and proceeded to execute it thus:—I went to the chief, and offered to give a dollar to four Indians who would run a mile, and “keep up” with the Jersey wagon which I pointed out to him, at the same time showing him the man who was to drive.

The chief immediately agreed to the proposal, and called four young men from their sports to give them their instructions. While this was going on, my brother called John mysteriously aside, and asked him what he had been saying or doing to the Indians? "I have not said a word to them," replied John, innocently, "except to ask them for these materials, which they furnished me willingly, and charged a pretty good price for, too;—there, taste that, and say if you don't approve of it—you won't get such a bowl of punch as that again in a hurry, I can tell you." At this juncture I came up and asked our worthy caterer the same question, previously propounded by my brother, and added—"the Indians seem to have taken offence at some one of our party." This caused John to open his eyes a little, and his looks became somewhat disturbed. "I can't imagine who has been saying or doing any thing to offend them." "Nor I either," said John, "unless the ternal fools have taken offence at my saying that nine pence a quart was a devilish high price for milk." "That's it," replied I, "to a certainty; these natives are very tenacious of their character, and cannot bear to be charged with extortion." Here John cast some anxious glances towards a group of Indians, who seemed observing us attentively, and talking aside, every now and then pointing towards John, and then looking at the Jersey wagon which belonged to him and his family. "What do they mean by that, I wonder? they seem to direct their attention entirely to *me* and old *Copp*," —(that was the name of the horse)—"I don't know what to make of it, I'm sure." Thus spoke John,

while big drops of sweat began to be apparent on his brow. "I do really begin to think they have some hostile design upon you," said I, "and now I think of it, I recollect an expression of one of them, just as I passed those fellows with the hatchets, which confirms me in the opinion that they mean something." "What expression?—what did the bloody minded rascals say?" demanded John in a tremor of apprehension, not a little increased by certain flourishes of hatchets by the savages, and a low murmur which met his ear, and which his fears interpreted into a death song. "I don't understand the Creek language perfectly," was my reply, "but from what I could gather, I am disposed to think they are highly offended at something; that tall fellow observed to the others that *ekrecrlculakahoo-chichopetehick*—which translated into English means, *if people don't like the price of milk, they had better not drink it*; to which that fellow who is now looking this way, replied,—*chackledamnationuphilland-downtumbleum—chooh!* which, as near as I can make it out means, *they'll follow you to the Chatahoochie river, but they'll have revenge?*" By this time John's fears got the better of his love for punch, and he began to look round for his hat and gloves. Every movement was watched by the four savages, who had their instructions to chase the wagon a mile. "Here,—stop a bit—I think for fear of accidents, I'd better be off—if you'll take care of the ladies, and pay for the punch, I'll quietly take old Copp and put." We agreed with him that perhaps it was best, for fear of accidents, that he should effect his escape, as *he* appeared to be the only one of the

party the savages had any designs against. So without even tasting the excellent punch he had brewed, he slipped round the barn, and put the bridle on Capt. Copp.. The four Indians kept him in view all the time, but the fugitive appeared not to notice them. When he had fairly got the reins in his hands, and mounted the Jersey, he cast one last look towards us and the bowl of punch, another (of quite a different kind) towards the four hostile savages, and gave the whip to old Copp. The crack of the whip was followed by a short whoop from the Indians,—off started the Jersey, with John standing up and lashing old Copp at every jump, and off started the four Indians in pursuit. Such a race has seldom been seen in the Creek nation.

Having drunk, and settled for the punch, we pursued our journey at leisure, forming various conjectures how far our frightened companion would travel that night. About half a mile from the starting place, we found John's travelling cap, and began to fear some accident might have befallen its owner,—three-quarters of a mile further, we found the four Indians, dancing in the road, and tossing up in the air something which resembled a *human scalp!*—“Heavens and earth!” I exclaimed, “is it possible our foolish joke has ended in the destruction of our poor friend?” On approaching the Indians, our fears were removed by one of them throwing us the scalp, which turned out to be John's *scratch*, that valuable article having been lost in the race! We paid the Indians the promised dollar, and in return, they gave us a parting yell through their fingers; which made the pine forest ring again.

About eight miles further on, we found our friend, sitting on a log by the road side, the perspiration bursting from his bald head in drops as large as bullets—Capt. Copp was in a complete foam. “Thank God!” exclaimed the poor fellow, as we approached, “you have escaped the blood-thirsty savages. If General Jackson don’t take this matter up, he’s not the man I take him for, that’s all.” Having restored John his wig, and removed his fears of immediate danger, by telling him we had met the Indians returning from the chase, we began to question him concerning his miraculous escape. “Gentlemen,” said he, “it’s all owing to that glorious horse, Capt. Copp; who is the greatest animal living—it took him to take me through the dangers of this day. The infernal villains poured in upon me from all quarters—there was one behind every tree ready to intercept me; and then their outrageous yells and whooping—they ring in my ears yet. I lost my hat and wig in the strife, for at one time there were about a dozen in the wagon endeavouring to scalp me; but knocking over five of the foremost of the ruthless villains, and laying the whip boldly on to old Copp, I managed to get out of their infernal clutches, and am still alive.”

Some days after this adventure, one of our party asked John how many Indians he thought there were in pursuit of him? “I cannot be certain,” replied he, “I had but little time to think of counting them at the time; but from a calculation I have made since, I think that without taking into the account the squaws and papooses, who are considered non-combatants, there couldn’t have been much less than FIFTEEN HUNDRED.”

PETTIFOGGING IN ST. LOUIS.

IN 1835, I think it was, as I was passing through Olive street, St. Louis, a large crowd was assembled in and about the door of a justice's office, where a trial was going on for *assault and battery*. Inquiring of a bystander the nature of the case, I found that my old friend, Capt. ALEXANDER SCOTT, was the defendant, and the prosecutor (represented by CHARLES DRAKE, Esq.) was one of the deck hands on board of the "Madison," then, and for years afterwards, under Capt. Scott's command. Having travelled with Capt. Scott in the old "North America," as long ago as 1826, and having then formed a very favourable opinion of him, as a commander and skilful pilot, I immediately began to feel an interest in the suit now pending. Taking a seat by the justice's side, in a whisper I asked leave to act as counsel for my old friend, which was most courteously and immediately granted. The counsel for the State examined a great number of witnesses, who all testified that Capt. Scott had struck the prosecutor with a handspike, *because he had refused to eat his breakfast*.

I sat silently observing the progress of the trial, and did not interpose a question to any witness, until the prosecutor himself was sworn, who stated in substance the same facts that had been sworn to by the other witnesses, and was about taking his seat, considering the case made out, when I quietly desired him to remain and answer a few questions which I proposed to propound to him. The witness returned

to the stand, not a little surprised to find a new *actor* in the scene. The prosecuting attorney seemed a little surprised, too, and appeared disposed to demand oyer of my license to practice—but Justice SHEPHERD, in a whisper, told him it was all right, and I proceeded with my cross-examination. I asked questions at random, (for I knew nothing of the case until I had heard the evidence for the prosecution,) but as luck would have it, I hit upon the right chord, and made the poor fellow confess that he had been very turbulent on the morning of the assault, and for a day or two previous; and he repeatedly acknowledged, in reply to my questions, that Capt. Scott had always been as a father to him, treating him with the greatest kindness, until the very morning the assault was made upon him, and that even then he had struck him because he was obstinate, and *would not eat his breakfast*. I gave the prosecuting witness leave to retire, and on being asked if there was any testimony for the defendant, promptly answered—“No, we rest the case here!”

Capt. Scott seemed as much astonished as any one to see *the part I was acting*; he had forgotten me, and probably supposed I was some lawyer who had been retained for him by the owners of the boat. Mr. Drake suggested that if I intended to address the jury, now was the proper time, as “the State had the privilege of closing.”

“Most undoubtedly, brother counsellor,” replied I, “it is my intention to make a speech.” And I forthwith commenced addressing the jury. I first summed up the evidence fairly, and acknowledged the full force of its bearing against the prisoner. I

then took a rapid sketch of Capt. Scott's life, from the time he was employed as a "*hand*" on a flat-boat, when steam was unknown on the western waters—his gradual rise to the situation of captain of a "*broad horn*"—his employment as pilot of the first boat which breasted the waves of the Upper Mississippi—his promotion to the captaincy of the same boat—his valuable and enduring services for years and years as commander of numerous proud steamers, now only remembered by the old citizens, several of whom I saw on the jury, down to the present time, when he stood in the front rank of that host of industrious and enterprising citizens known as RIVER MEN! I then put in a few touches about his kind-heartedness—his attention to the wants of his crew and passengers—his habit of always saying "*come, boys,*" and never "*go*"—his good standing, not only in his profession, but as a man and a citizen. In short I praised him for "*no quality he had not,*" but set forth those he had in as fair a light as possible; at the same time representing the prosecutor as an ungrateful fellow, who, instead of being gently knocked down by my client, deserved to be *put in irons* for his mutinous conduct. I concluded by asking the jury if, with these facts before them, they could convict the prisoner?

I plainly saw the impression I had made upon the jury was favourable, and I patiently listened to the somewhat lengthy argument of the State's attorney, with almost a certainty that he was working up-hill. Justice Shepherd told the jury that after the very *able* arguments they had been listening to, he felt it would be useless to add any thing, and the case was

submitted. It was the custom then, and is now, for aught I know, for the Court and spectators to *retire into the street*, leaving the “gentlemen of the jury” in possession of the court-room. We all left the office—prosecutor, defendant, justice, lawyers, and lookers-on—and I was making my way out of the crowd, when my attention was arrested by loud words from my client, who was hauling my brother counsellor Drake over the coals, for having called him “tyrant” during his argument.

“My dear sir,” expostulated Charley, in his blandest manner, “no man has a greater respect for you than I have;—*in courts*, we sometimes are obliged to use expressions like those you complain of,—but I assure you no harm was meant.”

“Ah, but that won’t do,” replied the captain. “Young man, you must steer clear of me in your speechifications, or mayhap you’ll strike a snag! Now you didn’t hear that other lawyer chap—I don’t know who the h—ll he is, but he’s a first rater, any how—you didn’t hear *him* say any thing to hurt a man’s feelings.”

I was looking on this scene with great composure, chuckling at the idea of Charley being in something like a serape, and wondering how he would get out of it, when I was suddenly and roughly seized by the shoulder, and turned round like a turn-stile, and who should stare me in the face but the veritable prosecuting witness.

“Look here, my chap,” commenced he, ramming a huge quid of tobacco into his cheek with his thumb—“I think you told them there gentlemen of the jury as how I deserved being *put in irons*? ”

Endeavouring to draw him aside, I began to soothe him as well as I could, by telling him that "we lawyers" were obliged sometimes to make use of *figures of speech* to express our meaning, assuring him at the same time that no person had a greater respect for steamboat-men than I had—that what I did was to serve my client, etc.; but he would not be pacified.

"As for figures of speech, old feller, I know nothing about 'em; but I mean to show you that in saying I ought to be *put in irons*, you have missed your 'figure'—for, d——n your infernal lawyer soul to d——nation, I'll let you know before I've done with you, that"—

I cannot say what might have followed this outburst of passion, had not the court-room door at that moment opened, and the jury appeared. It was soon announced they were "hung," as the term is when they cannot agree; so they were dismissed, and a new trial ordered. My client came to me to ask what was next to be done. Learning from him that "steam was up" on his boat, and that he was going to Alton, I advised him to "unhitch her" and "put out." He grasped my hand with great energy, swore I was the best lawyer he had ever fallen in with, and—followed my advice.

The new trial was to take place next morning; but meeting the prosecuting witness before the hour appointed, I represented to him what a fool he had made of himself—urged upon him the policy of making up the matter with the captain, and resuming his situation on board the Madison, dropping the law proceedings altogether. He was sullen and dogged

at first; but by degrees he melted, and finally burst into tears.

“If he hadn’t *struck* me,” said he, blubbering—“I could look over all.”

“Well, suppose he *did* strike you? He didn’t hurt you bad. Come, think no more of it,—besides, the captain is sorry enough for it, now his passion is over.”

“Sorry?—Does he *say* he’s sorry?”

“*I*, as his attorney, say it *for* him!”

“Do you? Well, give us your hand—if he’ll take me back, I’ll go.”

“That’s hearty—just step into the office, and settle the costs, and *I’ll* take care the captain will overlook all past differences, receive you back, and ask no questions.”

The fees were paid, the deck-hand gathered his bundle, and we walked down to the landing, where the Madison had just arrived from Alton. The Captain seemed a little obstinate at first, but when I told him of the penitence of the man, and assured him that the *law business* was at an end, he said—

“Well, Bill, come aboard; go to work, and behave yourself; but I give you one caution—*never again refuse to eat your breakfast.*”

A FRIENDLY GAME OF POKER.

On the evening of our second day out from New Orleans, I found myself seated at a card-table, with

three of my fellow-passengers, playing at the interesting game of "poker." Card playing was a very common amusement then, (1835,) and it was not unusual to see half a dozen tables occupied at the same time in the gentlemen's cabin of a Mississippi boat. I had sat down at the game *for amusement*, but on rising at ten o'clock, I found my amusement had cost me about sixty dollars! "This won't do at all," said I, thinking aloud—"I must try it again to-morrow." "Of course you must," replied one of the players, who happened to be an old acquaintance of mine from Montgomery, Alabama, where he had been a jailor for several years, and where he was considered a very respectable citizen. "You must not give it up so," he continued, following me out on the guard—"to-morrow you'll get even." I entered into conversation with my old acquaintance, whose name was Hubbell, or Hubbard, I don't remember which—we'll call him Hubbard—and he advised me by all means to try another sitting on the morrow. I suggested to him that a slight suspicion had crossed my mind that some of our card party might possibly be *blacklegs*—in other words, *gamblers*. He answered that the same thought had struck *him* at one time, but he had come to the conclusion that all had been fair. Before leaving me, my quondam friend told me that *he* had become a sporting man—he felt it his duty to inform me of it—but he assured me, upon his honour, (!) he would not see me wronged. *Of course* I believed him, and it was agreed that we should try our luck again.

Next morning, soon as the breakfast things had

been cleared away, I found Hubbard and *a friend of his* waiting for me at one of the card-tables, and I took my seat with the hope of *getting even*—a hope which has led many a man into irretrievable ruin. I felt quite confident of winning back my losings over night, and my *playmates* gave me every encouragement that I should be successful. At it we went, playing with varying luck for about two hours. At about eleven o'clock Hubbard's friend left us for a few minutes to "get a drink," and the jailor and myself were left playing single handed. When the third hand left, we were using the "small cards," as they are called—that is, *sizes* and under; but Hubbard immediately proposed that we should take the "large cards," (*tens* and over,) which I agreed to, as a matter of course. One thing I here observed—my friend, the jailor, dealt the cards *without shuffling*. This made me resolve to watch him closely. Taking up my cards I was agreeably surprised to find I had an excellent hand. "Now," thinks I to myself, "now is the time, if ever, to get even; if my adversary only happens to have a decent hand I shall do well enough."

[The reader who does not understand the game of "bluff," or "poker," as it is most generally called, may as well leave off here.]

I commenced the game by bragging a dollar. My adversary went the dollar, and five better. I went that and ten. He immediately put up the ten, and laid down a twenty, keeping his pocket-book out, as much as to say "I am ready to go any thing you choose to bet." After a moment's reflection, (all acting !) I said "I go that and fifty." "All right,"

replied the jailor, "there it is—I go that and a hundred!" I here looked at my cards again, and affected to have great doubt whether I should go the hundred. "Take back your last bet," I urged—"it is too much for either of us to lose; I begin to think I have been rash—take it back, and let us show our hands for the money already down." "No!" said Hubbard—"if you mean sporting, put up the hundred, or back out and give me the money." "Can't do that," I replied; "I don't come from a backing out country—I must have a showing for the money that's down—so there's the hundred—and as my pocket-book's out, and my hand's in, there's *another C.*" This new bet seemed to please my friend Hubbard mightily. He answered it without a moment's pause, and went two hundred more! I now requested my opponent to permit me to show my cards to some of the bystanders, who were crowding around the table in great numbers to see the fun—all considering me most undoubtedly "picked up." Hubbard would not agree that I should show my hand to, or take advice from any one. "Play your own cards," said he, reaching over, and gently compelling me to lay my cards on the table before me. "Then," said I, "you tell me if *THREE ACES and two other cards* can be beat?" "Oh yes," he replied, smiling with a self-satisfied air, and using the spit-box—"they *can* be beat, certainly, but not easy." "Not easy, I think, myself," replied I—"therefore, inasmuch as I believe you are only trying to bluff me off, I go the two hundred." "You do!" "Yes I do, there's the money." "Any thing better?" inquired my adversary, insinuatingly, and leaning over to make

use of the spit-box again—all the time keeping his gray eyes fixed upon my countenance. “Why—yes,” I answered, “since you’ve got me excited, I will go something better—I go two hundred better than you.” Looking me steadily in the face, he said—“Well, you’re a bold fellow, any how, for a novice—it *takes all I’ve got*, by hokey, but I go it—and if you’ll let me *bet on a credit*, I should like to go back at you.” (Spit-box.) Feeling confident of winning, I consented that he *might* go what he liked, on a credit, provided I should be allowed the same privilege. “Well, then,” said Hubbard, a little spitefully,—“I go you five hundred better—on a credit.” (Spit-box again.) “The devil you do!” exclaimed I—“this looks like *gambling*; but since we’re in for it so deeply, I go you the five hundred, and—a thousand better—on a credit.” At this stage of the game the third hand returned, and seeing at a glance how matters stood, requested to look at Hubbard’s cards. “No sir!” interposed I—“*you must play your own hand!*”—at the same time motioning my opponent to lay down *his* cards as I had laid down mine. The carpet began to suffer at about this time—the spit-box was disregarded. The excitement among the passengers was great, and my ears received many a whisper that I was “licked.” Hubbard took a long and earnest look into my eyes, and said slowly but confidently, “I GO IT—AND—CALL YOU.” “I suppose I’m beat,” said I, [hypocrite that I was! I didn’t suppose any thing of the kind,] “but turn over your papers and let us see what you’ve got.” With one hand he gracefully turned over **FOUR KINGS** and a Jack, and

with the other tremblingly "raked down" the pile of bank notes, gold and silver, while a groan burst out from the spectators, who all seemed to regret my bad luck. "You are as lucky as a jailor," I remarked, as my friend began to smooth down the V's, X's, L's, and C's. "By-the-by," he inquired, again resorting to the spit-box, and looking over patronizingly at me, "I forgot to ask what *you* had?" "Well," I replied calmly, "I think you *might* as well see my cards." "Ha! ha!—Oh, I reckon you're beat, my friend," he answered, "but let's see your hand at all events." "Here are the documents," replied I—there's *my* hand!" and I turned over my cards, one by one—"there's an Ace—and there's another—and there's another!". "A pretty good hand, young man," remarked Hubbard—"three Aces! What *else* have you?" "What *else*? Why here's a QUEEN." "And what *else*?" asked every body. "Another Ace!"—FOUR ACES!!! * * * I looked over the table and discovered the face of my lately elated FRIEND had lost all colour—the tobacco juice was running out of the corners of his mouth—the V's, X's, and C's, were dropped, and amazement and stupefaction were strongly imprinted on his features. A shout went up from the by-standers, and all hands were invited to take champagne at my expense.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the money *bet on a credit* was never paid—nor was it ever *expected* to be paid. My friend Hubbard recollects he had urgent business at Vicksburgh, and *left the boat*. It so happened that the *stranger* who had played with us, also disembarked at the same burgh, where they

met with a singular accident—being promiscuously hung, a few days afterwards, by a mob! Hubbard died *game*, and *spat* upon the excited populace.

About a month after the adventure above related, I met a gentleman in Cincinnati, whom I instantly recognised as one of my fellow-passengers on the “Warren.” After inquiring the state of each other’s health, he asked me if I had played any at the game of poker lately? “Not since the great game you witnessed on board the ‘Warren,’ ” I replied. “Do not play any more,” said he, assuming a serious air—“you are liable to be fleeced; I saw you were in the hands of swindlers,” he continued—“and when one of the fellows left the table, I noticed that he laid a pack of cards *he had been shuffling*, near your adversary’s elbow. As an experiment, (passing by at the moment,) I took the top card from the pack, and shoved it under the bottom, by which means, *you* got the four aces intended for his partner, while *he* got the four kings intended for *you*; and thus the sporting gentlemen were caught in their own trap!”

MORAL.—Poker is decidedly a dangerous game to play at—particularly with strangers; but when you find yourself in possession of *four aces*, go it WITH A PERFECT RUSH!

TOM, "THE MAN AT THE CURTAIN."

Tom is a character. I remember him when he was a chubby little red-haired boy ; he is now a very large freckle-faced man. I cannot call to mind my first acquaintance with him ; indeed I don't believe, when I come to think of it, that I *have* any acquaintance with him. All I know of him is, ever since I can remember *he has been within call*, and has obeyed every order given, with the most scrupulous exactness, and at every hazard ! Tom is always about the theatre. By some chance or other, he was placed, ten or fifteen years ago, "at the curtain," in St. Louis ; that is to say, he was required on some emergency to turn the wheel which draws up the curtain ; and he has stuck to that wheel ever since ! When I say that wheel, I do not mean *the* veritable wheel that he was first placed at—no ;—he has followed the company to every place and to all places, and has turned every wheel of every curtain that has been drawn up by order and by the direction of the time-honoured firm of Ludlow and Smith, through all the turnings of fortune's wheel during a series of eventful years ! The old theatre on Second street, commonly called the "Salt House," was probably the first scene of Tom's official duties. There he was, for years, perched upon a platform, about six feet above the prompter's head, grinning at the plays, and ready, without warning, to obey the bell. He was a fixture—always there, and never out of the way when wanted. This was not all. At an early

age, I remember he was very watchful of the other officials behind the scenes, and every neglect of duty was duly noticed by Tom, and a juvenile cursing was duly administered to every delinquent. All bore with him—all liked Tom.

A new theatre was built in Mobile, in 1835. In the hurry of business we neglected to employ a man to raise the curtain; nevertheless, at the ringing of the bell, the curtain went up—Tom was there. I do not know to this day how Tom in those days obtained his bread. He *slept* in the theatre—up by the curtain wheel.

The new St. Louis theatre was erected in 1837—Tom obeyed the bell, and has taken his station at the wheel and drawn up the curtain every night of every season since. In 1840, another new theatre was built in Mobile. Mr. Ludlow, before the arrival of the company, unthinkingly engaged a man to raise the curtain. On the first night of performance, while the overture was being played, I heard a slight bustle above my head, and was about inquiring into the cause of the disturbance, when a human body fell at my feet, nearly senseless—it was the new curtain man! I looked up, and behold! Tom's face was peeping out from among the pulleys and ropes, like a large pumpkin from its own vines.

“Hollo, above there!” I hailed.

“Ay, ay, sir!” answered Tom.

“What's the meaning of this?” I inquired.

“The meaning is, sir,” replied Tom—“that the fellow who lies there was interloping, sir—pretended he was engaged *in my place!* Ho! ho! ho!”

I pacified the knocked-down individual, and sent

him away, leaving Tom in quiet and undisputed possession of his elevated post.

How did Tom travel? He was always on the boats that I travelled on—always looking out for the freight—always seeing to its embarkation and debarkation—and always cursing those who neglected their duty. He was the last to leave the theatre at the closing of a season, and the first to enter it on commencing a campaign. If any one was at a loss for a key—"where's Tom?" was the first inquiry. Tom could tell all about the keys—Tom could open every door.

After a number of years' close attention to business, Tom hinted that he was now "big enough" to receive a salary—so Tom's salary for raising the curtain was fixed at three dollars per week—but he earned something more by carrying to and from the theatre the bundles and boxes of the performers.

In latter years, Tom has been doing a pretty good business. He has earned, on an average, besides his salary for turning the wheel, about four dollars per week. Without orders, he takes the place of any one who happens to be absent, either from sickness or other cause.

On salary days, Tom's face is seen at 12 o'clock, peeping through the banisters of the stairs leading to the director's room.

"Well, Tom, what do we owe *you* this week?"

"Why, sir," replied Tom—"I have been property man two days, that's three dollars—second carpenter four nights, eight dollars—paint-grinder half a day, fifty cents—back-doorkeeper one night, one dollar—and gas man two nights and part of another,

four dollars—in all, sixteen dollars and fifty cents—my salary added, makes nineteen dollars and fifty cents, sir."

"Very well, Tom, there it is."

"Thank you, sir!" Exit Tom, who is immediately after heard down in the vestibule—"Look here, you d——d loafers! See how a *gentleman* is paid for his services. Go up and get your paltry ten dollars a week—you are *actors*! Ho! ho! ho! ho!—But I'll be liberal—come down with me to the Shades, and I'll treat you all!"

To while away the time on board of steamboats, we have frequently established "Courts of *Un-Common Pleas*." "The mandates of these courts are generally obeyed with alacrity by the passengers; but once in a while a contumacious individual is found who cannot enjoy a joke, and who objects to be "fooled with." Whenever it has been my fortune to be appointed judge, I have stipulated that the sheriff should appoint Tom one of his deputies; and wo to the man who attempted to resist *him*. A word from me was enough for Tom—"Bring Such-a-one before the court!" "Ay, ay, sir," Tom would answer,—and a "return forthwith" would be made of the corpus required—sometimes minus a coat, which would be sacrificed in the useless struggle. I verily believe if I should command Tom to throw a man overboard, he would not hesitate a moment to obey me!

Tom can speak French as well as English, and can read and write very well in both languages—though where he *learnt* to do *any* thing, except wind up curtains, I cannot tell.

Tom's appearance is very much like what we may suppose was that of the "Dougal creature," in Scott's Rob Roy.

A couple of years ago Tom had some money left him by a relative—no one knew till then that Tom ever *had* a relative—and after dressing himself in the best suit that could be had at Martin's, he spent the whole legacy in *hiring horses!*—taking especial care, however, to be at his post in time to wind up the curtain each night.

In the summer of 1843, there occurred a long vacation. On reopening, the bell was rung as usual, and (of course) the curtain rose—but it rose slowly—*very* slowly! "What can this mean?" I asked the master carpenter. "I believe, sir, replied Ellsworth, "Tom is not well—he got in late—he appears hurt." I ascended the winding stairs to the wheel, and there lay poor Tom, holding on to the crank,—which he had not been able to make fast—pale and haggard, and his skin hanging about his bones like—like—I can't think of a simile; but his appearance bore about as much resemblance to his former self as a *raisin* bears to a *ripe grape*. "Why, what's the matter with you, Tom?" I asked, soothingly, after relieving him of the crank; "What *is* the matter with you?"

Tom looked up gratefully into my face, and replied, "Ah, sir! they've played the d——l with my innards—stabbed me in eleven places!"

"Who have played the d——l with you?—who have stabbed you?" "Those cursed Mexicans, sir—the traders. I started with 'em for Santa Fe, just to fill up the vacation; but I hadn't gone more than

seven hundred miles beyond Independence, when the infernal dark-skinned rascals picked a quarrel with me because I wouldn't worship the Virgin every morning, and all stuck their knives into me."

Poor Tom!

"And didn't you wound any of *them*?" I asked.

"Wound any of 'em?" echoed Tom—"well, I believe you! I WOUND THREE OF THEM UP! *They'll* never worship any more Virgins, in this world, I believe," he answered.

Tom recovered—and he continues to wind up the curtain nightly! [1844.]

THE MANAGER AND THE PLANTER.

IN days gone by, it was customary for southern managers to perform a journey once a year to "the north," for the purpose of forming engagements with "stars," and filling up the ranks of their stock companies, which yellow-fever and the expiration of engagements had thinned.

During the stay of Emperor Caldwell at Cincinnati, on one occasion he was besieged, as usual, by actors of all grades, who were candidates for a southern engagement. It happened that he wanted a man capable of taking the stage management, Mr. R. Russell having resigned his situation and gone north to take the direction of the Tremont theatre, Boston.

By one of those strange coincidences that will sometimes occur, (as if to help a fellow out with only

a tolerable story,) a rich planter from the vicinity of Natchez, (Mississippi,) put up at the same hotel with manager Caldwell, and he bore the *same name!* This planter wanted to engage an *overseer* for his plantation, and he was told an advertisement in the Cincinnati papers would soon draw from Kentucky (opposite) plenty of applications.

The following notice appeared in the Evening Post:

"An Overseer Wanted—by the undersigned. To a capable man good wages will be given. Apply personally, or by letter, at the City Hotel, to

“J. H. CALDWELL.”

And the following in the Cincinnati Gazette:

“Theatrical Notice.—The undersigned will remain at the City Hotel, Cincinnati, until to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Professional ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged talent, who wish to engage for the southern theatres, will please apply immediately.

J. H. CALDWELL.”

It is not my business to state the result of these notices, further than it relates to two individuals. A Mr. Henderson, better known as “Old Henderson,” (there are a great many of us called *old* now, alas!) had long cherished a desire to visit New Orleans professionally; and a Mr. Jackson, of Newport, was anxious to engage as an overseer at the south. Both of these gentlemen called at the City Hotel about the same time, for the purpose of making their applications.

The would-be overseer, on inquiry at the office

of the hotel for Mr. Caldwell—he knew of but one, having seen no newspaper but the “Post”—was shown to the manager’s room; while Old Henderson was conducted to that of the Mississippi planter.

If the reader will please take a seat in manager Caldwell’s private parlour, he will witness a specimen of equivoke that would not make a very bad scene in a farce.

Overseer, (entering.) Is this Mr. Caldwell from Natchez?

Manager. The same, sir; I left Natchez but seven days since. Be seated.

Overseer. I come, sir, in consequence of your advertisement in the newspaper.

Manager. Ah, yes; your name, sir, is ——

Overseer. Jackson, sir.

Manager. A very good name for the south, sir. Where have you acted?

Overseer. Mostly in the western part of Virginia; latterly in Kentucky.

Manager. What is your line of business?

Overseer. “Line of business?” I have always managed the slaves, and made it a point to get all the work out of them I could.

Manager. If you engage with me as acting-manager; and I suppose that to be your aim; I would advise you not to call my people *slaves*; they will certainly take offence.

Overseer. Take offence! Why what would they expect to be called but slaves?

Manager. I assure you, sir, there are *some* who consider themselves, and are considered by others, gentlemen.

Overseer. Then, sir, perhaps your "gentlemen" would object to being *whipped*?

Manager. Most undoubtedly they would. Is that your mode of carrying on business?

Overseer. Where I have managed heretofore, it has been impossible to get on without whipping, I assure you.

Manager. Well, sir, that mode might answer in the western part of Virginia, but it would not be prudent to try it at the south.

Overseer. Sir, if the business *can* be carried on without it, I shall have no objection; but if I engage with you, and find any of your people obstinate, I must insist on giving them thirty or forty each. How many hands do you work?

Manager. We have something like seventy people in the establishment, besides musicians.

Overseer. Pretty strong handed. But what occasion have you for *musicians*?

Manager. I don't see how we could very well get on without them, sir.

Overseer. Well, sir, that is a matter which concerns you, and not me. How do you *feed* your people?

Manager. They generally board at hotels.

Overseer. They do? Board at hotels? Have *music*; and you never whip?

Manager. Never; they wouldn't stand it.

Overseer. What wages do you propose?

Manager. Thirty dollars per week is the salary I paid my last acting-manager.

Overseer. That would be satisfactory to me. Of course, I should have a room at your house.

Manager, (*becoming a little fidgety.*) No, sir; you would be obliged to furnish your own boarding and lodging.

Overseer. My last employer boarded me, furnished me a horse to ride, and a servant to attend on me.

Manager, (*wishing to bring the scene to a close.*) To be plain with you, Mr. Jackson, I doubt whether you would answer my purpose. Your method of enforcing authority by *whipping* would cause a rebellion at once.

Overseer. Very well; if I don't suit you, there's no more to be said. Good morning.

Manager. Good morning to you, sir.

[*Exit Jackson.*]

While this scene was progressing in the manager's room, Old Henderson was pressing his suit with the planter in another part of the house.

Actor. I have seen your advertisement in the paper, Mr. Caldwell, and have come to offer my services.

Planter. You wish to engage to go south?

Actor. I do, sir; and I have long wished to do so. You have a large establishment, I am told.

Planter. Tolerably extensive; work a good many hands.

Actor. Yes; I've been told you have a large company.

Planter. Pray, sir, what wages do you expect; and what would be your system of carrying on an establishment like mine?

Actor. Would you wish me to take charge of the acting department?

Planter. Most undoubtedly ; I should wish you to *oversee* the whole concern ; my people would be placed entirely under your direction.

Actor. You don't say so ! I did not expect this ; but if you think me worthy of such a trust, I shall do my best to give satisfaction. By the way, what is the price of boarding at your place ?

Planter. Indeed I don't know. If you engage with me, you will live in my house, of course.

Actor. Sir, you are very polite, I'm sure. How many have you in your company ?

Planter. About one hundred.

Actor. A very large company, indeed. Many musicians ?

Planter. Oh, I believe there are several of our people who play the *banjo*. I can't say exactly how many. Are you good at *whipping* ?

Actor. Whipping, sir ?

Planter. Yes, whipping ; you do not expect to get along without some whipping, I suppose.

Actor. Why, sir, I must say, I have never seen that system pursued where I have acted.

Planter. What ; no whipping ! My dear sir, it is impossible to carry on business in our country without it, I assure you.

Actor. And don't the people object to be treated in that way ?

Planter. Object ! Bless you, no ; they are used to it ! Besides, it depends upon *themselves* whether they are whipped or not ; if they behave themselves as good slaves ought, they need not fear punishment.

Actor. Slaves ! Do you call your people slaves, then ?

Planter. Assuredly. What else can they be called?

Actor, (*sidling towards the door.*) And if they don't act well, you have them *whipped!*

Planter. Undoubtedly; and if they continue obstinate, and are insensible to the *benefits* of kind treatment, and cannot be reformed by severe punishment, I SELL THEM.

Actor, (*at the door.*) Sir; I, I believe I must decline an engagement in your establishment; your "Rules and Regulations" are a d—lish deal too strict for me; so I wish you good morning.

[*Exit Old Henderson in a hurry.*]

SIGNOR MATTHIEU.

• IN 1819 (I think that was the year) the above name appeared at the head of posting bills in Cincinnati, accompanied by a notification to the good citizens of that growing town that a CONCERT would be given on a certain night, on which occasion the giver would sing a number of Italian, French, and English songs, accompanied by himself on the guitar. A tolerably numerous audience attended the ball-room of the City Hotel on the evening appointed—myself among the number—and, for the first time, I saw and heard the subject of this sketch. He was not much more than the shadow of a man, in appearance, but had a pleasing countenance and a very pleasant smile, which won from his auditors a favourable reception. His voice was not powerful,

but it was sweet, (what there was of it,) and he gave his simple ballads with considerable feeling. One of his own compositions, "Sweet at evening's pensive hour," still retains a place in my memory, though it has been confoundedly jostled about by all sorts of music since.

Signor Matthieu visited the western country accidentally; his journey happened thus:—Soon after landing in Baltimore from a Havre packet, he heard of a great opening for a music school in Petersburgh, Va., and resolved to proceed thither without delay. At the stage-office the clerk registered his name for *Pittsburgh* instead of *Petersburgh*, and the Signor did not discover the error until he had crossed the Alleghany Mountains and commenced his inquiries for the gentleman to whom his letters of introduction were directed!

"N'importe!" exclaimed the Signor—"I wish to go to *Petersburgh*—dey bring me to *Peetsburgh*—eh bien! I sal stay over de mountain—pour quoi?—because I cannot make a raise of de vind to pay back my passage to Baltimore." So he made himself contented, and shipped on board a flat-boat bound for Cincinnati, where he heard it cost but little to live. "I hear," said he to me, "dat in dis Cincinnati de peops very mush fond of de musique, and de eat and de drink is *sheep*—[cheap]—dat dey have de *cochon beaucoup*—plenty! Trois sous de pound, and de spare rib throw him in, begar!—and here I sal make some casting of my anchor, as de sailor say."

I felt an interest in the welfare of Signor Matthieu, but I soon lost sight of him. He dwelt for several

years in Louisville, where he manufactured cigars, and led the orchestra in Jefferson street. Jeffersonville, over the river, was his residence for a time. In 1833 he discontinued his business, (confectionary and teaching music,) and started off for the Yellow Springs, in Ohio, with the view of sending up a series of balloons from that fashionable watering place. A friend of mine, a great lover of music, loaned him some money, to be repaid out of the *first proceeds* of the Yellow Springs balloon speculation, and he has been looking out for the balloons ever since, but has seen none, for the simple reason that "they are not yet in sight."

In 1836—he had now a wife and a small house full of children—he applied for and obtained a situation in the orchestra of the Mobile theatre, in which he played the tenor violin. In addition to his musical duties, he made fireworks for all the explosions in Celeste's pieces. He was terrible, and sometimes *terrific*, at explosions. Many a time and oft have I trembled for the walls of old St. Emanuel. I can imagine I see his jolly, sweaty face now, peeping out from a cloud of exploded powder, after some of his *rehearsals*, as he exclaimed, "Ah—ha!—what you tink of dat—ha? Good explosion—eh? Shake de house—ha?"

After our season closed, Signor Matthieu hired a small farm about five miles from Mobile, and endeavoured to raise potatoes and other vegetables; but while the potatoes were growing, his children's jaws must be going, so he accepted an engagement as leader of two blind fiddlers at Mr. F——'s new theatre in Government street, his salary being fixed



Signor Matthew acting as Leader to the two Blind Fiddlers.



old fellow flew into a violent rage, and told the landlord he was entirely mistaken—that he himself was the husband of the lady, and I was
nothing but a passenger.

at eight dollars per week. The *weeks* came and went, but the eight dollars were not forthcoming—or rather were *always* forth *coming*, but never *came* forth. The Signor was discouraged. “Sacre! I plant la pomme de terre—he no grow in five months—I make engagement to play de feedle—I get no pay! begar, I sal take up my bed and promenade! dam if I don’t!” and sure enough he put off for Texas!

One morning in the winter of 1843, a card was brought to me in the director’s room of the St. Charles theatre, in which was written the name of the veritable Signor Matthieu! I directed that he should be instantly shown up. On entering the room, he jumped so high that I was doubtful whether he would ever come down again.

“Ah—ha! Monsieur Sol! I am too happy I see you again! Ah—ha! you got one splendid theatre—I sal make application to be your leader, *tout de suite*, directly.”

“Sit down, my old friend, and compose yourself. Where have you hid yourself for the last seven years?”

“Hid myself? I have been at de Tex-ass, by gar. I fight some battel at St. Jacinto—I get so mush land as I cannot *find*, I almost starve my family in dat glorious country, and I come back to follow my profession in dis city for some bread to eat.”

After some conversation I asked him what he was doing in New Orleans?

“Doing?—what I do here?—I am at present leading for Mr. Adams, the conjuror,” he replied.

“Leading.”

"Yes, leading the orchestra." He was the sole musician!

I have not seen the Signor since. There was but little left of him—a strong wind would find no difficulty in blowing him away.

LETTER TO THE REV. MR. BULLARD.

TO ARTEMAS BULLARD, PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ST. LOUIS.

REV. SIR:—A pamphlet with a yellow cover, neatly printed and stitched, was placed in my hands a day or two ago by a friend, purporting to be a sermon preached by you "On the Death of William H. Harrison," our late President. Being a great admirer of General Harrison, whom I had the happiness of personally knowing for upwards of twenty years, I took the earliest opportunity of perusing the sermon, supposing the public services and private virtues of the deceased, together with his well known character for piety, would be the theme of your discourse. To say that I was disappointed would but faintly express the feelings with which I rose from the perusal of your sermon. Instead of pointing out the course of the deceased patriot and soldier as an example worthy to be followed, I find your talents were employed on that melancholy occasion in attempts to decry the institutions of your country,

the policy of its government, and the habits of its people. Had your efforts been confined to the pulpit, many persons might have doubted the policy, on *such* an occasion, of denouncing, in set terms, our public men, and the several classes of people composing the community in which you live, yet none, perhaps, would have been disposed to call you to an account for the course you thought proper to pursue ; respecting, as all do, the highly responsible situation you occupy, as minister of an enlightened congregation of Christians. But having sent forth your sermon to the world, *in print*, you must expect to be guarded by no immunity pertaining to the Sacred Desk—your work is now fairly the subject of remark and criticism ; and you must not be surprised, reverend sir, if members of certain professions and classes, which have fallen under your denunciations, shall attempt to refute some of the sweeping charges you have preferred against them.

The PRESS has already found an able champion in the editor of the Republican. Having been, myself, connected, in an humble way, with that branch of our national literature, I could not but feel highly gratified at the manly course of Col. Chambers in relation to the sermon I have just been reading. Relying on the intimation he has given of his intention further to pursue the subject, I do not feel called upon to discuss the various topics which you have *stepped out of your way* to animadvert upon. Between you and I, reverend sir, it appears to me, we are not the most proper persons in the world to decide upon questions of governmental policy. Besides, no good could possibly come from such a dis-

cussion—we could never agree. For instance—you disapprove of the purchase of Louisiana and Florida; I have always thought the acquisition of this immense country, securing to us an outlet to the Gulf of Mexico, of incalculable advantage to the United States—to say nothing of the field it opened to the farmer, the mechanic, and professional man. Were it not for the purchases from France and Spain, I believe you and I might never had been heard of—we should probably have been at best, but obscure individuals; whereas, the great West being open to us, we have both acquired some notoriety, at least, if not popularity. Again—you do not approve of the “treatment of the Indians upon our borders;” while I have always considered the policy pursued by the government towards them as humane and parental—always excepting the encouragement given to *missionaries* to reside among them. The illustrious individual whose funeral sermon you professed to be preaching, went heart and hand with the government in the “treatment” complained of, and had a greater personal agency in forming treaties with them, extinguishing their titles to lands,—which you term deluding them into a snare, where they could be robbed at pleasure,—than any other man. I do not partake in your fears that “a war with England” would cause the “turning loose of thousands of abused savages,” or have the effect of “arousing millions in our midst (meaning our slaves) to throw off their fetters,” or that “a discussion of what shall or ought to be done with them (the negroes) may involve us in a civil war, or dissolve the Union”—though I verily believe that such

a result would be far from disagreeable to certain "brethren" at the East and North. Finally, while I have always believed TRUE RELIGION to be essential to the happiness (here and hereafter) of every individual in the nation, I have been and am so irreligious as to consider a "National Religion" quite unnecessary. Entertaining opinions on these subjects so opposite to yours, a discussion with you on those points could result in no good. We should GAIN nothing, and might lose—our tempers. Leaving, therefore, political questions to those who are disposed to discuss them, I proceed to the main object of this letter, which is to notice four lines of your *funeral sermon*, which you have devoted to THEATRES. They are here quoted:

"Our theatres have become too degraded for any purpose but the exhibition of brute animals and the most abandoned of the human family, male and female."

Now, my reverend friend, this is rather a sweeping charge, for in effect it is pronouncing all persons connected with our theatres to be the "most abandoned of the human family!" And I feel called upon, in behalf of my professional associates, most solemnly to deny the accusation you have thus made against them, as a class. You ought to know that the "profession" is not accountable for the actions of individuals attached to it, more than you and other good men are accountable for the peccadillos of wicked priests. If our theatres are degraded by the introduction of "brute animals," (*id est*, the HORSES!) the degradation must be attributed rather to the taste of the public than to the wishes and inclinations of directors.

In your denunciations against other classes, you have thought proper to make "exceptions"—but in the instance of theatres, "with one fell swoop" you denounce its professors as the "most abandoned of the human family." How do you arrive at this conclusion? Have you any personal acquaintance with any ONE of those beings who nightly "exhibit" themselves in the theatre of your own city? Have you HEARD any of them accused of crimes which place them in the *lowest* grade of the human race? If there be *one* of the ONE HUNDRED employed in the St. Louis theatre who can be justly charged with any offence against the welfare of society—with any crime which would render him or her deserving of being termed the "most degraded of the human family"—or with conduct calculated to bring disrepute upon the dramatic profession, *let the proofs be given*, and that individual shall be "cast out" from the community of players, just as surely as you would "read out" an offending brother from your church.

In that excellent book which you seem to think has been "abandoned" by our Chief Magistrates for more than thirty years "until this spring," there is a sentence something like this, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." Did you think of this precept when you gave utterance to the above sweeping denunciation? Have you visited the theatre in this city? Have you *ever* visited a theatre? If not—as I shrewdly suspect is the case—do you consider yourself a proper judge of the conduct of those against whom you have passed sentence? "Let him who is guiltless cast the first stone!" was the mild sentence of the Master you profess to serve; but here

are you casting a volley of stones into a community of individuals who never injured you in word or deed, without first ascertaining *their* guilt, and without reflecting that *you*, by the very act, may be offending against *his* precept.

As I said before, I do not wish to enter into a discussion with you. I content myself with a simple denial of the justice of the charge brought against the "community of players," by you in your pulpit; which charge you have repeated in an aggravated form, by sending it forth to the world through the press. If you have any proof to offer in support of your charge, *produce it*. Until such proof be adduced, the conduct of those you style "the most abandoned of the human family, male and female," will weigh greatly against your unsupported assertions. "The tree is known by its fruits."

Recommending to you the cultivation of more charitable feelings toward your poor sinful brethren of the human family, I remain, reverend sir, your well-wisher,

SOL. SMITH.

June 1st, 1841.

[The publication of the above letter elicited the following remarks from the New Orleans Picayune:]

« A letter from manager Sol. Smith appears in the St. Louis Bulletin, in which the worthy humorist defends manfully his profession from the violent abuse of some ill-advised preacher, who, in pronouncing a sermon upon the death of the late President, found it necessary to denounce perdition upon a large class of his fellow-beings. Old Sol addresses the reverend gentleman in a strain of caustic, but polished reproof, and the style, thoughts, and Christian-like spirit of his

letter, all present so forcible a contrast to the fire and brimstone character of the sermon, that, without close attention, one would be apt to mistake the preacher for the player, and the player for the preacher. It is a sad error theologians fall into in launching these loose and ill-considered thunderbolts at the drama; they betray by it their superficial knowledge of the subject, for were they aware of how much mental and moral force can at any moment be lifted in its defence, and the expanded minds that are ever ready to support it, they would be cautious of rushing into so blind a position. While we see the most enlightened expounders of the Christian faith constantly indebted to Shakspeare for sentiment and moral, it must surprise us to hear the lesser lights of the pulpit taking in hand the vengeance of the Most High to hurl at one of the oldest and most firmly rooted institutions ever cherished by civilization.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

ON one of my journeyings in the western district of Tennessee, many years ago, I arrived one night, about twelve o'clock, at the small village of Middleton—I won't be certain that it is the name of the place, but it will do for the purposes of this sketch—and found considerable of a crowd awaiting the arrival of the stage. The landlord came out to light us, and I noticed that he stuck the lantern literally into the face of each passenger, apparently with the intention of becoming acquainted, by a short cut, with his new guests. I was the last to alight. The

landlord handed me out with a very slight examination of my features, and then, poking the lantern into the coach, clambered up the steps to take a particularly good view of the inside. *He was evidently looking for some one.* After a hasty examination, he returned to the sidewalk, where the passengers were waiting to be shown into the house, and took another view of each passenger's features, with the help of the lantern, which he moved about so as to throw the light upon our several faces in turn. His figure, face, and movements reminded me of Diogenes in the fable.

"Why, he is not *here!*!" exclaimed the worthy landlord turning to his neighbours, who were surrounding our party. "'The h—ll he ain't!'" growled a caroty-headed fellow, in his shirt sleeves, who was smoking a pipe an inch and a half long—"then you've kept us up till the middle of the night for nothing," he exclaimed. "Look at the way-bill," suggested a slim, pale-faced youth, who might be a clerk in the post-office. "Ay, look at the way-bill," confirmingly advised the crowd.

The landlord hereupon took out of his vest-pocket a pair of greasy spectacles, and with the aid of his lantern began to scan the way-bill, which the pale-faced youth had by this time brought down from under the driver's seat.

"There's his name—yes, there's the old villain's name—but where is *he?*!" This last inquiry was addressed by the landlord to the passengers—while his little gray eyes peered over the green spectacles, the eyes and spectacles together assuming the appearance of two italic interrogation points reversed. As I was standing nearest him, I ventured to ask who was expected—what "old villain" was refer-

to, whose non-arrival seemed to cause such disappointment? “*Who?*” sharply replied the landlord —“Who was expected? Why the *old fellow himself* —the old chap that has been cutting such a swarth at Bolivar—there’s his name on the way-bill—curse his old picture, here have I and my neighbours been waiting since eight o’clock to get a peep at the old fellow—his company went through here yesterday, and they said *he* would be along to-night! How is it?” Not wishing to be annoyed by the old gentleman’s attentions, and not being in a mood to undergo the gaze of the smoking and tobacco-chewing crowd, I asked him to name the individual he was speaking of. “The *individual!* yes, he is an *individual*, certainly, though they tell me he can take any shape he pleases, and that he is one person to-day and another to-morrow—assuming as many characters as suits him—and he makes people *pay* for seeing him perform his tricks—some people say he is as good as a caravan!”

“But *who* is it?”

“Why *who* should it be but OLD SOL? There’s his name on the way-bill—how is it that he is not *here*? ”

“I believe I can explain this matter,” I answered —“the old gentleman you mention *did* intend to come on in the coach this very night; but he is a changeable sort of a fellow, as I know—you are aware there are other routes to Huntsville—at all events, finding the seat vacant, *I* took it, and am here in his stead.”

“Well, stranger,” said the old man, moving towards the supper-room—I don’t wish *you* any harm, and I don’t wish to be uncivil to any gentleman; but I wish *you* had taken t’other route instead of *old se-*

twenty-six,—confound all such don't-know-their-own-mind sort of fellows, I say!"—and he led us into the supper-room. After discussing our midnight meal, I asked our muttering landlord where I was to sleep?—(We had four hours rest here, and the coach was to move on again at daylight.) He took up his everlasting lantern, and led the way to the best room in the house. "Here," said he, lighting a candle and setting it on the table—"you can sleep here; this room was intended for the *old sinner* we have all been waiting to see—I'll never prepare another room for the old ragamuffin—never!"—and away went my worthy host and his lantern. The last I heard, as he groped along the passage, was—"Curse me if there is but one other man on earth I would have stayed up for, AND THAT'S GENERAL JACKSON HIMSELF!"

LETTER TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P.,

AND LIBERATOR (?) OF IRELAND.

ST. LOUIS, JULY 4, 1843.

DANIEL!—I sit down, on the evening of the 4th of July, (quite a holiday with us,) to address you a few lines on the subject of a speech made by you at a meeting of the Loyal National Repeal Association, held in Dublin on the 10th of May last.

You must be aware, Daniel, that there has been considerable sympathy felt and expressed for the people of Ireland in their attempts to procure a repeal of the Union with England—and I tell you very plainly that *until very lately* the people of

neighbourhood have, almost to a man, looked forward with confidence to the time when Ireland would declare that she “is, and of right ought to be, free and independent.” You cannot form an idea, Daniel, of the excitement we have had—the speeches that have been made—the threats that have been uttered against the British government—the five dollar bills that have been deposited in hats,—all for *you*, Daniel—and the seas of blood that have been talked about being waded through to achieve the liberties of the suffering Irish people.

And amid all this excitement, noise, and patriotic enthusiasm—(which I believe *you* call “agitation”)—who was considered the Moses to lead his countrymen out of Egyptian bondage?—who was the WASHINGTON, (God forgive me for connecting that name with yours!) who was to guide the sons of Erin to INDEPENDENCE? You, Daniel, were the individual—you!

Before I proceed further, I must tell you that there are many of us here, who, though we would rejoice to see Ireland a free and independent nation, have not taken an active part in the “agitation” about repeal which has been got at your instigation: for two reasons: First, because this country is at peace with Great Britain, of which Ireland is at present an integrant part, and we do not consider we have any right to interfere with her domestic affairs—especially when no DECLARATION has been made by the Irish people of their intention to throw off their allegiance to the British crown; and secondly, because, admitting we *have* a right to meddle with the political affairs of Europe, and that a repeal of the Union is desirable and proper, we cannot, for the soul of us,

see how the repeal is to be effected by *sending you money*. Here in America—and particularly here in the backwoods, we dislike any interference with *our* domestic affairs. In political matters we sometimes quarrel like “all wrath” among ourselves—and you would suppose, Daniel, if you could look in upon us during an election, that either party would gladly receive a helping hand from abroad:—not a bit of it! If you should attempt to put in your oar, Daniel, you would soon find your safest plan would be to stand aside and let us fight it out. So in the Irish repeal business—“agitate” as much as you please, *at home*; and when you are ready to *do* something, come out with your “WHEN IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS,” et cætera, and you will find that the hardy sons of the West will be as ready to assist Ireland in her struggle for freedom, as Irishmen were to lend a hand to this country when she needed help. Yes, Daniel—“go it strong” among yourselves—obtain the repeal of the Union, if you can—(and nine millions of people *can* if they *will*)—but don’t ask Americans to embroil themselves in a difficulty with a friendly government, until you have shown a determination to set up for yourselves. This is the language of those who have taken no part in the “repeal meetings” in this country.

Do not suppose, though, that there are *any* of our citizens, native or naturalized, who do not view the scenes now acting in Ireland with the most lively interest.—Putting you, Daniel, out of the question—(and I must say that *at this moment* you are not “very popular” in these diggin’s, as we say)—the Irish people are looked upon as our brothers; and

we all hope, at no distant day, to see the Green Isle take her station among the nations of the earth.

Such being the feeling here—a large portion of our people taking an active part for, and none against the movement in Ireland—our adopted and native-born citizens sending up united shouts of “*repeal!*”—shouts which were to inspire hope and confidence as the joyous sounds passed over the Emerald Isle, and to be heard with dismay by Péel and Wellington in the Parliament-house of England—contributions of money pouring in from every quarter—(your “rents,” Daniel)—what do you imagine must have been the sensations produced by your speech, referred to in the commencement of this letter? How do you suppose your own countrymen received that speech, wherein you class all American slaveholders with pickpockets and petty-burgesses, scoundrels?—and ask them to “come out” from among such a set of rascals? Daniel, you overshot your mark this time. It is evident you calculated upon possessing more influence with our adopted citizens than you do or ever can possess. You forgot that when they *chose* this country for their dwelling-place, they adopted our system of government, and *sware allegiance to it*. They are, in fact, as they ought to be, *with us* in sentiment on all subjects in which this country is interested. They look back to the land they have left, with fond affection—for who can forget the land of his birth?—their pulse beats quick and strong as they perceive hopes of the regeneration of poor Ireland—but **HERE** is now their home—**HERE** they pay a willing duty to the constituted authorities, having a voice in making all laws by which they are governed—and **HERE** they

are ready to repel insult, whether leveled against themselves individually or the institutions of their adopted country. Therefore, when you denounce "*shame and disgrace*" upon *every man in America who is not an abolitionist*; when you pronounce every man a "*faithless miscreant*" who *dares not take a part for the abolition of slavery*—(these are your very words, Daniel)—when you "pour out your voice over the broad Atlantic," and say to hundreds of thousands of our adopted citizens, "come out, you Irishmen! or, if you DARE countenance the system of slavery that is supported there, we will recognise you as countrymen no longer;" I say, Daniel, when you make use of such language to those who have become citizens among us, you must not be surprised if the "*remittances*," (which you term "*blood-stained money*,") become "*like angels' visits, few and far between*."

As for the "*coming out*" part of the business—I feel well assured that if there is one Irishmen here who holds and will avow the sentiments expressed by you in your Loyal Association Speech, we should not attempt to keep him a single day; you would not be obliged to "*call across the broad Atlantic*" more than once—and indeed the chances are that he would be told in very emphatic language to "*get out!*"

A word or two on the subject of **SLAVERY**, and I will trouble you no further. Although you profess to be "*familiar with the state of slavery in America*," I feel convinced you know but very little about it. A countryman of yours, Mr. Moony—(by the way, I don't think you treat poor Moony exactly right—he picked up a great many dimes for you, Daniel,

and it is steadily abiding the friendship with the opposition in his constituents, because they do not agree with you on this subject,) etc. I was saying, Mr. Moore became satisfied that though our country in America, is not so favorable to us as to have been represented, and was quite willing to take the money of the slaveholders, which he faithfully transmitted to you, Daniel, and I am just told him, that your friend says this of black people in another country, some of you, Dr. Johnson said I suppose you will admit this testimony, though you will not if Mr. Moore's was a public lecture delivered in the old Charles Theatre, New Orleans, and that the slaves of the South were in a much better condition than were the peasants of Ireland, and the toils of life being superior. Now the truth is, though we are not very anxious to convince you of the fact—our slaves are much better situated, and much happier, than the lower classes of your country, (I include England;) they are better fed, better clothed, and better taken care of when sick, than your day labourers who work in your fields and in your mines. They enjoy the privileges of religion, too—in many places they have their own preachers, and their own churches—in short, they enjoy the privileges of religion equally with their masters. They become attached to the families of their owners—they are taken care of in old age—the chilly winds of poverty never blow around them—or, which is the same thing, they pass by unheeded—hard times they never know—they are happy! Look at home, Daniel,—see if you cannot find objects to exercise your charitable disposition upon, and let us manage our own affairs in our own way. But above all,

don't carry your threat into execution, of coming over here and *liberating our slaves!*—great “liberator,” don’t! The slaves themselves would rise against you, Daniel; and you would find the *darkest* sort of a storm gathering about you—the “agitation” would be immense.

Adieu, Daniel—you must try to get on with your schemes without much more money from this country. The cause of “repeal” will go on—the Irish people deserve a government of their own, and will probably obtain their ends—but not through *you*, Daniel, I think. You ARE NOT IRELAND. The people of Erin have our sympathies and best wishes—but for *you*, Daniel, (to use a homely phrase,) we “drop you like a hot potato.”

SOL. SMITH,
A Citizen of Missouri.

MY FIRST AND LAST SERMON.

THE title of “reverend” has frequently been tacked to my name on letters addressed to me, and reports have been circulated that, during my peregrinations, I have been in the habit of “holding forth” to congregations of sinners. The truth of the matter is, I never preached but *one* “regularly-built” sermon in my life. With the exception of an Address to the Encampment of Patriarchs and Lodges of Odd Fellows, from the pulpit of the Unitarian church, in Mobile, and a few brief remarks to a congregation of passengers, on the occasion of taking up a collection for a poor woman on the Alabama river, many years ago, the following sketch will

contain a true and faithful account of my whole ministerial experience.

As a preliminary, it must be known that my brother, who had succeeded me as the manager of the West Tennessee theatres, while I had accepted an engagement in New Orleans, with the "Emperor," (as we called manager Caldwell,) in answer to the numerous and pressing inquiries respecting the whereabouts of "Old Sol," had uniformly asserted that I had been *converted*, and had commenced *preaching!* By this answer, he got rid of any further inquiries from the anxious West Tennesseans, who had been accustomed to laugh at my stage jokes—for wonder succeeded to curiosity, and many a lurking smile accompanied the shake of the head and holding up of hands which the astounding information caused. "Is it possible!"—"Who would have thought of his turning preacher!"—"I can scarcely believe it!"—"I would like to hear him try his hand at it!" were some of the exclamations heard by my brother on his impartation of the news of my conversion. Requesting the reader to remember that I was totally ignorant of these reports of my back-sliding from the stage, I proceed with my story :

My brother and his company were at Memphis, where I had an engagement of six nights. A week before the close of our season in Nashville, I obtained leave to commence my southern journey, giving myself time to fulfil my promise to my brother, and yet be ready at my post at the commencement of the campaign in New Orleans.

About three o'clock one afternoon, the stage-coach stopped at the little town of B——, where I had performed the year before, and where I was well known

by every man, woman, and child for six miles round. The landlord of the hotel expressed great joy at meeting me, and ushered me, with great respect and ceremony, into the family parlour, where he left me for a few minutes, to attend on the other guests. The landlady and her daughters received me with great cordiality—but I could not help observing a sort of seriousness in their countenances, which I had never seen before. My cloak was hung up, my over-shoes taken care of,—the fire stirred up—and—in short I found myself very comfortable, and felt assured, by every action of my host and his family, that I was considered *somebody*. Dinner was soon announced, and I arose to join the general rush for the dining-room, but the landlady interposed a pressing invitation that I would join the *family* dinner, which would be ready in about ten minutes. A most superior meal soon engaged my attention in a room adjoining the parlour—with a cup of excellent *tea*, than which I know of nothing more refreshing while travelling. I noticed that when we had taken our seats at the table, “an awful pause” took place, while all eyes were turned towards *me*—but at the time it did not appear very singular that the assembled family should wish to have a “good look” at one who had so often ministered to their amusement.

Dinner over, I was mysteriously beckoned into a private room by Boniface, who said he wished to have a few words with me. We took seats. The worthy landlord here indulged in a long look at me, the corners of his mouth and twinkling of his eyes indicating, by certain twitchings and winkings, that a *laugh* was on the point of breaking through all re-

straints, and making itself seen and heard. After sundry "hems" and "ha's!" and moving his chair a little this way and a little that, my friend cleared his throat, and thus began a conversation, which resulted in a most singular adventure:

"You *must* excuse me,—I can't help thinking what a change has taken place in you; but I must do you the justice to believe you are *sincere* in your professions. Will you tell me candidly, Mr. S., whether you like your *present mode of life* as well as you did that of last year, when you used to travel through this country with your company, and make us laugh ready to kill ourselves, with your comicalities?"

Supposing my questioner merely wished to ascertain whether I was satisfied with a regular engagement in New Orleans, after indulging in the excitements and adventures incident to the life of a perambulating manager, I answered—

"I must confess, my friend, that the change is very agreeable to me; and a southern climate is essential to my bodily health in the winter."

"You are, then, stationed *permanently* in New Orleans, during the winter?" inquired the landlord.

"Permanently," replied I—wondering what could be the object of these questions.

"But the *income*?"—pursued my friend—"the *income*!—that's the point! Do you *make* as much, in your present line of life, as you did in managing theatres?"

"Well," I responded, "that is somewhat doubtful—but, in management, there are a thousand cares and vexations which I now escape—and if my income is not quite so large, it is now fixed and certain—*my salary being sure*."

"Ah! yes," chuckled the landlord, "I believe *all of you* take pretty good care about the salary—and it is all right you should; 'the labourer is worthy of his hire.' But how do you look, *now*, upon the *morality* of your past life?"

"Why, as to that," I answered, "it is not for me to speak—I have *endeavoured to do what is right* in all my transactions, as manager and actor, and I assure you I do not look back with any regret on my past life."

"Well, come, I like you all the better for *that*—I always told my neighbours that you never would 'run down' your former profession; and I believe you *are honest* in your present course," said the landlord, "and I will now proceed to business."

I was somewhat mystified, I confess, with the conduct and conversation of my landlord, but determined to wait patiently for a solution of his meaning.

Giving his chair an extra hitch, and assuming a more serious air, the landlord "came to the point," by saying—

"The fact of the matter is just here; the citizens of B—, hearing of your arrival, have expressed an ardent desire—they have a hope, indeed—a wish,—I may say a unanimous wish—that is, if you've no objections—and I am commissioned to request—so-llicit—that you will *stop here to-night, and 'HOLD FORTH'* at the court-house."

"Hold forth at the court-house!" echoed I—"what, give an *entertainment*? impossible—I am announced at Memphis for to-morrow night, and must go on in the stage."

"My dear sir," persisted the commissioner from the inhabitants of B—, "you cannot conceive how

very anxious we all are to *hear you*—indeed, indeed, you *must* gratify them—you cannot imagine the excitement your arrival has caused; and the people are *determined* to have you stop and—”

“ It is out of the question,” I remonstrated—“ My engagement at Memphis is imperative—I *must* be there to-morrow.”

“ So you *shall* be, my dear sir,” answered mine host—“ we have arranged all that. Before it was decided on to let the stage go without you,—”

“ What!” I exclaimed in alarm, “ has the coach departed, and left me here to—”

“ Been gone three-quarters of an hour,” replied my determined friend, deprecatingly—“ but don’t be alarmed; Squire Jones has agreed to hitch up his team of horses to-morrow morning, before daylight, and by two o’clock you’ll see the Mississippi river.”

In the early part of my professional life I had been compelled, as I have said elsewhere, to “ give entertainments”—“ solitary and alone”—but for several years I had abandoned this disagreeable mode of “ raising the wind,” and hoped I should never be compelled to resort to it again; consequently, I felt a great repugnance to the proposition of the citizens of B—. LECTURES had not at that time come into vogue—else I might have easily fudged up something for the occasion. Songs and recitations were all I could depend on for the entertainment of an audience.

After a moment’s reflection, during which I took into consideration the fact that my means of proceeding on my journey were cut off, (by a “ pious fraud,” as the landlord called it,) and that my finances were in a state that required replenishing, I suddenly inquired of the landlord *what I should make by the operation?*

"Why, as to that," he readily answered, "I can't exactly say; but I am sure our citizens will be liberal; one thing I can assure you of—you will have the greatest congregation ever assembled in this burg."

"But there is no notice given," I argued.

"Isn't there?" triumphantly inquired the landlord—"just step to this window, if you please."

It *did* please me to step to the window and look out, but I cannot say much for the pleasure I experienced when I saw a crowd around the court-house door, which stood but a few paces off, reading a written placard, two lines of which only could I decipher, one of which was,

"SOL SMITH,"

and the other,

"THIS EVENING."

This seemed to settle the matter—I concluded to GIVE THE ENTERTAINMENT, and trust to Squire Jones' horses and wagon for the fulfilment of my engagement at Memphis on the morrow.

To my suggestion that some little "fitting up" of the court-house would be required, my accommodating entertainer cut me short by saying—

"Leave that to me—the house shall be lighted, the seats arranged, *a place fitted up for you*, and every thing fixed as it ought to be for the occasion; give yourself no trouble about it, my friend, but retire to your room at once, and *prepare yourself*. At seven o'clock I will go with you to the court-house, and if you don't find the greatest gathering you ever *did* see, I will never make another *call* on you to hold forth in this village again."

Thus assured, I retired to my room, and, after

sketching a programme for the night's entertainment, I indulged in a refreshing nap, for a couple of hours, at the end of which time I was waited upon by my landlord, who was accompanied by two pious-looking individuals, and conducted to the scene of my proposed labours for the evening.

On entering the court-house, closely attended by the two pious-looking individuals and the landlord, I found his expectations in regard to a large audience were more than realized. The crowd was immense! Every nook and corner of the court-room was occupied, and I was pleased to see that the fair sex of the village were numerously represented;—the press for admission had evidently been so great that the doorkeeper had abandoned his post, for I saw no one acting in that capacity.

I ascended to the judges' seat, and my two attendants took their seats in the clerk's place beneath.

I bent down my head behind a sort of screen that was in front of me, to call to my recollection the words of my first song. I had not been in this situation but a few minutes, when my ears were greeted with the following words, uttered by one of the pious-looking gentlemen beneath me:

“Let us commence our worship by singing the one hundredth psalm, long metre!”

If I had been struck with a thunderbolt I could not have been more astounded, unless utterly annihilated. Before I could recover from my stupefaction, the reading of a psalm had been gone through with, and the whole audience commenced singing it to the tune of Old Hundred!

I raised my eyes to the desk before me, and found there a Bible, a hymn-book, and a glass of water.

The landlord being near me, I beckoned him to me, and asked him, in a whisper, what was expected of me. “*Expected of you?*” he answered, with glistening and expecting eyes—“*expected of you?*—why, we expect a first rate, right up-and-down Orthodox SERMON—and I don’t reckon we’ll be much disappointed either!”

The murder was out! I saw through it all. But what was I to do? To gain time, (the singing being concluded) I leaned forward and requested one of my *deacons* to go ahead with a prayer, during which I called my thoughts about me, and most sincerely prayed for a happy deliverance from my singular situation. Before the conclusion of the prayer, I had made up my mind to “try my hand” at preaching—and *I did it.*

I had no time to select a text, but opening the Bible at hap-hazard, read the following words, which I announced as the groundwork of my discourse:

“We are perplexed, but not in despair.”
2 Cor. iv. 8.

I will not attempt to give even an outline of my discourse. I spoke with the utmost sincerity, and soon found that, taking TRUTH for my guide, there was no great difficulty in my new undertaking. I will not say any thing of the *orthodoxy* of my sermon, but I trust there was nothing advanced from that temporary pulpit, by that temporary preacher, calculated to lead any of that crowded congregation out of the path to Heaven.

At the conclusion of my discourse, a hymn was sung, during which I heard a considerable of a clattering which sounded very much like coin falling

into platters, and with a strong voice I pronounced the benediction, dismissing the congregation to their several homes.

The landlord and my deacons reported that they had collected forty odd dollars, which, to their great surprise, I directed them to apply to "charitable uses." At five o'clock the following morning, Squire Jones was ready with his wagon and team. The landlord would not take any thing for my dinner, supper, and lodging, declaring himself more than paid by what he was pleased to term my excellent discourse.

Let not bigots and the *regular* clergy accuse me of making a mock of religion, or of scoffing at its forms. I spoke not a word, during my forced ministry of one night, that I did not religiously believe to be TRUE—and should I ever leave my present profession for the pulpit, (which I shall certainly not do unless under a solemn conviction of duty,) I shall remember without any feelings of regret MY FIRST AND LAST SERMON.

* * * * *

I arrived at Memphis in time to commence my *theatrical* engagement on the night following, and was greeted by a large audience, though by no means so crowded a one as that which witnessed my *first appearance* in the pulpit.

A TENNESSEE DOORKEEPER,

"FOR THREE NIGHTS ONLY."

IN the summer of 1833, (the second cholera year,) I travelled across the country from Cincinnati, through Kentucky, East Tennessee, North Carolina, and South Carolina, into Georgia, with a small party of recruits for my southern theatres. At Greenville, East Tennessee, we made a halt, and determined to treat the inhabitants of that beautiful village with three representations of the "legitimate drama," in a carpenter's shop, hastily, but tastefully, fitted up for the occasion.

The first representation was attended by just *six people*, making the total receipts of the evening, **THREE DOLLARS!**

My landlord, the carpenter, attributed the slim attendance to a *camp-meeting* that was in successful operation about two miles from town, and "reckoned" that if I would "hold on" until that broke up, we should have full *shops* every night.

Thus urged, we did "hold on," and our next performance was rewarded with a receipt of **TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF!**

I proposed to decamp next morning, but the printer of the Greenville Expositor (who was on the *free-list* as a matter of course) remonstrated against so sudden a move, urging that a *third* performance must be successful, as it was quite certain

the camp-meeting would break up that morning, and the young folks would all return to their homes.

I yielded—and advertised for “positively the last performance,” the play of William Tell, a favourite afterpiece, and a lot of comic songs.

At the time of beginning, I was glad to find a crowded audience in waiting—the shop, work-bench and all, was literally crammed. One of the carpenter’s apprentices, whom I had transformed into a citizen of Altorf for the occasion, told me that all but five or six of the people in front were *religious folks*, who had attended the camp-meeting faithfully to its conclusion.

The performance proceeded;—the actors were in high spirits. Lyne (afterwards a celebrated Mormon elder) bullied Gov. Gesler with great fierceness; Sarnem whacked the carpenter’s apprentice with a hearty good-will, while the latter was making a bow to the governor’s cap, on a pole five feet and a half high—the arrow, aimed at the apple on Albert’s head, flew, with remarkable exactness, into the horse-blanket held up as a target to receive it behind the scenes, and the play was received with shouts of satisfaction by the Greenvillians. The farce was honoured by peal on peal of laughter; while the comic songs were doubly encored, every one of them!

The entertainment over, I observed there was a reluctance in the audience to depart—they wanted another song. I gave them one. Still they remained as if glued to their seats. I went before the curtain and thanked the ladies and gentlemen for their

patronage, and informed them the performance had concluded. They did not move—they wanted yet *another song*. I gave them another—and again told them the entertainment of the evening was over—intimating, at the same time, that the stage-carpenter was waiting to take down the scenery. A gentleman in the gallery (the work-bench) here arose and addressed me as follows: “Mr. Sol. Smith: Sir—I have been requested to express to you the unanimous wish of this meeting that you will *prolong your season*. The liberal patronage bestowed upon you this evening must have convinced you that we *can* make something of a turnout here; and I feel authorized to say, that if you will give us a performance to-morrow night, you will have another house *as crowded as this.*”

A murmur of applause confirmed the opinion of the speaker, and I was greatly tempted to yield to their wishes: but bethinking me of certain announcements for performances in towns further south, I was obliged to decline the invitation of my kind auditors, and content myself with the eighty or ninety dollars, which I supposed had been contributed that night to my ways and means. Finding me determined, the audience gradually dispersed, each individual casting wishful and sidelong glances towards the stage, which by this time was beginning to be dismantled.

Motioning the doorkeeper to follow me into a sort of shed, adjoining the theatre, I proceeded to open the ticket-box in his presence, while he sat down on a bench in the corner to wait for his wages. I found **SEVEN TICKETS** in the box, and turning to the waiting

doorkeeper, who was busily engaged chewing tobacco and spitting, I asked him what he had done with the rest.

"They are all *thar*," he replied, with great composure, looking intently at a beam of the shed, and rocking his right knee, which he held in his clenched hands, and raised about half-way from the floor to his chin.

"All *thar*—where?" was the very natural question that I next propounded.

"In the box where you told me to put 'em," he answered, still eyeing the beam or rafter.

"I but find seven here," I remarked. "I want to know where are the tickets for the one hundred and sixty or one hundred and eighty people that were in the house to-night."

"I tell you again they are all *thar*, sir," he answered, sturdily; "and I allow 'won't be safe for any man to insinuate any thing agin my character," he continued, releasing his knee, and taking a very large quid of tobacco from a rusty steel box and ramming it into his mouth.

"I do not wish to insinuate any thing against your character," I said, soothingly; "but I want to know what you have done with the tickets."

"They are *thar*," he again alleged—"every one of 'em *thar*—no one passed *me* without giving me a ticket, and the tickets are all *thar*."

I began to get a little pettish, and asked the tobacco-chewer to explain himself. "There were nearly two hundred people in the house," I urged.

"There war full that," he admitted.

"Well, then," I asked, finally, "where are the tickets?—will you explain this mystery?"

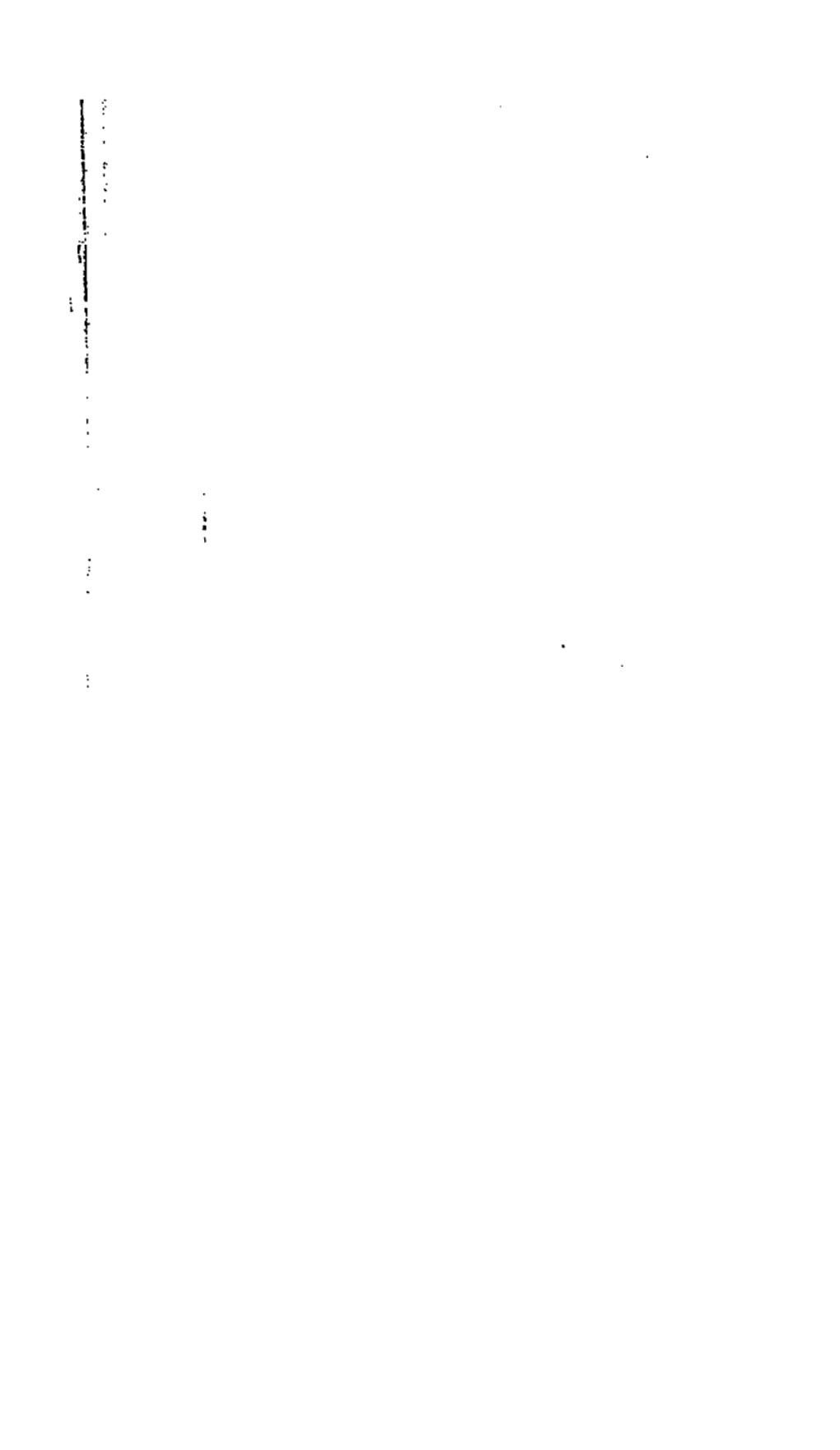
My friend, the tobacco-chewing doorkeeper, here renewed his grasp on his raised knee, deliberately withdrew his eyes from the rafter, and fixing them, half-closed, on mine, at length afforded me the desired *explanation*, thus:

"You engaged me to *keep your door*; and I performed my dooties to the best of my abilities, for which you are indebted to me three dollars, and I want my money. No person has passed me without a ticket—my character is above suspicion, and no one must say nothin' agin it."

"My good friend," I ventured to say, "I don't wish to say any thing against"—

"No, I should think *not*—you'd *better not*," he continued, "for I'm too well known here; well, as I was a sayin', you employed me as *doorkeeper*—mark the distinction—I had nothin' at all to do with the *WINDERS*—and *thar's where your hundred and eighty people came in*, you 'tarnal fool; to leave 'em open, when there was sich a crowd comin' from camp-meetin'!"

I paid the fellow his three dollars, and next day was far on my road to the Warm Springs, in the famous county of Buncombe, where they raise the largest peaches and the yellowest children in all creation.



APPENDIX.

ANECDOTES BY "PHAZMA."

[THE following anecdotes are from the pen of the late M. C. FIELD, who furnished a series of comic sketches for the New Orleans Picayune, of which paper he was one of the editors, under the title of the "GREEN-Room." Inasmuch as I furnished the gifted writer with the *material* for these three sketches, and as I am made to "cut something of a figure" in them, I take the privilege of inserting them in this volume; knowing my utter inability to relate the same incidents in language that would be half as acceptable to the reader.—S.

THE PLAYER AND THE PHRENOLOGIST.

BY THE LATE M. C. FIELD.

A WELL-KNOWN eccentric comedian once called upon a phrenologist in New York.

"Sir," said the actor, "I have called upon you to get a *character*: will you do me the favour to examine the *cast* of my head?"

"Sir, take a seat, and allow me to take your hat," said the polite professor of the then newly-broached science.

The phrenologist proceeded in his examination, and soon detected a remarkable prevalence of prominent organs significant of very flattering qualities.

"Now, sir," said the actor, "I have been an obstinate unbeliever in this new branch of knowledge, but you've read my character so completely, that I am henceforth a convert.—Will you now, sir, indulge me in a whim, and tell me what is the nature of my pursuit in life?"

It must be mentioned that the comedian was remarkable for a severe and serious character of countenance, contrasting in a peculiar manner with his mirth-provoking appearance on the stage.

"Why, sir," said the professor, "to do this is not exactly a part of my system, but"—

"Well, now, sir; I am odd inquisitive to be thoroughly of phrenology, and I this point. Here is die the affluous charge for fingering my peri- cranium, and I will pay it to you with pleasure if you will do me the pleasure to name my profession."

After a good deal of hesitation, anxious to pocket the extra cash, the phrenologist ventured to pronounce his visiter a ministerial professor of theology.

"What!" said the actor, with a start of surprise, "are you acquainted with me?"

"No, sir, upon my honour!" replied the professor.

"Do you assure me that you have never seen or heard of me before?" said the comedian, with impressive solemnity.

"Sir, I do, with the most profound sincerity."

"Astonishing!" said the dramatic wag, with a look of pious wonder.

"Then you are"—began the phrenological professor.

"Stop, sir!" replied the reverend Thespian. "Now will you tell me whether you judge from my serious countenance and the sable plainness of my habiliments, or from the scientific examinations you have made of my natural developments. Sir, as an honest man, I entreat you not to deceive me."

"Why, my dear sir," said the accomplished pupil of Spurzheim, "to be plain with you—excuse me—I knew

you were a preacher the instant I laid my hand upon your head!"

"Well, this is decisive," said the actor, with solemn intonation and a look of most extraordinary gravity, rising at the same time, taking his hat, and pushing the double fee before the man of science.

"It is my custom to register the names of prominent individuals who visit my office," said the phrenologist, "and I should esteem it an especial favour to enrol yours among my patrons."

"You see it *there*, sir," replied the tall, mysterious-looking person, "staring you in the face, like the ghost of your defunct second sight!" and as he walked away he pointed to a playbill at the door, upon which was inscribed, in "forty-line pica"—"PARK THEATRE—Benefit of Sol SMITH, on which occasion he will appear in his popular character of *Mawworm!!!*"

THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO ON HORSEBACK.

BY THE LATE M. C. FIELD.

IN the "Merchant of Venice" Shakspeare has several fine, highborn suitors applying for the hand of Portia. There is first "the Neapolitan Prince," then "the County Palatine," the "French Lord, Monsieur Le Bon," "Falconbridge, the young Baron of England," a "Scottish Lord," "the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew," (an ancestor of Prince Albert, perhaps,) after whom comes the "Prince of Morocco," and the "Prince of Arragon," these two last being introduced personally in the play, while the former respectable individuals are only "over-named" to her mistress by Nerissa. But as the piece is acted, even these two are "cut out," and they are scarcely named in modern performances.

"Old Sol" Smith was some years since making a

eircuit of several towns in Georgia and Alabama, where he had theatres, when, at one place he was pestered by a persevering country simpleton who wanted to "come out and act." Nothing is more difficult than to get rid of one of these stage-struck innocents, when once touched by the mania. Sol saw at a glance the character he had before him, and determined to repay himself for the constant annoyance of the young man, by extracting some amusement from him. He accordingly told the youth that he might attend when he liked behind the scenes, and some opportunity would perhaps occur when he could come out. This privilege was greedily seized upon by the aspirant, who immediately became almost part and parcel of the scenery, so closely did he scrutinize the actors and lounge around the stage.

Still pertinaciously he demanded every morning what his part was to be, and when he was to play. Worn out with continual teasing, Old Sol told him one day, during a rehearsal of the Merchant of Venice, that he should appear that evening, and his part should be that of the "Prince of Morocco," a personage now wholly unknown in "Cumberland's Acting Edition." This new and original cast had its designed effect of raising a laugh at the time and was then forgotten until the evening, when the stage-doorkeeper was heard in loud words with some one who wanted to come in and act.

"Who are you?" said the doorkeeper.

"I'm the Prince of Morocco," said the unsophisticated young gentleman, "and you must let me in to act."

Sol knew the voice and hurried to quench the disturbance, in doing which his ready drollery and wit at once displayed themselves.

"Ah, you are here," said Sol, "that's right; but, shade of Thespis! what do I behold?—Man! man! where is your *red morocco dress*?"

"Eh?" said the Georgia bumpkin, with a stupid stare.

"O, all the gods at once, and miching mallecho to boot! who ever heard of a Prince of Morocco without a full suit of red morocco armour! Go away, sir; I see now you will never do for an actor," and so Old Sol got rid of the young tragedian this time.

Months afterwards our eccentric manager had his company in another town, several hundred miles away, when the Merchant of Venice, or, as an old stager would say, "the Shylock piece," in due time came to be announced, as it was one of the standing stock performances of the troupe. When the actors were assembling for rehearsal, every body was astounded at the apparition of a man *dressed from head to foot in red leather*, standing in front of the theatre, waiting, as he said, to see Sol Smith. Presently, Sol came along, recognised his old protege, went through the operation of a side-splitting fit of laughter, and then commenced studying how to get rid once more of so strange an annoyance.

"Ah, you are here," said Old Sol, "that's right; but eh? shade of Thespis! where's your horse?"

"Horse!" ejaculated the gentleman in red, with profound astonishment spreading over his face.

"Your *horse*," cried Old Sol, pretending to fly into a tremendous passion, "O, miching mallecho and all the gods! who ever saw a Prince of Morocco on foot? Begone, sir, I see you are no actor."

The poor young fellow went away abashed, and Sol concluded his crazy desires were checked, when once again, after a long travel through Georgia to Montgomery, Alabama, one morning, just when the theatre was announced to open for the first time, up rode the young Georgia Cracker, in his scarlet dress, on a wild looking Indian pony, followed by twenty or thirty boys, just starting out to school, all screaming and flinging up their caps with delight at the strange spectacle.

Orally, Old Sol tells the story with a droll and irresistible effect, much of which may be lost in our attempt at writing it, but we have never had a more ludicrous occurrence to record. The mirth of the actors and the whimsical manager may be imagined when the tragic tyro from Georgia came riding into Montgomery, armed and equipped according to order, with red leather pantaloons, jacket, and cap, and valiantly mounted, to make his first appearance on any stage as the *Prince of Morocco on horseback!*

AN AMATEUR DOORKEEPER

BY THE LATE M. C. FIELD.

OLD Sol Smith is a born wag, and we verily believe that when he is going to his grave he will play some droll trick upon the pall-bearers.

An amiable country contemporary of ours was in town a few days since, and, falling into acquaintance with the manager of the Saint Charles, he was made welcome to the courtesy of the house. We have said he is amiable, and so he is, but at the same time high-spirited, irritable and sudden in temper. He is not a little *distingué* in appearance, with a dash of aristocracy in his air, that causes him constantly to be mistaken for an Englishman, though native and to Yankee manners born. He is about six feet high, slightly rounded in the region of the shoulders, with long flaxen hair, whiskers tinted by the sunbeam, and a visual protuberance rather remarkably the opposite of the *nez retroussé*. As an editor, he is noted for being the fastest walker and most expeditious talker that ever handled quill and scissors. He talks as if it was absolutely necessary to get out so many words in a second, and he walks as if he had the missing mail in his pocket and an extra to issue immediately. He is a stern dramatic critic, too, celebrated for his admiration of genius, and, in regard to the ladies, never suffering beauty of form or feature to lead his attention away from proper appreciation of true talent. He was provided with a ticket for a seat in No. 4 of the dress circle, and he found himself in the lobby at night, just risen from dinner, quite a stranger in the place, and only cognisant of the fact that he was to find box No. 4. He wandered around the lobby for some time, examining the doors in all directions, nowhere could he find No. 4. Benedictions upon the house, the manager, the doorkeepers, the actors, the gas lights, the Bebee patent furnaces, pit, gallery, boxes, &c., began to fall in rapid succession

from the lips of our country friend—the proper officer, who should have directed him, being so occupied as not yet to have observed his dilemma. Down went the editor to the doorkeeper.

“Can you tell me, sir, whether there is such a place in this house as No. 4 or *not?*”

“Really, sir, it’s not my business; I —”

“Well, sixteen thousand personages from Pandemonium seize upon you and your manager, and all about you! Let me get out.”

“Take a check, sir?”

“A check, sir?—No, sir; I’ll take no check, sir! I wouldn’t go into your old showshop again for five thousand dollars!” and, continuing in the same strain of loud denunciation upon the theatre and all belonging to it, he was hurrying out into the street, when he came near tumbling over a juvenile upon the sidewalk.

“Please to *gim-me* your check, sir!”

“Check, sir! you provoking little scoundrel, I’ll——!” and in making a kick at the boy, he ran full tilt against the manager himself.

“Hallo!”

“Hallo it is!” said Old Sol. “What’s the matter?”

“The matter! Look here, Mr. Sol Smith: I’ve got nothing against you, but, by Julius Cæsar! I don’t get caught in your theatre again!”

“What’s the matter?”

“What’s the matter! Where is No. 4?”

“My dear fellow, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it is situated between No. 3 and No. 5.”

“Is there any such place at all in your house?”

“Certainly.”

“Then seventeen and a half of your doorkeepers don’t know any thing about it!”

“Pshaw! pshaw! come in.”

“Come in!—No; may I be shot if I do! I wouldn’t go into that house again for fifty-two thousand dollars!” and saying this, with contradictory simplicity the angry editor walked right back with Old Sol into the theatre. Sol sent the doorkeeper away with a note about something round to the greenroom, taking the station him-

APPENDIX.

"mean time, while the editor stood at his elbow, say about box No. 4.

"Patient," said Old Sol; "I'll show you No. 4 moment. Here, just stand here and take these tickets in the people, while I go and find a boxkeeper."

"O, certainly; but—a—hollo!—d—n—n!" said the country editor, as the people came, thrusting tickets into his hand, and he saw the manager disappear upstairs. It was altogether a momentary accident, but when Old Sol happened to reflect upon the ludicrous oddity of the position in which he had quite innocently left his new acquaintance from the country, he could by no means resist enjoying the joke. Peeping down from the head of the stairs, the manager saw his new doorkeeper, too good natured to run away, and almost too confused to have any but a vague notion of vexation about what he was doing at all. The perspiration began to pour from his forehead, and his eyes rolled wildly in his head. Truly, it was droll to see a man who a moment before swore that five thousand dollars wouldn't induce him to enter the house, now standing as an amateur doorkeeper in that same establishment, and actually occupying the position of the man against whom he had chosen to be most exasperated.

"Give us a bill here!" said a rough fellow, hurrying past.

"You be d—d, sir!" said the amateur doorkeeper. "Who are you addressing, sir?"

"I have two seats in No. 4," said a gentleman, handing in a lady.

"Have you indeed?" said the doorkeeper. "Sir, I congratulate you."

"Where about is No. 4?"

"By Jupiter Ammon! that's what I'd like to know! If you find out, just oblige me by the information."

"An odd sort of a doorkeeper, that!" said the gentleman, as he turned on the stairs with a broad stare at the perspiring editor.

"Hallo! Old Fitzelgigger!" said a rude-looking character, coming up to the door—is this the way to the pit?"

"I don't know whether this is the way to the office," said the editor, with an air of vexed dignification. "This is the way to No. 4!"

"It's a big dust of a doorkeeper!" said the amateur.

The doorkeeper was soaked to a wet rag by the rain. He was wiping off his umbrella.

"What employment is this I find you here?" asked the editor. "You are a legal functionary, an acquaintance of mine, and you have got a ticket to the editor."

"I—I—d—d—n it! where is this man?" said the amateur. "That's what I want to know—I'll stay here until you bring me back to my room." The doorkeeper unhooked the door and came in, closing it behind him. He was trying to close it up and bar it.

"Well, let's get out here!" said a man coming out of the editor's study.

"Well, get out!" replied the editor, now quite out of patience.

"Well, give us a check."

"Sir, who do you take me for?"

"Take *you*! you be d—d! I'll take a check!"

"I'll give you a check in the nose, sir!"

"You will!"

"Yes, I will!"

Just in time to prevent a row, the real doorkeeper came back, and Old Sol conducted the amateur to his seat in No. 4.

INTERVIEW WITH AN EDITOR.

[IN 1835 I visited New York City, and, by the advice of my friend, WILLIAM T. PORTER, Esq., who arranged the engagement with Mr. Simpson, acted six nights at the Park theatre. I am indebted to Mr. Porter for many, very many editorial and personal kindnesses, and I have pleasure in thus publicly making my acknowledgments. I cannot afford my readers a greater gratification, than by giving them the following life-like description of our first interview, as it appeared in that best of all American newspapers, the "Spirit of the Times," of September 5th, 1835. Here it is:]

MR. SOL. SMITH—"OLD SOL."

THE above-named individual, so well known and so popular at the South, and about whom considerable curiosity exists in this city, arrived on Friday last, and is engaged to perform a few nights at the Park theatre.

We had heard so much, for the last few years, of this singular genius, that we were heartily glad to see him. About last Christmas, we received "*Old Sol's Message to the Georgia Legislature*," on the occasion of his benefit, in which he gave some good-natured hits at their proceedings, and took quite a statesman-like view of our foreign relations ; the very next week we saw by the papers he was managing the theatre in Montgomery, Alabama, two hundred miles distant ! In a few days after, the Mobile papers announced that he was in that city, on his way to New Orleans, seven hundred miles from Montgomery, and in ten days after, we saw him announced to appear in Montgomery, for the first time since his return from New Orleans ! Next, he is in Columbus, Georgia, attending to his law business, and in a moment after, acting a few nights in Wetumpka,

at the falls of Coosa! The next we heard of him, he had played a season at Haynesville, and perhaps half a dozen other towns, returned to Montgomery, closed up his business there, and started for New York, to engage performers for the Mobile theatre. By the next mail, we found him announced as engaged a few nights at St. Louis, fifteen hundred miles up the Mississippi. On his way to that city, it seems he joined in celebrating the Fourth of July, (we published his toast some weeks since.) *By Mr. Sol Smith, (Manager of the theatre,) "The Drama of the Revolution—Performed under the management of Washington, with Jefferson and Adams for Prompters, Franklin, Printer of the Bills, the citizens of America for Actors, and the inhabitants of all the world for Spectators!" It will forever be remembered as an example for freemen, and a terror to tyrants."* His engagement concluded at St. Louis, away he goes to Cincinnati—plays a very successful engagement there—has a scrouging benefit—and before we can turn round, here he is in New York! Isn't he a traveller?

Being determined to see the Southern manager, actor, and lawyer, we called on him at the National Hotel. Our name being announced, we were invited to the room of the said "Jack of all Trades," where we found a very plain-looking gentleman engaged writing. He pointed to a seat without taking his eyes from his paper, and continued his occupation. "I wish to see Mr. Sol Smith."—"Yes sir—be seated, and in a moment"—not a word more did he utter until he finished writing his letter and had sealed it—then turning to us the following conversation took place. "Mr. Porter, I believe." "Yes, sir—your name is?"—"Smith, sir—I am glad to see you—heard of you frequently—always read your paper—by-the-by, got several subscribers names to give you—much admired at the South—how d'ye do?" "Very well—you are a younger brother, I presume?" "Yes, sir, there were eleven of us, and I am the eighth." We here entered into a conversation for a few minutes concerning the South—the theatres there—the bar—the race and race-courses, and the presidential question—on all of which subjects he appeared quite

familiar. It being near time to go to press, we made a movement to go. "I will call again, when your brother is in." "My brother, sir?" "Yes, the old gentleman." "My dear sir, I have no brother in New York—none nearer than Cincinnati." "No! Did you not say you were the younger brother of *Old Sol?*" "Bless ye, no, sir—I am certainly a younger brother, but I am, nevertheless, the person you called in your last paper, the *old critter!*" "You *Old Sol!* Impossible! You have not a gray hair in your head—you cannot be more than thirty-five or forty, at most." "I am but thirty-four." "Well, old gentleman, any way you can fix it, you are welcome to New York."

[On the 19th of the same month, my friend Porter gave the following account of my closing night at the Park:]

Old Sol's Benefit.—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Sol. Smith—or, as the Philadelphia playbills call him, "the Liston of the South"—took his benefit, and we were glad to see a crowded house. The performances went off admirably. In the *Lying Valet*, Mr. S. kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. Upon the whole, "Old Sol" has every reason to be gratified with his visit to New York—for, not to say any thing of the fame he has acquired, the *profits* must have been something handsome. At the close of the performances, Mr. Smith was "called out" by the audience, when he addressed them nearly as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—In answer to your flattering and unexpected call, I can only say, that, for the kindness and indulgence with which my efforts have been received during my brief engagement at this house, and for the patronage extended on this my benefit night, you are entitled to my heartfelt acknowledgments. If you can estimate an actor's feelings, you will not think me vain when I say, that I shall always remember with honest pride that I have performed with a degree of success (however small) on the boards of Old Drury—the first theatre in the first city of the Union. I assure

you it will be my constant endeavour, wherever my lot shall be cast, so to demean myself, as an actor, as a man, and as an American citizen, that I may deserve, and continue to deserve, your approbation. With these brief remarks, destitute of form as they are, but made with the sincerity of truth, I respectfully take my leave—not, however, without expressing the wish, (to use the language of the honest citizen whose character I have this evening attempted to portray,) that you may always be "*what I call comfortable.*"

"Old Sol" is now fulfilling a very successful engagement at Philadelphia, where he concludes on Tuesday next. Success to him, we say.

ECCECTRICITIES.

[It is said that every man is eccentric, which I take to mean no more nor less than this—**NO TWO MEN ARE ALIKE.** I am not aware that I am more eccentric than my neighbours; yet, being *more observed* than they are,—my professions of the **LAW** and the **STAGE** constantly calling me into public view—to say nothing of the forced conclusion, induced by my *appearance*, that I must be a professor of the **PULPIT**—I am set down as a very eccentric individual. My attention has lately been directed to an article published in the "New World," in which my eccentricities are treated of. The article, I have learned, was written by a Mr. Kerchival, editor of the **Louisiana Compiler**, in which paper it originally appeared—an entire stranger to me.

I throw aside my usual modesty, and insert this article, sprinkled though it be with complimentary expressions towards myself, because it contains the most

amusing (though highly coloured) account of the effect produced on a large village audience, by the performance of a little prelude, entitled the "Manager in Distress." S.]

OLD SOL SMITH—HIS ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

BY H. KERCHIVAL, ESQ.

We doubt very much whether there is a more extraordinary man living, than he whose name heads this article. To witness his illustration of those characters for which he is so deservedly celebrated, is an event in the life of any man, that is not to be forgotten—it is one of those few scenes in life, that never quit the mind, but cling to the recollection like a wild and untractable creeper to the forest tree. There is something so peculiarly remarkable in the formation of his features—in the expression of his laughter-loving eye, and in the curve of his mouth, that he arrests the attention, and rivets upon himself, the gaze of almost every individual with whom he meets. "Old Sol" has been the same "old critter" for twenty years or more. The hand of time has dealt lightly with him, and has scarce made an impression upon his nature. Sol is a public benefactor, and we hope that his merry laugh may ring for many years yet, in the delighted ears of our southern audiences. Whether we meet him as a strolling disciple of Thespis, rambling through the South; or "managing" in St. Louis, or starring it as Mawworm on the Saint Charles boards, it's all the same. He is always "Old Sol," God bless him!

But, we don't intend to write his biography, or to launch out into a long description of that peculiar style of acting in which he has succeeded so pre-eminently. We merely intend to tell one of his tricks, and if this article should ever meet his eyes, (which by-the-by is very improbable,) we'll guaranty that "Old Sol" will "acknowledge the corn" at once.

It was towards the close of the month of October, 1828, (as we learn by reference to the proper papers,) that "Old Sol," his brother Lem, and several other persons (ladies and gentlemen) who composed a corps of *acteurs de voyage*, entered the quiet and beautiful village of Port Gibson, Miss., and took lodgings at the principal (perhaps the *only*) hotel in the place, with a view of spending a few days with the hospitable citizens of "Old Claiborne." Whether it was owing to the fact that the good people of that pretty village had not an opportunity to patronise a theatre for some time before, or whether it was owing to the fact that "Sol's" reputation had proven an *avant courrier*, and had gotten to town before he landed there himself, we cannot say: but so it was—as soon as the name of "Sol Smith" was seen on the "bills of the day," there was but one feeling prevalent throughout the village; it was a determination to visit "Sol" at the theatre or "die." By the time the shades of evening had rolled round, crowds of people began to flock about the door of the theatre, and long before the time arrived, at which the play was to commence, the house was plum, chock full—full to overflowing. As every individual in the house was drawn there for one single purpose, and that purpose was, to see "Old Sol," it may readily be presumed that their feelings were raised to the very tiptoe of excitement, and that they expected to realize from their dollar, many a hearty and soul-stirring peal of laughter.

All kinds of excitement we know are contagious, and it was clearly so in this instance; for it became so great, that the managers found that it was necessary to raise the drop-curtain full fifteen minutes before the appointed time.

The first bell rings, its ting-a-ling-ting is heard all over the house. Every tongue is still, and the "house" as silent as though it were a sepulchre. The hearts of all are full—full to overflowing, and ready to greet "Old Sol" with peals on peals of soul-cheering and rapturous applause. Again the bell is heard—its tiny sounds break upon the ear; the curtain slowly rises; every heart is bursting, overflowing with excitement; canes

are raised; and gloves are drawn to greet the ever-glorious "Sol." A man appears, and then, for a moment, how rapturous and thrilling are the applauding! But suddenly, the excitement ceases: it's not "Sol," but *Lem!* In an instant after they discovered their error, you might have heard a pin drop upon the floor, so silent was the house. Lem approaches the foot-light; makes his best bow to the audience; and with a most ingenuous expression of countenance, commences somewhat after this manner: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I am pained to inform you, that in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mister Solōmen Smith, the piece in which he was cast will have to be postponed, and another one substituted in its stead." There is nothing in this speech to which the slightest objection could possibly be taken; but from the manner in which Lem uttered it, the audience were induced to believe that "Old Sol" had been "looking at his little finger" rather too frequently that evening; or, in other words, was dead drunk! In an instant the current of the feelings was changed to the strongest disapprobation; groans, hisses, shouts, are heard in every direction, and the audience rise with the determination of returning to their homes. At this crisis, a raw, rough, uncouth, green, *Copiah* looking creature, (which, God knows, is sufficient to prove any man the *nonpareil* of awkwardness,) is seen to rise from one of the most prominent seats in the house, and heard to exclaim in the loudest tone of voice, "Hello! *I say*, stranger! Look aere! I be d——d if you serve me that ar kind of a trick! I've walked all the way from *Copiah State*, and paid my dollar jist to see this *show*, and you musn't come that ar kind of a tale over me! *Mister Solomon Smith* ain't sick, if he is, I'm d——d, and I'll have a fight or look at this *show*!"

With this sudden burst of impassioned eloquence, our rough-hewn customer jerks off his coat, rolls up his shirt sleeves, and struts down the aisle, swearing that "he'd have a fight or see that *show*!" All this time the house was convulsed with laughter, and Lem was *looking* as if he thought he was going to be knocked into a cocked-up-hat, or in the middle of next week. Our Co-

piahian continued his way down the aisle, through the musicians, and about the time he mounted the stage, the audience discovered in him, the features of the long-wished-for "Old Sol Smith!"

Again did this wonderful man, by his magic influence, turn the tide of public feeling in his favour, and received, perhaps, the most heart-cheering and cordial welcome then, that he has ever received since. He is represented to have made one of the happiest hits that he has ever made in his life. This is an "o'er true tale," and forms one of the many traditions around good old Port Gibson. It has been told us repeatedly by the older citizens about the place ; but they have not told it to us, without laughing till their sides were sore, at the recollections of the comicalities that "Old Sol" kicked up on that occasion.

CONCLUSION.

AND now, my jolly reader, have you been amused with the foregoing sketches—rambling, desultory, and *local* as several of them are? I confess my mind misgives me as I tie up the bundle containing them, and superscribe the names of the Philadelphia publishers! Ugh! The bare thought of their probable reception by the public induces a feeling of *all-over-ish-ness*, like that experienced by a timid child while enjoying (?) the luxury of a cold shower-bath.

It is with many misgivings that I send forth this little volume. Some of them caused by a well-grounded fear that my publishers, who take the risk entirely upon themselves, may suffer pecuniary loss; and others by a belief that *personal adventures of an actor* may not be considered at all interesting to the general reader.

I take comfort from one consideration, however, and that is, a belief that if the body of the book shall be thought to be utterly worthless, the APPENDIX, made up of anecdotes, related by other and much abler pens than mine, will be considered worth the money expended by the reader. And if the publishers should think proper to add a few *pictures*, in the style of those which embellished the volume of stories lately issued by them,* my conscience will be quite easy in regard to any charge that may hereafter be brought against them of *obtaining money under false pretences*.

If, contrary to my fears, this book should SELL,—look out, next year, for another infliction!

And so farewell.

SOL.

* The "Big Bear of Arkansas," &c.





3 2044 048 400 36

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT
RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR
BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.



